THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj

Volume 198, Number 4

JULY 25, 1925

5c. the Copy

George Weston—Floyd W. Parsons—F. Britten Austin—John Trotwood Moore
Victor Shawe—Frederick Irving Anderson—Francis Dana—Kenneth L. Roberts

DAN BEARD [*prophet and sage to a million Boy Scouts*] gives some good advice to men

"Watch two things about your mouth—the words that come out of it; the food that goes into it"

Dan Beard

THE American boy is Dan Beard's greatest interest. And he says when he talks to boys he is talking to their fathers, too.

One of his first principles has to do with wise eating. For he realizes that no one, man or boy, who eats unwisely, can be fit and efficient.

Correct diet is really a very simple matter. Nourishing food, simple in form and easy to digest, and in amount only what we really need—just that.

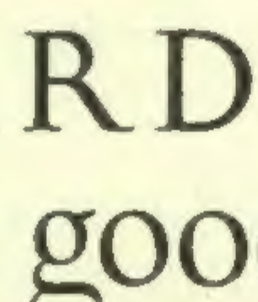
Correct diet begins with breakfast

The time to start eating right is with the first meal of the day. Breakfast is quite as important as any other meal.

Our first-felt need in the morning is for energy. To fill this need we must have food that is specially rich in energy-nourishment.

But that is not all. It must also be so easy to digest that we can get its energy quickly. Too heavy foods waste energy because they overwork digestion.

Cream of Wheat exactly fills these needs. First, it is a splendid energy-food, exceptionally high in carbohydrates or energy substance.



Second, it is so simple in form and so easily digested that you get *all* its rich energy quickly, just when you need it for your morning's work.

The average man needs an energy-breakfast, nourishing, simple and easy to digest. Start tomorrow morning—with Cream of Wheat! You will not only enjoy its creamy flavor but its energy will sustain you longer and give you a mental and physical efficiency that you can never get with a breakfast too hearty for your needs.

Send for free sample and recipe book

Don't think you always have to eat Cream of Wheat with just cream and sugar. Try it with dates, prunes, raisins, baked apple or Southern style with salt and butter. Our new recipe book gives 50 delicious ways to serve it not only as a cereal but in luncheon and supper dishes. We will send it free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat—enough for 4 full cereal servings or to make any one recipe.

© 1925, C. of W. Co.

Cream of Wheat

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota

In Canada, made by the Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg

Discovered...

A new way of knitting that gives smart hose 3 to 4 times the wear of ordinary kinds

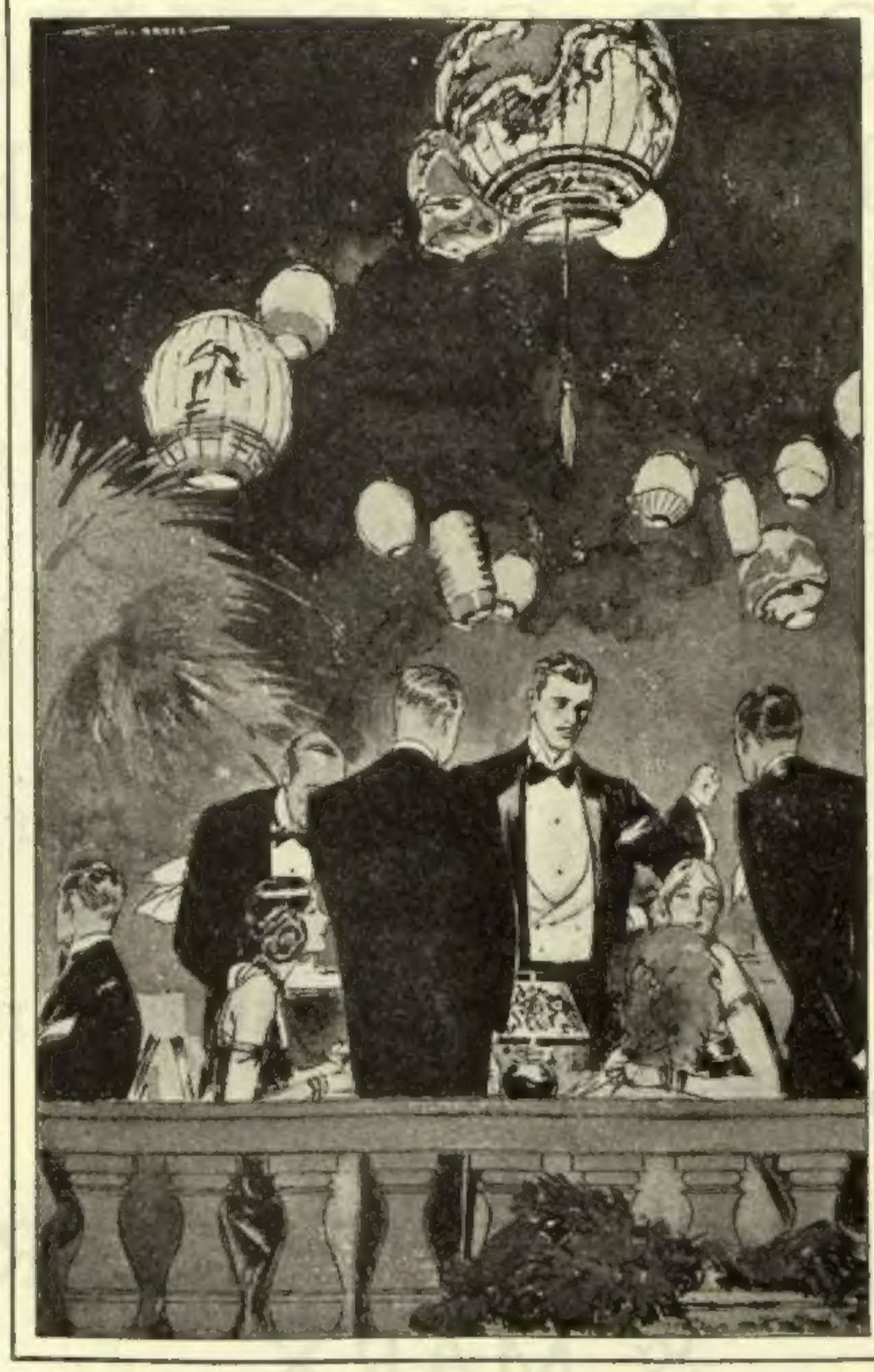
Look like Fifth Avenue . . . Wear like Main Street

NOW, a new type hose for men. A unique feature at the toe that gives amazing wear. A new way of knitting that adds strength and gives smart fit and trimness.

Such is the result of a new principle in hosiery manufacture. An achievement that has revolutionized old fashioned standards.

Reinforcing the toe without heavy cumbersome thickness is something new. Doing it as Ex Toe is done—so skilfully that you can scarcely see it, cannot feel it—required a different process.

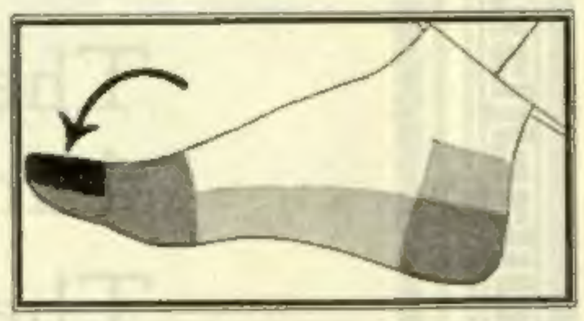
Months were spent in perfecting this new way. Experts in knitting made hundreds of tests and experiments. Designers built and perfected remarkable new machines. Many kinds of thread were tested for strength.



Then came Ex Toe. A beautiful example of fine silks faultlessly woven. Sheer and smart . . . trim and every bit correct. And wear that equals 3 to 4 times that of ordinary kinds. So now America's smartest hose are by far the longest wearing.

Yet they are priced at only 50c . . . 75c and $1.00 for the very smartest. A range of weights, also materials.

Get a pair today. Be sure you ask for Ex Toe. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct.



All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part the world sees is superlatively sheer and webby.

© H. H. Co.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

Patents Pending

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN · HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOUR CLOTHES THEY'RE SALESMEN FOR YOU & CO

If your brain is your "plant"—your clothes are your sales force

They open up the markets for your talents; they sell "You & Co"

There isn't any job more important than that certainly

There aren't any better salesmen for that job than our clothes

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Copyright 1925 Hart Schaffner & Marx

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 25, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 4

TAXI! TAXI!

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Hate to Leave You," He Said—in a Low Voice, You Understand, So That Wooden Face Wouldn't Hear Him

OF COURSE, it was an old story for Mr. Schermerhorn; but if you had been with him on the morning when our story opens, as he turned into the office building of Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe—evidently in a bit of a hurry and evidently in a bit of a stew—you would at least have caught the atmosphere of the place. For one thing, you would have been already prepared by the building itself—a building which looked more like an old-fashioned dwelling than a home for offices; an old-fashioned dwelling with leaded-glass windows, setting a few feet back on its corner lot, with a margin of grass between the wrought-iron railings and the walls—beautiful old brick walls that were nearly covered with ivy. And looking out from this setting of ivy, like architectural jewels on a green velvet background, you would have caught glimpses of a weathered stone entrance which might once have adorned one of the smaller palaces on the Grand Canal, and window arches with interrupted pediments and old leaded lights with touches of lavender in them and shutters that might have been opened somewhere when Washington passed by.

Mind you, these things wouldn't have stared at you; you would almost have had to dig them out with your eye from among the ivy; but at least the building itself and the entrance were evident enough.

As Mr. Schermerhorn strode up the three stone steps—an impressive figure in his morning coat and striped trousers—the door was opened for him by a courtly old attendant who combined the manners of a major-domo with the striped waistcoat of a butler.

"Good morning, Mr. Schermerhorn," said he.

"'Morning," said the other, in such a low voice that it wasn't far from sounding like a grunt; and he hurried to the elevator so quickly that the old attendant nearly had to break into a trot to keep up with him.

And yet, like the outside of the building, the hall within was certainly worth a glance or two; for even as the exterior promised atmosphere, so now the hall began to deliver it. There were two baronial chairs, for instance, with a chest between them, and a piece of real Gobelin, and an old tiled floor of black and white quarries, with a Chinese runner to keep them warm. But more significant than anything else were the etchings on the walls—the Lydig Art Gallery, St. Pancras Church, Stonecliff Lodge, the Bryce Terminal, the Abingdon Buildings; each a triumph of art over civilization and each one engraved in the lower left-hand corner with letters so small that again you would have to dig them out with your eye—Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe, Architects.

But Mr. Schermerhorn didn't even glance at these things—having a number of far more pressing things upon his mind that morning—but stood silently champing in the elevator, frowning through the glass door at each descending floor, at the rows of draftsmen bent over their trestle boards, at the estimating department, at the Library and Files. Finally the elevator came to a stop at the top floor and Mr. Schermerhorn marched out—a gloomy, impressive figure—and almost immediately found himself in a workshop that Inigo Jones himself might well have envied.

It was, like many of the other details around the place, probably a copy, or nearly a copy, of something European—an atelier, say, on the Rue Gravelin or the Via de Vitalis. There was an open fireplace, for instance, with an overhanging cupboard, and bits of marble, and screens, and a jewel of a balcony, and a clock that had ticked the time of more than one proud dynasty. And there were paintings, including a rose window of Notre Dame which was like a call to prayer, and a bronze nude by Cellini and a panel of pheasants by Grinling Gibbons. But the chief glory of the room was a walnut drafting table over against the north windows—a drafting table at which some fine old medieval miracle might well have been achieved, and a Venetian desk that was carved with the history of the human race; a history in which the ladies played a surprisingly large part.

Here again, however, Mr. Schermerhorn gave small heed; but hung up his coat and laid down his stick and drew off his gloves, meanwhile taking a preliminary survey of the grist which the mills of the morning had ground out on his desk.

Evidently he didn't see much to please him; for after he had shuffled over his letters a time or two he pressed a button, and a pale, attentive clerk appeared as though by magic and said "Yes, sir?" from behind his horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Those sketches for Mr. Palmalee," said Mr. Schermerhorn, speaking with the clipped syllables of authority. "They aren't ready yet?"

"Not yet, sir. Ricketts said he would have them by twelve."

"No use. I saw Mr. Palmalee at the club last night, and I roughly sketched what Ricketts has in mind. Er—send Ricketts up to see me, please, at once."

"Yes, sir."

"Oh—er—and, Jackson ——"

"Yes, sir?" said the clerk, turning.

Mr. Schermerhorn looked at him, still with his frowning air—the lord of the manor, it might be said, and one of his lesser retainers. And, indeed, in stature, Jackson was certainly small enough to make a good contrast, and pale enough, and even shabby enough, being one of those lower orders who still believe in marriage, and having three pairs of shoes to buy when most young men buy one.

"Er—never mind," said Mr. Schermerhorn, evidently reconsidering. "Send Ricketts at once. That's all."

Jackson vanished and a minute later Ricketts knocked and entered. Mr. Schermerhorn let him stand by the door a few seconds before noticing him—a dark, eager man with a shock of parted hair, who sometimes prayed when he went to church, "O Lord, send me a cathedral! I'll show them something then!"

"Oh—er—Ricketts ——"

"Yes, sir?"

"I saw Mr. Palmalee at the club last night and roughly sketched out the ideas which we are working up for him."

"Yes, sir? He liked them?"

"No; I'm sorry to say that he simply—er—seemed bored to death with them."

Ricketts flushed a little.

"I'll freely admit that small country houses are out of our line," he said, "and if that's the way he feels ——"

"No, no," said Mr. Schermerhorn, raising his hand. "It isn't alone the question of the small country house, Ricketts. Of course, Mr. Palmalee is very much peeved just now on general principles—his mother having left half her money for the building of a model settlement to beat Mrs. Gage's. But if we can please Palmalee with his small country house—this is the point—we shall probably get the larger business as well; between ten and fifteen million altogether, I believe. And the worst of it is, after I had finished talking with Palmalee last night, I saw him speaking to Raymond Peltier; and before I would do anything that would throw business to Masters, Peltier & Swann"——

"Oh, well, of course ——"

"Exactly! Now Palmalee is going to call here this afternoon; and I've been thinking, Ricketts, that he might very well be intrigued with something after the pattern of the Little Trianon. In fact, I mentioned it to him, and I think it quite pleased his fancy—a country place patterned after the residence of the great Du Barry. And especially as I have an idea—well, never mind that. So I'll tell you what we'll do. After I have run through the mail you come up here with that volume, Architecture of Versailles, and we'll see what we can work up together. That's all now, thank you."

But as his chief draftsman was about to open the door Mr. Schermerhorn seemed to remember something else.

"Oh—er—Ricketts!"

"Yes, sir?"

"I knew there was something else I wanted to see you about. Have you—er—a decent-looking draftsman about that you could spare today—fairly well dressed, you know, and—er—fairly well-mannered?"

The Next Number of the Orchestra Was Built Around a Concerto by Liszt, a Powerful, Dreamy Piece; and Listening to It With Rose by His Side, Ben Had a Feeling of One Who Was Master of All Things, Seen and Unseen

"I think so," said Ricketts, considering.

"Well, send him up, please, at once. I have an errand for him."

He drew a letter from his pocket—a letter which he had received and read before he had left his club that morning—and he was already beginning to read it again when Ricketts disappeared.

"Toh!" he said once, as he finished Page One, and "Toh!" he said again as he finished Page Two. "They're always a nuisance!" he exclaimed as he came to the end. He had just thrown the letter on the desk when another knock sounded on the door.

"Come!" he called.

The door opened and a young man entered—a young man in a blue spring suit that matched his eyes both for color and season.

"Oh!" said Mr. Schermerhorn. "Ricketts sent you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, come in then." And watching the young man cross the room toward his desk, he first looked him up and down below the collar, and then he looked him round and round above the collar, and then he picked up the letter again and thought to himself, "He'll do."

II

"SIT down, please," said Mr. Schermerhorn curtly. "What is your name?"

"Whitby—Ben Whitby," said the young man, seating himself gracefully enough, if a little shyly, and throwing one thin leg over the other.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Nearly a year now."

"M-m-m-m," said Mr. Schermerhorn, considering the pinks and reds on the young man's cheeks. "You haven't always lived in New York?"

"No, sir. This is my first place here. I came from Norwich—Cullworth & Timpson's office. Perhaps you remember Colonel Cullworth gave me a letter to you. I think you were classmates at college."

"I have forgotten," said Mr. Schermerhorn with a wave of his hand. "But you—you are a college man?"

"No, sir; my people are farmers and we couldn't afford it."

If you had been there then it might have struck you in some indefinable manner that Mr. Schermerhorn seemed to withdraw himself a little, both physically and spiritually, as though without knowing it he had almost stepped into a stable when he had thought he was entering a fraternity house.

"Still," he said, glancing at the high clock across the room, "perhaps you'll do. At least you know your way around New York, I take it?"

"Yes, sir," said Ben. "I get out all I can—walking. And once a week I treat myself by hiring a horse."

At that Mr. Schermerhorn came a little way out of his seclusion.

"Splendid!" he said, though without much enthusiasm—the voice one sometimes uses when cheering the opposite team. "I thought you had kept your color unusually well. But now the matter upon which I wished to see you. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I live on Gramercy Park. Will you start by making a note of the number?"

Ben reached in his pocket and Mr. Schermerhorn watched him, half fearful perhaps that he would fish up one of those combination memorandum books and old farmers' almanacs which the fertilizer people send out for advertisements; but instead the young man brought up an irreproachable card case and wrote the address on the back of a card.

"So," said Mr. Schermerhorn, unconsciously approving. "But my house has been closed for a few days and won't be open till Thursday or Friday, Mrs. Schermerhorn being at Cold Spring Harbor with the servants, getting the place ready for the spring. Meanwhile I am staying at one of my clubs. You are following all this, I hope?"

"Quite," said Ben, wondering hard just the same where on earth it was going to lead him.

"Er—now this morning," continued Mr. Schermerhorn, "I received a letter from a niece of mine—a girl from the West." He nearly shuddered then, and you could almost imagine him picturing her in a sombrero, leather jacket and divided skirts. "She is coming to visit us, and is arriving in New York today. Personally, I have never seen her, and unfortunately she does not say in her letter what hour her train arrives. She will, however, undoubtedly go straight to my house on Gramercy Park; and as it happens, I cannot begin to spend the day at home waiting for her, an important piece of work requiring my presence here. You understand all this?"

"Quite," said the young man again, beginning to smile a little to himself.

"Oh," said Mr. Schermerhorn rather sharply, "you guess then what I want?"

"I think so," said Ben, still as though he found it amusing.

"What is it then?"

"You want me to go to your house and wait for her."

It would have pleased Mr. Schermerhorn if he could have said, more sharply than before, "Not at all!" But, you see, he couldn't very well say that, because the tall young man by the side of his desk had told him exactly what he wanted.

"Y-e-s," he grudgingly admitted. "That is—er—substantially correct. She will probably arrive in a taxi, and you will know her from the fact that she will walk up the steps of my house and ring the bell. Her name is—er—Rose, I believe. Yes, Miss Rose Parrish. You had better make a note of that too."

Ben dutifully wrote it down by the side of the address.

"Now when the young lady arrives," continued Mr. Schermerhorn, leaning back in his chair, "I want you to explain the situation to her and—er—take her to the Hotel Hague, where I am very well known and where I shall telephone for a reservation as soon as you leave. And tell her, please, that I shall call upon her this evening and arrange then for the rest of her visit here."

"You think she'll go with me?" asked Ben. "Neither of us has seen the other before, you know; and if she comes from the West she may have been warned about the dangers of the great city."

"I will give you a letter to her," said Mr. Schermerhorn rather stiffly. "A few lines from me will be all you will need, I am sure."

From his desk he drew a sheet of engraved note paper and began writing with much dignity. Any other man might have smiled at Ben's suggestion; but after all, this girl, this Rose, was one of his relations—even if he did absolutely disapprove of her father—and the Schermerhorns, however far removed, were certainly not to be smiled at before any clerk of his.

"There!" he said when the letter was finished and directed at last, "Delivered by Mr. Benjamin Whitby" written in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope. "I think you will find that sufficient. Tell Ricketts, please, that you won't be back today, and telephone me at once as soon as you have anything to report."

He arose then—a handsome, if somewhat querulous figure, in his morning coat and puff tie—arose as a signal that the audience was over.

"I wouldn't lose any time," he said. "She may come on an early train. And—er—you may tell Ricketts that I'm ready for him now; at once."

"Yes, sir," said Ben, his eyes looking bluer than ever as he stood up with his back to the light. "And thank you for a very interesting assignment. I'll start right off."

But after he had told Ricketts he delayed at least long enough to go to his drafting board, where he had been tracing the paneling for a Georgian mansion that was going to cost as much as some of the Indian wars. And there Ben lifted the sketch from which he had been working and disclosed another sheet of paper on which he had been drawing profiles earlier that morning—beautiful profiles of beautiful girls, starry-eyed and pert of nose—but obviously having nothing whatever to do with Georgian paneling or any other work that might be going on that morning in the offices of Schermerhorn, Schuyler & Braithe.

"No use leaving this; they'd only kid me if they saw it," he thought, tearing it up and dropping it in the basket; and a minute later, as he passed the courtly old attendant downstairs, he who combined the manners of a majordomo with the striped waistcoat of a butler, and stepped out into the spring sunshine of the avenue, "Gee, the old man might have read my thoughts this morning!" he exulted. "It's a crime—it's worse than a crime—to stay inside on a sunny spring day like this."

III

BEN had waited in front of the Gramercy Park house nearly two hours before it occurred to him that the girl might have come and gone before he had reached there.

At first he had walked slowly up and down the street, never so far from the house that he couldn't tell whether anyone was trying to call there; and then he crossed to the park side and watched from there for a while; and then he went and sat on the steps of Mr. Schermerhorn's house and sketched profiles on the backs of old envelopes. And you can imagine what a sharp eye he kept on approaching taxis and on walking ladies who looked as though they might have come out of the West.

"Here she comes!" he told himself at first, every time a taxi turned the corner.

But she didn't.

"She's in this one, maybe," he next thought, whenever a public ark appeared.

But though they stopped in front of the house a few doors up the street and in front of the one a few doors below, not one pulled up in front of the house where Benny, the farmer's son from Norwich, was keeping watch.

"Wonder what she looks like," was another busy thought of his. "Not much if she looks like the old man. Probably pretty old, too, especially if her mother's older than Mr. Schermerhorn."

A prim thing in a traveling dress, carrying a small bag, drew near, looking as though her nose was cold and the sun would never warm it.

"Here she comes!" thought Ben, his heart sinking a little, though he couldn't have told you why.

But Cold Nose walked right past; and breathing with relief, Ben sketched three profiles in rapid succession as though to put his mind on prettier things.

"Here she comes!" he thought again, as a fat lady with a suitcase came bouncing along from the trolley line.

But again he was mistaken, though the buttery one looked at him twice as she drew near. You mustn't think from this, though, that she was the only one to look at him. Stylishly dressed mademoiselles came tripping out of adjoining houses and most obviously wondered who this nice young man was, with the blue eyes and the good-looking suit. And nursemaids in English uniforms slowly pushed their perambulators up and down past him. And tots of three and four first looked, then smiled, then waved their little hands at him.

"Gee, it's a great morning!" exulted Ben again, luxuriating in the sunshine, and then springing up and doing a snappy little walk to the corner and back. "Me, I don't care if she never comes. I can stay outside all day then."

And then all at once she came, the taxi swerving around the corner and swooping up to the house almost before he saw it. By the side of the driver was a steamer trunk; and inside, Ben caught sight of a girl's arm and one of her hands, the latter apparently reaching inside a beaded bag for money to pay the driver.

"Wait a moment, please. I beg your pardon," said Ben, hurrying across the sidewalk as the chauffeur began to unstrap the trunk. "But are you—are you Miss Parrish?" he asked, opening the door of the taxi.

"Yes," said the girl, looking at him with rounded eyes.

"Miss Rose Parrish?"

"Yes." And her eyes grew rounder than before.

"Then I have a letter for you—from your uncle, Mr. Schermerhorn. I'm from the office. Leave the trunk on for a moment, please."

This last was to the chauffeur, and all the time Ben was going through his pockets for that letter—just a bit rattled, if the truth be told, by the girl who was looking at him from the inside of the cab. For though no doubt it was partly due to the softening shadows thrown by the taxi, she sat there, a perfect vision of mystified loveliness, with eyes like stars, and a dark-blue hat with little silver wings which somehow made Ben think of birds and angels—a bluebird, say, turning into an angel, and an angel coming back to earth again in a taxi with a driver whose mind was so engrossed with celestial visions that he never bothered to wash behind his ears.

"Ah, here it is!" he said with a gulp of relief.

She read the letter, and then she looked at Ben and thoughtfully smiled, and you ought to have seen

(Continued on Page 44)

She Bought a Hat, for Instance, at Rumpelmayer's, for No Other Reason Than That Ben Liked It

WHAT PRICE SUNSHINE?

The Pennsylvania Railroad Yards, Pittsburgh, Before and After Smoke Abatement Became Effective

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE most important thing in the world is sunlight, and yet our ignorance of the subject is astounding. Not even our medical fraternity has established definite answers to many simple questions. We do not know for sure why light stimulates and heat depresses; why some people tan and others do not; why those who pigment most easily get the greatest benefit out of sunlight treatments; why foods that contain no vitamin A develop a considerable content of this essential substance under exposure to sunlight; why tuberculosis afflicts cattle in proportion to the degree they live under cover and away from the sun's rays; why the calcium and phosphorus content in milk from pasture-fed cows is greater and its citric-acid content higher than from cows living in the shade and fed on dry fodder.

We know that sunlight cures rickets, and Doctor Rollier, in Switzerland, is proving conclusively that it will cure consumption. A few minutes' exposure to sunlight daily will double the quantity of phosphorus in a baby's blood in a fortnight. The rays of the sun materially increase the iron content of the blood. The thyroid gland in both humans and animals is richer in its secretion of iodine in summer than in winter. Furthermore, through its heating effects on the blood, a sunlight bath in many cases will produce all the favorable effects of fever upon the body without causing the usual harmful consequences of a high-temperature condition upon the human organism.

Visible and Invisible Rays

BUT what we do not know about sunlight would fill many volumes. The whole subject is in a prescientific stage. We have a multitude of theories where we should have definite facts. We have an endless literature dealing with drugs, many of which act one way in a test tube and quite another way when they get inside us. But the chemical processes that occur in pigmented skin and sunlit blood are not only a hidden mystery to the average layman but an unsolved puzzle to our medical fraternity.

So far as sunlight is concerned, our present civilization has run off the rails. We know quite a lot about bacteriology and chemotherapeutics, but our appreciation of the value of sunlight certainly does not equal that which was developed under the guidance of Hippocrates twenty-five centuries ago. The primary chemical act upon which the entire human race depends is the action of visible light rays upon the chlorophyll of green leaves, thereby effecting the dissociation of carbon dioxide; but who is there that can explain to our satisfaction the relative importance in this process of the light rays that are visible and those that are invisible?

As a matter of fact, the person of average intelligence does not even yet understand the difference between light which is visible and that which is invisible. He does not know that some of the most valuable rays of the sun are entirely intercepted by ordinary panes of glass, and that when he sits in his office or his home with the windows closed the light that reaches him is minus the ultra-violet rays which are so generally beneficial. He does not understand why the same high-pitched rays of light that will cure morbid growths in living tissues may also cause a cancer. He has no definite conception of the difference between sunstroke and heat stroke; why the prolonged absence from sunlight, such as happens to polar explorers, often causes the eyes of the men to become blue; why the actinic power of light tends to diminish rapidly as we descend to sea level; why the chemical activity of sunlight is far more important than its heat; and why the red and yellow rays in sunlight are far superior in healing power to any artificial form of illumination.

PHOTO. BY JOHN A. MILLER, SWARTHMORE COLLEGE OBSERVATORY

The 1925 Eclipse

Perhaps the reason we know so little about sunlight is because we have only commenced to learn something about the sun itself. The United States Bureau of Standards has been measuring the heat and light of the sun and stars for only ten years. It was at an even later date that astronomers in our big observatories took up this same study. It was less than three years ago that Dr. Charles Greeley Abbot, of the Smithsonian Institution, finally succeeded in observing the spectra of ten of our brightest stars.

Up until recently, all the instruments available for measuring sunlight and starlight were such crude devices that perhaps there is some excuse for present existing ignorance on the subject. But this handicap has been overcome through the development of instruments so sensitive that provision had to be made to prevent the measurements from being affected by the running of street cars miles away. A new radiometer is so delicately constructed that the rays of a candle a mile and a quarter distant will turn the vanes of the device through several hundred scale divisions when focused upon the instrument. Even the glow of the countenance of an observer, whose face has been placed in the position before occupied by the candle, is sufficient to produce a deflection of twenty-five scale divisions.

Temperatures of Stars

HAVING such marvelous tools to work with, scientists are piling one important disclosure upon another, and there is no way of telling just what will be the final outcome of this accumulation of new knowledge. It was only a short time ago that we believed the sun to be the hottest heavenly body. Now we know that though the sun's temperature is a little more than 6000 degrees centigrade, such stars as Rigel, Vega and Sirius have temperatures ranging from 11,000 to 16,000 degrees centigrade. But the sun sends such an abundance of radiant light to the earth that if these waves were wholly converted into mechanical energy each person's share would be sufficient to lift a 3300-pound load a vertical distance of nearly twenty miles every minute of his life.

Nevertheless, our sun is but a mere speck in the vast universe. Although 1,000,000 planets the size of the earth could find a home in the sun, such stars as Mira and Betelgeuse are so enormous that they could not only contain our sun but there would be plenty of room remaining in them for the earth to continue its orbit about the sun without ever emerging from the star into outside space. In fact, Betelgeuse is so large that if a boy of fourteen were to stand on its surface and discharge a loaded rifle, the bullet would not return to the same spot in its journey around the circumference of the star until the boy had attained the age of seventy years.

In our finite conception of things it is hardly possible for any of us to imagine the vastness of the universe. It is this restricted point of view that makes it difficult for us to appreciate the practical value of developments beyond the earth. Our sun is about 93,000,000 miles away, and to the average person that appears to be quite some distance. We think that even our nearest neighbor, the moon, is a long way off from us because the intervening gap is about 240,000 miles. But when we think of these bodies in terms of other

A Section of Downtown Pittsburgh, With the Smoke Ordinances in Effect

Sheffield, England, 11 A.M., Sunday, September 19th, 1920

celestial objects it becomes apparent how close we really are to our source of sunlight. The reflected light from the moon reaches us in one and a quarter seconds, while even the light from the sun, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, gets to us in eight and a third minutes. All this represents rapid service in view of the truth that the light from the nearest star to the earth requires more than four years to reach us.

It does us a lot of good once in a while to send our thoughts pioneering in the vast realm of the unknown. The most important fact that scientific investigation discloses is the simplicity of the laws of Nature. When we go in one direction we find that each atom is a distinct solar system, with the electrons revolving around a central nucleus. If we turn in the other direction to the largest and most distant objects the mind can comprehend, we find the same law in action. Just as each different atom has a certain number of electrons revolving around a central core, so it is likely that each great solar system has a certain number of planets revolving around a central sun. In our own universe there are billions of solar systems, all doubtless following the same law, and all being held in their orbits by some vast central object that exercises the necessary attraction.

Sheffield, 12 Noon, Monday, September 20th, 1920

Using the Sun as a Laboratory

NOT only is all this an observed fact but we have discovered the existence of tremendous conglomerations of matter in the superuniverse that lies beyond all the stars that the naked eye reveals to us. The latest of these island universes to be studied by our astronomers is the Andromeda nebula, which is six billion billion miles away. It is the most distant object known to science. Its total light is a billion times that of the sun and it contains more than three thousand million stars. This great concentration of matter is only one of tens of thousands of these spirals that are already known to astronomers and that appear merely as points of light in telescopes and on photographs. I have already mentioned that the light from the nearest star in our own universe requires four years to reach us. It requires the exercise of all our imagination therefore to understand that the light from the Andromeda nebula that reaches us tonight started on its way 930,000 years ago.

The average person only accepts facts of this kind with much skepticism and makes very little effort to disguise his belief that such information is made up largely of guesses. Though the business of measuring the light and heat of the sun and stars is comparatively new, let no one distrust the reasonable accuracy of these calculations. The doubter forgets that our astronomers have no difficulty in telling us years ahead the exact second that the moon will cross the sun. Other observations are no less precise.

The question arises as to the practical value of such work. The fact is that our sun is a huge inaccessible laboratory wherein great changes of temperature, pressure and electrical conditions may be studied at will by means of the wonderful instruments now available.

One probable way that we shall be able to benefit the necessities of our present civilization will be through using solar readings to develop accurate methods of forecasting the weather weeks, months and years in advance. We know beyond doubt that there are variations in the intensity of the sun's heat. We know that the spots on the sun come and go in accordance with a determined cycle. The maximum of spots occurs every 11.3 years. At this crest of the curve the sun is most active and the solar temperature increases; but because of dust clouds that intercept radiations, the heat we get from it reaches a minimum.

A change of even a fraction of 1 per cent in solar radiations either up or down produces a change in the temperature of the earth. The major portion of the surface of our planet is covered with water, and the climate we get is largely determined by the temperature of the various bodies of water that surround us. This water takes time to heat up or cool down, so this fact provides a basis for the belief that the full effect of a drop in the sun's heat one year will not be felt until some time later.

Long-Range Weather Forecasters

IN COÖPERATION with the stations that have been established in North and South America by the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, Dr. H. H. Clayton and other observers are now engaged in forecasting the character of the weather that is coming. This work is being carried on entirely aside from the activities of the United States Weather Bureau, which is to be regretted. Doctor Abbot, whom many refer to as the Sir Isaac Newton of the sun, says that the results obtained to date are definite and convincing. Forecasts based on these observations have been sold to farmers, ranchers, packers and others in Argentina. Similar forecasts are being made in the United States, with New York City as the center. A scientific survey of these results is now in course of publication, and the advocates of this new science assert that the information which will be disclosed will create a world-wide demand for a continuation and enlargement of the work.

Present observations indicate that we are now approaching a time of maximum sun-spot activity, which probably means that the earth will receive a minimum of solar radiations or heat. The long-range weather forecasters are therefore predicting a decided lowering of ocean temperatures, a swing of Arctic waters to the surface and southward, and weather alternations carrying us from abnormal heat to abnormal cold. One square foot of ocean surface affects the temperature of 30,000 cubic feet of overlying air. The changes that will take place in the Gulf Stream and other warm ocean currents will have a profound influence on coming seasons in Northern Europe and other regions affected by these currents.

What all students of the problem are most interested in at the present time is the forecast concerning the years 1926–1927, when the peak of the cycle is reached. According to H. Janvrin Browne and other followers of this new science, these are to be the danger years, the ones that threaten the world's harvests. Attention is called to the fact that not only does the period 1926–1927 represent a recurrence of the important 55.6-year sun-spot maximum, the second since

(Continued on Page 73)

Sheffield, 4:45 P.M., Monday, September 20th, 1920

A BATTLE PIECE: NEW STYLE

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the third day of the international crisis that had swelled, with startling suddenness, from a cloud the size of a man's hand to a black overshadowing of the whole political sky. At any moment the lightning might flash from it, in commencement of the devastating storm. The clever old face of the veteran statesman who incarnated the ultimate responsibility for his country's destiny was lined and haggard with the accumulation of strain as he sat at his massive mahogany desk in the somber room where his knee-breeched eighteenth-century predecessors looked smugly at him from the walls. His quick gray eyes, shrewd under the tufted white brows in long-experienced appraisal of human character and capacity, ranged over the three men who, at his invitation, had pulled their chairs adjacent to his desk, while, with lips pressed together, he meditatively tapped the long thin fingers of his left hand with the pince-nez he had removed from his high-bridged nose.

Those three men each presented a type in which he could feel confidence. Though each was in ordinary garb, all three of them had the look of men for whom uniform was the normal wear, their clothes disdainful of meaningless civilian smartnesses. The heavy-framed man who sat at the right, his heavy-jowled visage, barred with a short-clipped gray mustache, touched into accentuation of its rugged strength by the sideways illumination from the window, was the chief of the general staff, a general who had emerged from the last great war with the prestige of an inflexible will that could hurl troops through almost impregnable enemy defenses. The man who sat next him, gray-haired, lean-faced, with a sardonic mouth, was the admiral who was the professional head of the navy; he had, in that last war, achieved the reputation of being the one who could handle a fleet of monster battleships to its maximum effect. The third man, youthfully middle-aged, with a nervously intelligent countenance given a sharp vigor by the thrust of his chin, was the chief of the air staff, a mere flight commander in that last great conflict. The three of them had been summoned for an unofficial consultation by the head of the state.

Even as He Was Speaking, Vivid Little Splashes of Yellow Flame Jumped Out of the Dark Air Ahead and Below. The Enemy's Anti-Aircraft Guns Had Opened Fire

The representatives of the two senior services had already spoken, and the old statesman sat in silent, inscrutable cogitation of their reports. Those reports had been highly reassuring. The fleet, at the maximum of efficiency, was already steaming to its war stations. The army had all but completed an unobtrusive mobilization, would be ready to move anywhere within twelve hours. The general had expressed unhesitating confidence in its capacity to meet the threatened emergency. So far as was known, both navy and army were superior in strength to those of the potential enemy. In fact, his truculent insistence on his trumped-up *casus belli* seemed to both those veteran experienced officers an act of insane temerity. The old statesman pondered their cheerful corroborations of each other, his shrewd old eyes looking reflectively into a future in which the somber walls of the room were dissipated, unseen. His close-pressed mouth relaxed in the ghost of a smile. He turned to the third man.

"And what has the air to say about it?" he asked with a grim pleasantness.

The chief of the air staff hesitated.

"May I speak frankly, sir?"

"Of course. It is that the three of you may speak frankly that you are here." The clever old face smiled at him, its shrewd eyes kindly and encouraging. "Go ahead."

"I'm afraid I shall give offense, sir; but it is my duty to say what I think—what I know. The dispositions detailed by the heads of the two senior services, sir"—he gave a quick sidelong glance toward them, looked again to the old chief of the state—"are, in my opinion, altogether admirable in their efficacy—for the last war, for any old-time traditional war. But," he emphasized his words, "they have no relation whatever to the war we shall have to fight if our adversary means business." The other two men jerked in their chairs, uttered the first quick sound of an ejaculated protest. They were silenced by the old statesman's quiet smile toward them, a lift of his long thin hand. "There will never be any more wars like the old-time traditional war, sir. It is difficult for the professional mind, molded in a tradition, to realize that fact. But it is a fact. This next war is going to be something entirely new. I am convinced of it. What is more important is that our adversary is convinced of it. That is the explanation of what appears to the heads of the navy and army as his sudden insanity. This war will be decided by aircraft—an arm he has shrouded in an ominous secrecy, as several of my reports to the cabinet have brought to your notice—and it will be decided before either the army or navy can even begin to come into action."

The general broke a silence impossible any longer.

"Absolute moonshine! I must protest, sir, against this bringing up again of wild visionary theories that have been, as you know, examined and exploded by the committee of national defense. We went into it all—and my friend the admiral here will agree with me; aircraft is an adjunct, today an essential adjunct to the other arms, but it does not and can never supersede them. Aircraft cannot occupy. That's the whole point. Only a superior army can occupy—and only a superior fleet can insure free movement overseas to that army; and, thank God, we've got both. As to the next war being something entirely new—it is sheer fantastic nonsense! War is the same today as it ever was—fleets and armies fight it, and fleets and armies win it."

The old statesman smiled.

"You are very probably right, general. But I should like to hear what our young friend here has to say." He smiled again, encouragingly, to the younger man. "You say the principles of war have changed. How so?"

The young chief of the air staff flushed.

"No, sir. The principles of war have not changed. They never change. The application of them has merely made an advance. Wars are not fought primarily to defeat armies in the field or fleets at sea—that is only a means to an end. The end is, as it ever was, the paralysis of a hostile center of national will. So long as men could only move upon the surface of the ground, armies were the essential and only effective means. Each side arrayed its army like a protective wall in front of its own vital centers, and did its best to batter a clear road through the enemy's protective wall. Only when the enemy's army was finally defeated in the field could the enemy's vital areas be reached. But now—this, sir, is the revolutionary factor—there is no need to bother with the enemy's army or navy at all! Instead of battering a way through a hostile army, aircraft—unless it is restrained by equal or superior aircraft—hops over the protective wall; it strikes straight at the nerve center, and at those sources of supply without which armies and navies are impotent. Armies and navies—though the world has not yet realized it—have become a cumbrous and extravagantly expensive anachronism, deprived of function. Time is on the side of aircraft; it delivers its blow while navies and armies are

only beginning to get themselves in movement. And if that blow is effective, armies and navies wither from their roots. The next great war, sir—the war that is threatening us at this moment—will be won by the country that first grasps this elemental principle. And I fear terribly—I have information that leads me to fear—that our enemy has grasped it." He ceased, still flushed, looked nervously at the old statesman.

The veteran pursed his lips, tapped his pince-nez on his long thin fingers. He had seen so many young enthusiasms, each with its infallible specific, its new discovery of the way to suck eggs! The air force had made sensational claims since its inception, claims justly ridiculed by the staidly efficient senior services. Nevertheless, in a long life of politics he had learned to let every specialist have his say. He smiled wanly, a little skeptically, while the other two men fidgeted on their chairs.

"And your practical deduction from these views?"

"I want cabinet authority, sir, to withdraw immediately every aeroplane at present with the navy and army and concentrate them under air-force control."

Both the general and the admiral jumped from their seats.

"Preposterous! Utter insanity!" They spoke in angry unison. "Sir!" The general addressed his political chief. "This is self-evident absurdity. How can either the navy or the army be expected to fight without air reconnaissance?"

The chief of the air staff looked round at them.

"The whole of my point is that neither the navy nor the army will get an opportunity to fight!" He also switched back to the patiently listening old statesman. "Sir! My information leaves me in no doubt that our enemy is simply not bothering with our navy or our army. He is concentrating every aeroplane he possesses for a series of great blows at this capital and the docks and munition centers of the country. If he succeeds, your navy and your army will alike be useless. They will have neither direction nor resources on which to draw. Even if we concentrate every machine we can put into the air, I fear we shall still be very seriously outnumbered. There is reason—terribly good reason—to suspect that he has built up a very large and secret reserve; you can guess where. But we must do our best. We cannot afford divided control. We cannot afford to fritter away two-thirds of our machines in isolated packets that will be hundreds of miles from the scene of action. If they are recalled after he has launched his blow, they will be defeated in detail. I must press, sir, for cabinet sanction to my request."

The old statesman lifted his white eyebrows. He looked to the representative of the navy.

"And you object—of course?"

A smile came round the sardonic mouth of the admiral.

"I know you do not seriously entertain such an absurd suggestion, sir. If you did naturally there would be but one course open to me. My resignation."

"H'm!" The old chief looked round grimly to the general. "And your views, I take it, are identical?"

"Absolutely, sir. I never heard such nonsense in my life. I should, of course, resign rather than be a party to putting out the eyes of the service for which I am responsible. And I should like to say, sir, that this fear of bombing capitals is totally without foundation. It is a game that leads too easily to reprisals. We at least do not intend to start it. It is merely an atrocity that gives no permanent military advantage. Quite the contrary, all it does is to stiffen the other side. We had proof of it in the last war. Did bombing have any decisive effect? It did not. The war was won when the enemy's army was defeated. It will be the same in this war—and in every war."

"You seem to forget, general," interposed the chief of the air staff, almost angrily, rising to his feet in the desperation of his argument, "that aeroplanes can drop bombs infinitely more destructive than any known in the last war, and they can drop gas. Yperite—mustard gas—is completely effective in the proportion of one in a million parts of atmosphere. The enemy's big bombers can each carry seven tons of it—and seven tons is sufficient to render an area of thirty square miles totally impassable. You haven't gas masks for all these millions of civilian population, and if you had—gas masks are no use against a gas that burns through the clothing. What will happen to this city if he drops even only three hundred and fifty tons upon it? Can you imagine it—supposing that he uses only yperite and not a lethal gas? You will have a population of casualties. The whole direction of the war is centered here—it will be paralyzed. Once the enemy is supreme in the air, he can go on to destroy your munition areas at his leisure. He can and will bomb your headquarters out of existence if you put your army into the field—can wreck the whole system of supply behind that army. You will not be able to begin to fight. General," he faced him heatedly, "if you insist on withholding those aeroplanes, the responsibility for the disaster will be yours!"

The old statesman held up his hand.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! We won't squabble." He smiled. "You talk as though war were already declared. I still hope that that calamity may be averted. If, unfortunately, it is not averted"—he turned to the admiral and the general with another smile—"you may take it as certain that your resignations will not be required of you. The country has the fullest confidence in every branch of its fighting services." He looked round as his private secretary entered the room, a red-sealed envelope in his hand.

The three men stood watching the veteran chief as he took the envelope, ripped it open with a paper knife, scrutinized the contents. There was a peculiar silence. The old man glanced up at them. His face was a deathly white. "Gentlemen," he said in an unsteady voice, "there's no more hope. It's definite. Go to your posts"—he looked at the chief of the air staff significantly—"all three of you."

The densely packed crowd gathered in the street outside the somber government offices was suddenly in disturbance. Raucous cries, a smothered half-hearted cheer, a babel of voices came in clamor from it. Its mass surged, opened for the impeded passage of disheveled, excited newspaper boys, yelling at the maximum of their lungs. Their crumpled placards confirmed, in big type, the hoarse-throated vociferations they continued mechanically to utter as, arrested by an entanglement of eagerly clutching

(Continued on Page 116)

"Wars are Not Fought Primarily to Defeat Armies in the Field or Fleets at Sea—That is Only a Means to an End"

That Law of Lesser Concessions

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

ON HIS home range—that cattle country lying southeast of Prineville along the Crooked River in Central Oregon—there is still a wide difference of opinion regarding Tom Frazer's natural talents. Some of the stockmen for whom he once worked believe he did a lot of figuring along with his trading and fishing. Others believe he just traded and fished and was a fool for luck. Even those who knew him best would be skeptical if told he had, as nearly as any man in the Northwest, reduced the art of selling to an almost exact science. That is because they have never been told about the lady who understood the law of lesser concessions, and who took Frazer in hand for the purpose of demonstrating the correctness of her theories.

In the beginning, Frazer considered as unfortunate the concatenation of circumstances which led to his meeting with Martha Doran. Later he was willing to admit it was an ill wind that blew nobody good, and all that sort of thing. He had been persuaded into his last cattle deal not against his better judgment but against his natural inclinations. The proposition had seemed safe enough, but it involved more work than he liked to contemplate. Then, too, the hay ranch he had found it necessary to rent was across the line in another state. Because of its location, frequent long trips from his home range were required. Still another factor—he had had to tie up all his capital in one bunch of cattle, and he would have preferred to keep a surplus to trade on.

Then came a season of drought, and in midsummer he realized it would be necessary to buy hay for the following winter or else dispose of the cattle. He immediately went to Portland, the nearest stock market, to talk the situation over with some of the cattle buyers there. The day following his arrival he received a telegram from the ranch:

"Epidemic hoof-and-mouth disease. Entire bunch condemned by state inspectors. Come at once."

Frazer crumpled the telegram and shoved it into one of his pockets. For a time he stood gazing moodily out into the street. What was the use of going to the ranch now? The cattle would all be killed by the time he got there. T'ell with the cattle! T'ell with the cattle range! Nothing but lots of hard work and lots of risk! He'd stay right there in Portland, that's what he'd do. He always had believed an easier living could be made in the city than in the country. He bought a morning paper and searched the advertising columns for a job. He found an advertisement that might have been meant for him personally. The Doran Sales Corporation needed someone to conduct a house-to-house campaign, introducing a new household necessity. No experience required. Big profits.

Martha Doran, operating one of the busiest specialty houses in Portland, was accustomed to have all sorts of persons come to her looking for work. Recently she had decided to employ none but inexperienced young men and women, and to train them herself. Frazer, unmistakably of the open range, tall and tanned and seemingly self-confident, was a type new to her. She wasn't sure he would do for the kind of work she had to offer. He seemed a bit too leisurely in his movements and manner ever to develop into a fast house-to-house man.

Then Frazer smiled, a slow, quizzical, diffident smile, and immediately she decided he would be worth trying. She believed a man with such a smile would always be able to win an audience with women, and women were her best customers.

Frazer was smiling because he was a bit embarrassed. He was beginning to regret his hasty decision to remain in the city. And he hadn't expected that a woman would be running this place of business. He found his mind mechanically registering the details of her appearance; sensed that each curl of her black bobbed hair was exactly in place; that her smartly tailored dress was correct in every detail. But the black hair, the brown eyes, the olive-tinted cheeks made him think of her as a gypsy sort of girl in spite of her precise correctness.

"Dressed in khaki knickers, boots and a red sweater," he thought, "she'd make a great little trail pal."

Then he realized she was waiting for him to speak.

"I'm looking for a job," he told her. "Never asked a lady for a job before. Don't quite know how to begin."

"Have you ever had any experience as a salesman?" she asked.

The mirth wrinkles around Frazer's eyes deepened somewhat.

"I once sold a cow," he said.

"Did you sell the cow," she shot back, "or did someone buy it from you?"

Frazer considered this subtle difference for a moment.

"Perhaps I didn't sell that cow, after all," he decided.

She laughed then, and somehow he felt more at ease.

"I may be able to find something for you," she said. "Come with me." He followed her into a sample room; and there, arrayed on tables and shelves, was an interesting and varied assortment of household articles. "Look them over," she invited. "Make your own selection. If you find something you think every woman should have in her kitchen, you won't have much trouble learning how to sell it."

Frazer went uncertainly from table to shelf and back again. He knew that he was being shrewdly studied and he wondered if he would measure up to the standard that she would require.

"Which one of these dofunnies did you refer to in your advertisement?" he asked.

"All of them," said Martha Doran.

Frazer felt then that some display of initiative was expected of him; and so, because it happened to be near him, he picked up a mechanical knife sharpener.

"What is this?" he asked, not understanding the purpose of the device.

Martha explained, demonstrating its operation with a large kitchen knife.

"It is the best of its kind on the market," she concluded. "But it wouldn't do for a beginner. The selling price is two-fifty, and the backdoor dames don't fall easy for anything that costs more than one dollar.

"Now here," she continued, selecting another device, "is something you could get by with. It is a rig for holding mason jars while the tops are being removed. Something new! Something every woman should have in her kitchen! And the price is right—just one dollar. Come back into the office with me and I'll coach you a little in the technic of selling. Then you can look at these samples again and decide if there is anything else you had rather start out with."

In the office she got some note paper for him and they sat down at her desk.

"I want you to write down the essential facts of this lecture," she told him, a bit self-conscious now, and uncertain. He was the first person she had undertaken to train, and she wasn't sure that she would be able to get her ideas across. Frazer took paper and pencil and nodded gravely, waiting for her to begin. So she went on, explaining the importance of each of the five factors essential to the consummation of a sale: the undivided attention of the prospective buyer; his interest in the thing being offered for sale; the transforming of interest into desire; the suggesting of a motive for buying; and finally the various methods of closing.

"Of course, you would learn these things by experience," she said. "But learning by experience is usually an expensive process—expensive both for the salesman and for the employer. For that reason I want you to master the theory of selling before you start to work. And when you commence work I'll want you to keep a detailed record of each selling attempt you make, so that each day we can analyze your efforts for the purpose of determining the weak points in your selling talk and demonstration. The analysis can be made by applying Mill's canons of logic."

She dictated a statement of those rules. Then, in concluding, she told how the instinct and acquired habit of financial self-preservation invariably cause a person to view unfavorably any new or unusual article or proposition; and by illustration and example she showed how the inhibitions of instinct and habit could be overcome by presenting all the minor selling points so skillfully that those points would be conceded without conscious thought on the part of the prospective buyer, until in the end the sale would be consummated almost automatically, due to the operation of the law of lesser concessions—that law of the human mind which causes the granting of a final great concession as soon as the sum of the lesser concessions previously granted equals in effect the granting of the final concession.

Frazer glanced up from his writing, viewing Martha with frank admiration. Who'd have thought, just to look at her, that such a brain was functioning behind such an attractive face? Because salesmanship was a new subject to him, much that she told him he did not fully comprehend. But he could understand thoroughly the operation of that law. And he believed that if an article or proposition could be

The Next Time She Dined With Him He'd See to It That He Had Seats Reserved for Some Good Show

sold by inducing a prospective buyer to concede one unimportant point after another until the sum of all the points thus conceded equaled in effect the closing of the sale, then there was no reason why a lady's favor couldn't be won in the same manner; the favor of this self-possessed, capable-minded young woman, for example.

He began to wonder how many little concessions of courtesy on her part would equal the greater concession of permitting him to hold her hand; and how many times he would have to hold her hand before he would be permitted the greater concession of his arm around her waist; and if holding her hand plus the arm around her waist would equal the still greater concession of her lips; and if the concession of her lips ——

Frazer began to believe he had lost many an opportunity because he had not known about the operation of that law. Now he decided he would do some experimenting with the law and with this lady. The easiest way to begin winning her confidence would be to make a success of the work she was offering.

He picked up the jar holder.

"I believe this will do to start with as well as anything else," he said. "Just how shall I go about the selling of it?"

"How did you learn to ride horses?" she countered.

"Huh? Why, by riding them, of course!"

"There's the answer to your question. You can learn to sell by selling. If you'll make use of the principles I've explained, and if you'll constantly analyze your efforts according to those rules of logic, your progress should be rapid. The important thing in the beginning will be to accustom yourself to meeting the prospective buyers and studying the way they react to your various selling suggestions."

"That won't be hard," he decided.

"Don't think it won't be hard," she cautioned. "If you knew just how hard it will be at first, you would quit now."

"I don't quit easy," he said defensively. "Why, if you'll cheer for me," he added, using a metaphor of the range, "I'll stay in the saddle till the cinch breaks."

Frazer hadn't yet learned the secret of closing a sale. He did not know that Martha was leading him to commit himself irrevocably to the undertaking.

"And if you should get thrown a few times?"

"I don't quit easy," he said a second time, stubbornly. "I can take as many falls as the next man."

"Fifty attempts before you'll weaken?"

"One hundred," he declared.

"And if you should fail ninety-nine times before you make your first sale?"

"Then I'll try ninety-nine times more to see if I can repeat the one successful attempt."

Martha offered her hand impulsively.

"Mr. Frazer," she complimented, "I believe you will develop into a real salesman."

Frazer nodded, accepting her hand and her tribute absently. He was not aware that he had, so to speak, just signed his name to the dotted line. He was wondering how soon he would have an opportunity to test the operation of that law with her; decided this was as good a time as any, so he held her hand a tiny bit longer than the occasion warranted. One little concession on her part. He immediately released her hand and asked a question so she would have no time to think about her first little concession.

"I still haven't the slightest idea how to go about the selling of this jar holder," he said. "Won't you consider me as a prospective buyer and show me how you would make the sale? You should be good at that sort of thing."

"I should be," she admitted. "Before I quit the house-to-house work for the jobbing end of the business, I considered it a poor day when I didn't make from five to six dollars. But I worked for it. That is where most of the people I employ fall down—they won't work. Thirty to forty calls and they think they've made a day of it. I used to think I was loafing if I made less than sixty calls, and seventy was the average I tried to hold to."

Sixty to seventy calls a day! Frazer had had no idea he would be able to try out this salesmanship thing so rapidly. Two or three days and he would know whether or not he could make good at it.

Before he left the office, Martha had shown him how to demonstrate the operation of the jar holder and had typed a number of selling suggestions for his benefit.

"Of course, these suggestions are just an outline for the selling talk," she said. "You'll evolve your own ballyhoo as you go along. And most likely you'll be able to improve on the demonstration." Then she added a final word of advice. "Take your own time," she told him. "Don't expect to learn everything the first day. And here are three tips worth remembering: Always set your sample case to one side of the door out of sight—somehow a sample case seems to prejudice housewives against a fellow; then when you knock or ring the bell, have your sample in your hands ready for the demonstration; and while you are talking look the ladies in the eyes. I don't know the psychological reason for it," she concluded, "but it gets some of them, and when it gets them, they're sold."

Frazer went back to his hotel and took time to incorporate Martha's selling suggestions into a talk of his own devising. Then he spent the rest of the day memorizing the talk and practicing the demonstration. At eight the next morning he stepped off a street car in a neighborhood Martha had said was one of the best backdoor districts in the city. He started briskly toward the house on the nearest corner. When he reached the walk leading around to the rear, he paused, hesitated, and then went on toward the next residence. That first place didn't look very promising, anyhow. Just before he reached the back door of the second house he stopped and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He couldn't understand why he should be

(Continued on Page 62)

CHOCK-GEE, NO GOT

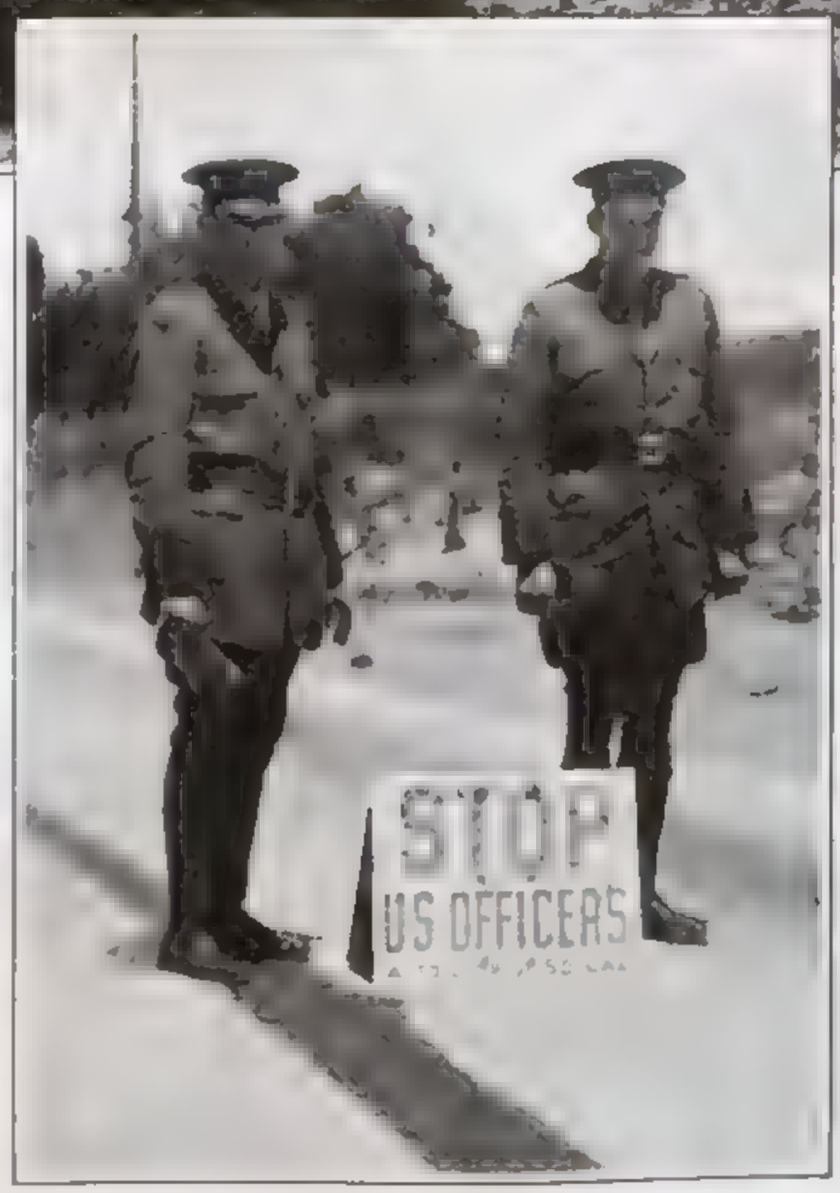
The One Sure Way to Stop Alien Smuggling

By STUART N. LAKE

THE time may possibly come when every foreign-born resident of the United States will carry a chock-gee in self-defense. At present these instruments of protection are prescribed by law only for those of our neighbors who claim Chinese descent, but if you are on terms of intimacy with your Oriental laundryman you may get a look at one.

Before requesting the chock-gee close-up it is well to be certain that your laundryman regards you as a trusted friend and also that you are able to observe the rather intricate niceties of Chinese inflection. Provided, however, that your pronunciation passes muster and that your Chinese friend doesn't resent your request with a flatiron, he may grunt shortly "Chock-gee, have got," and from somewhere about his person produce a red, white and black parchment about the size of a dollar bill. You will discover as you handle the document that the paper has a feel similar to that of a bank note, but somewhat heavier, and that like our currency it has been engraved with intricate design as precaution against counterfeiting. At the left, on the obverse, you will find a small photograph of the man who handed the paper to you; to the right of that, his physical description, Bertillon-like in scope, and below, a recital of circumstances under which he entered the United States, either by birth or immigration, and when.

On the reverse will be found in the favorite script of the Bureau of Printing and Engraving notice to whom it may concern that this Certificate of Identification—for that's what a chock-gee is—has been issued as evidence, prima facie, that your Chinese friend is legally a resident of the United States and may come and go within its borders as he pleases. If the laundryman wishes to visit another land he must show and register his chock-gee upon leaving the United States and produce it when applying for re-admission. Also, he must be ready to produce it upon demand by any recognized officer of the law.



Patrolmen Nukols (Left) and Curtis, of the Newly Uniformed Highway Patrol of the Immigration Service. Above—A Scene Along the Border That the San Diego Immigration Staff is Called Upon to Patrol. A Whole Army of Aliens Might Lose Itself in Cañons Like These

Effective Weapons Against Smugglers

CHOCK-GEES have been in existence since 1892, in which year the United States began registration of all Chinese residents, and in the opinion of our immigration officials the little documents have been their most effective weapons in the campaign to hold the Chinese population of the country within the limits set by law. Experience is largely responsible for the immigration officers' hope that before long every foreign-born resident of the United States will be required to carry his, or her, Certificate of Identification.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, who is the cabinet officer responsible for the regulation of immigration, stated a few days ago that more than one million aliens are illegally residing in this country now. Under the Immigration Act of 1924 the full quota of aliens permitted to enter the United States from all countries of the world during the year ending June 30, 1925, was 164,667. During the ten months ending May first, it is definitely known, thousands more than that number of additional and undesirable immigrants entered the country by illicit channels, of whom a vast majority remain, and will remain, unapprehended and undeported. Furthermore, most of the aliens who succeeded in evading our legal restrictions were smuggled into the country by men and women who have perfected the conduct of such illegal traffic to the point where it is a highly specialized trade.

Within the past few weeks a number of conferences have been called in Washington in furtherance of hopes that our alien exclusion laws may be bolstered into effectiveness. A similar meeting, of international character, has just adjourned at El Paso, Texas. Other conferences, it is announced, are to convene at intervals prior to the opening of the next Congress, when endeavor will be made to solve the problem through amendments to the existing law.

The Gateway

IN VIEW of the frank admission by certain Federal executives and members of Congress that they are not at all sure about what should be done, it might not be out of place to suggest that there are available for consultation a number of men who have devoted their lives to keeping contraband aliens off United States soil. They are to be found in the ranks of the immigration service itself, where for thirty years—unhonored and overworked, underpaid and quite unsung—they have waged a relentless and until recently a fairly successful war against contraband Chinese.

That for the present the tide of battle sets in favor of the Oriental is no fault of these pioneers in alien-restriction work; the blame would seem to rest with whatever government agency has operated to deny them reënforcements of men and money to offset the additional burden imposed upon their service by the law of 1924.

The Bureau of Immigration commands plenty of men whose experience and knowledge of precedent might quickly solve the problem over which the legislators are so perturbed. For the most part, these old-timers are on duty along the Mexican border line, and as it is in that section of the United States that alien smuggling promises to assume under the new law—as it has maintained under the old—the gravest proportions, it would not seem entirely out of order to suggest that their experience be taken into account.

For the information of all concerned it may be stated that the veteran field workers of the immigration service realize acutely that once the European immigrant becomes thoroughly acquainted with the methods which the Oriental has perfected in thirty years of beating the border guard, illicit traffic in European-born contraband will develop beyond the ability of an army to control. What is more, there is every indication that this condition which the experienced immigration men fear is rapidly coming about.

In the opinion of the immigration officer with a working knowledge of border patrol, the toughest stretch of our whole frontier lies between Yuma, Arizona, on the east, and, on the west, the shore line of the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Tia Juana River. On a minutely detailed map of that section, at a point approximately halfway between Yuma and the sea, and close to the international boundary, there may be found lettered indication of a water hole called Mountain Springs. It is sixty miles as the buzzard flies across desert and mountain wastes from Mountain Springs to Tia Juana, and through that gap in civilization more contraband

Chinese are reputed to have been smuggled into the United States than through any other channel of illegal entry.

With the sixty-mile air line from Mountain Springs to Tia Juana as its base, a vast expanse of wilderness spreads fanwise until its northwesterly tip ends abruptly with the mountains on the outskirts of Los Angeles and the northeasterly one is lost in the trackless sands of the Mohave. Between the tips the stretch is approximately 150 miles, and along the tortuous trails which interweave across the mountains and the deserts like the fanlike veins in a sun-seared leaf, a large proportion of contraband aliens who have entered the United States within the past thirty years have at some time or another made their way.

Beating the Border Guard

THE western, or seacoast, stick of the fan runs for more than 100 miles along the Pacific shore line, and for the greater part of its length offers a gently sloping beach where small boats may land with ease. The shore is dotted by settlements, chief of which in size and importance is the seaport of San Diego, lying sixteen miles north of the fan base and the Mexican village of Tia Juana. From San Diego a railway runs south and east, winding back and forth across the international boundary until it reaches Yuma. On the Mexican side of the line a wagon route very nearly parallels the buzzard's course from Tia Juana to Mexicali. Here and there along these arteries of commerce, both in the United States and in Mexico, is a lonely ranch building or a prospector's cabin, but the relentless character of the country has kept it for the most part a desolate waste of rock and sand, sagebrush, cactus and mesquite.

PHOTO BY W. C. AVERETT

Routine Inspection of All Automobiles is Made at the Border Stations by Immigration Authorities

Immigration officials have been known to complain that from Mountain Springs to the sea Nature has conspired with man to produce an ideal site for the operations of alien smugglers. One result is certain: Aliens now barred as the Chinese have been for years—Japanese, Armenians, Syrians, Italians, Greeks and Portuguese, to name but a few nationalities—are flocking to Mexican California, whence they hope to enter the United States by the route which has proved so productive of desired results for their predecessors in the list of the banned so consistently over such a length of time.

Since 1892 San Diego has been headquarters for the immigration officers charged with the duty of holding Chinese smuggling to a minimum across the base of the fan. It is their headquarters now, yet in certain parts of that city it is a simple matter to engage a professional smuggler for the job of running a few aliens across the border.

It is by no means to be inferred that San Diego is a most unmoral city, or that immigration officers stationed there are either incompetent or lax in performance of their duties. Not only is the most southwesterly of our seaports a very orderly town, but the thirty-eight men who operate from its subdistrict immigration office are regarded as among the most efficient of Uncle Sam's border guards.

Two of the most experienced and most successful man hunters in government employ have charge of immigration affairs in the territory of the fan. Dan S. Kuykendall is immigration inspector in charge of the San Diego subdistrict, and Frank M. McMahan is inspector in charge of border patrol. Between them these men can place at government disposal the knowledge gained from fifty years devoted to alien-restriction work. Kuykendall has spent the past twenty years in service from El Paso to San Diego; McMahan is a product of the days when New Mexico and Arizona were raw. He has been a Texas ranger, roving deputy sheriff, with a joint commission from every county in New Mexico and Arizona, and is widely known among old frontiersmen for his work in ridding his bailiwick of cattle rustlers, train robbers and professional killers in the days when the great Southwest was wild and woolly and bad. He has been in immigration work since 1894.

From July 1, 1924, to May 1, 1925, Inspectors Kuykendall and McMahan were responsible for the capture of 335 persons engaged in smuggling aliens across the territory which they guard. The contraband immigrants were deported and the smugglers sent to jail, but the inspectors found a discouraging element in the large number of smuggled aliens, both European and Chinese, who, they know, eluded their guard. They have no way to estimate accurately the number of smuggled Europeans who made their way in safety across the fan, but in common with all other immigration officials they have certain knowledge that San Francisco's Chinatown, the haven of the smuggled Oriental, is steadily increasing in size.

"In this connection," one of the inspectors declared, "it might be interesting to note that the only theory by which the increase in population of San Francisco's Chinese quarter may be justified in legal fashion, would be to assume that every Chinese woman in the United States gives birth to at least two sets of twins every year."

Check on their own efficiency is obtained by the immigration officers from the prices which bootleggers of human beings demand for their services. Some idea of the success with which officials operated along the Mexican border prior to the influx of European contraband may be gained from the fact that they forced the standard price for running Chinese across the line from $250 to $1500 a head.

Ten months ago the charge for smuggling a European across the Mexican border was only fifty dollars; the latest available quotation in San Diego sets the price for a similar job at $300.

These last figures, the immigration men declare, must not be taken to mean that it is becoming more difficult to evade the border guard. Rather, they indicate that Europeans are learning from the Chinese and are turning to the methods which they employ. Justification for this opinion may be noted daily.

For a time after the present Immigration Act went into effect, most of the smuggling of European aliens was attempted by relatives or friends already living in the United States. Hundreds of such abortive attempts were nipped in the bud. Then the helpfully inclined relatives hired bootleggers of hooch and dope to bring in the folks from the Old World. Hundreds of these attempts came to grief, for the hooch runner and the dope smuggler found that getting by the immigration officers with cargoes of humanity was not to be accomplished through methods employed with liquor or opium; also, the immigration officer is a very different type of person from the one so often employed to look for contraband whisky. The next and logical step was for the Europeans to seek out smugglers well known for their success in running Chinese.

Europeans Trying the Chinese Routes

WHILE material for this article was under discussion, two immigration patrolmen led into Inspector Kuykendall's office three citizens of Italy and the two men who had contracted to transport them from Tia Juana, Mexico, to safe harbor in the city of San Bernardino, California. The smugglers had guided the Italians from Mexico north across the long sloping beach at the mouth of the Tia Juana River, under cover of darkness and at an hour when low tide made walking possible far out from shore, and had hidden them in a shack at Imperial Beach, a small

(Continued on Page 137)

PHOTO BY NEWSPAPER SERVICE

Ensenada, the Mexican Seacoast Village Sixty Miles South of Tia Juana, a Favorite Way Station for Aliens on the Trip From Europe to the United States via the "Underground"

NOTES ON NEW YORK

By a New Yorker

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

AS IT happens, I am not a native of New York; but I have lived on Manhattan Island for now sixty-seven years. My father came from Massachusetts, my mother from Virginia, and I was born in Louisiana; so I have a right—or, at least, I think I have—to regard myself as truly a New Yorker. In all these years of sojourn I have never faltered in my affection for New York. I have ever been proud that I was a citizen of no mean city.

Therefore I have been chagrined, not to say shocked, to discover that there are hundreds of thousands of dwellers in distant places—more particularly in the Middle West—who seem to have a grudge against the place where I reside. Sometimes they reveal a hostility which is almost hatred, denouncing my town as a sink of iniquity, as a pirates' cave and as a den of thieves. They revile the inhabitants of New York as selfish and greedy, cold and callous, ruthlessly self-seeking and unblushingly unscrupulous. They assert that our manners are as bad as our morals. They believe this city to be as dirty as it is ugly. In short, they aver that there is no health in us, physically or spiritually. In spite of Burke's warning, they would like to draw an indictment against more people than there were in all North America when his warning was uttered.

None the less do tens of thousands of these outlanders delight every year in spending a week or a month on Manhattan Island; and thousands of them are so attracted that they are glad to stay here, to settle down and to make this their home for the rest of their lives. These immigrants from other parts of the country have seen our city with their own eyes and they have had their eyes opened. There is a New England Society in New York, an Ohio Society, a Missouri Society; there are a host of other societies for the native sons of other states. It would be well if there were also a New York Society for those who were born here. But alas! I should not be eligible.

A Much Maligned City

PERHAPS the prejudice against New York is strongest among those who have never been here; but it is altogether too vigorous among those who have had the benefit of a brief visit and who have found here only what they were expecting—a glimpse of the Great White Way, a vision of the Night Life of New York, an experience of glare and glitter, of empty frivolity and paraded luxury, of incessant rush and insistent excitement. They have here sought what many other Americans go to Paris to get, a suggestion of flaunted vice. They do not suspect that this vice, in New York as well as in Paris, is flaunted for their benefit and is ignored by the hard-working and home-keeping inhabitants of these two much maligned cities. It is not the Parisians who support what used to be known as the Tour of the Grand Dukes, and it is not the New Yorkers who go night after night to Chinatown with its faked opium joints or to the ear-splitting cabarets which do not open their doors until midnight.

These sordid and more or less unsavory attractions are provided if not solely, at least mainly, for the benefit of the visitors who insist on seeing the wickedness they believe that New York can supply almost as abundantly as Paris. They would be sorely disappointed if they were not allowed to behold the evidence proving that New York is truly a sink of iniquity. Undeniably there is more vice in a big city than there is in a small town; but this is because a big city contains more people than a small town. It is also a fact that in proportion to the population, there is likely to be at least as much vice in the small town as there is in the big city. If a seeker after vice is diligent and persistent he can indulge in it even in a crossroads village. Bootleg liquor is as dangerous in the hinterland as it is at headquarters.

Probably much of the hostility toward New York is not because this is the worst city in the United States, but because it is the biggest. A similar malignant aversion is often visible in England toward London and in France toward Paris. It has its root in simple jealousy—an unworthy motive, no doubt, but natural enough, human nature being what it is. Yet, whatever its cause, this hostility is the result of ignorance; and that also is natural enough, for all that the strangers within our gates are likely to see, all that any but the most favored can hope to see, is only the outside of our life, the passing show, the rush and the clatter, the glittering externalities of our existence. They have no opportunity to discover the quiet of our homes and the hospitality of our hearths.

Let me sift some of the damnatory specifications. The Devil's Advocate may open the case against us, but after all we are entitled to our day in court. Is New York a pirates' cave and a den of thieves? Are we New Yorkers really more dishonest than the rest of the people of the United States? That question must be put bluntly—and it can answer itself. New York—being populated largely by men and women from all over the United States—is just as honest as are these men and women, no more and no less. I am glad to think that the average American is rarely deliberately dishonest. He may have his own ethical code, and he has his personal delinquencies, and he is tolerant toward these lapses; and this moral standard of the average American is attained by the average New Yorker.

I Have Been Chagrined to Discover That There are Hundreds of Thousands of Dwellers in Distant Places Who Seem to Have a Grudge Against the Place Where I Reside

Manners and Morals

POSSIBLY in some respects the New Yorker may rise a little above the average. More than one friendly foreigner visiting New York has noted with astonishment the confidence which we have in one another, a confidence which has its limits of course, but which is rarely betrayed. It is in evidence on our news stands, from which the passers-by help themselves, leaving behind them the exact number of cents. It is in evidence again on our letter boxes on the lamp-posts, which are often piled high with letters and even packages. Consider the Stock Exchange; consider what is known—and hated—as Wall Street, where there is a tradition of trustfulness, business being done by nods and notes often at the topmost tension of the closing hour of a day of turmoil. Weigh the significance of the late Mr. Morgan's assertion on the witness stand that he lent more freely to a man of high character than to a man of large means. Consider finally that New York is prosperous and has been for a century; and remember that prosperity never abides long with dishonesty. Sooner or later the den of thieves is raided by the police; and sooner or later the pirate dies at the door of his cave—and dies with his boots on. No, New Yorkers may be no nearer to perfection than the rest of mankind, but they are no farther from it. They are not more self-seeking, nor more unscrupulous, than their friends and relatives in the South and West. If our contemporary fiction portrays faithfully the small town and the little village, there is no great odds between them and any of our big cities. There is as much greed and meanness in rural districts as in urban; and there is probably less hypocrisy and less cant.

I cannot believe that our morals on Manhattan Island are inferior to the morals of those who dwell anywhere else in the United States. But how about our manners? Are we cold and callous and heartless? Are we devoid of the little courtesies and kindlinesses which sweeten life? Here I cannot enter a general denial; all I can do is to make a plea of confession and avoidance. First of all, I must point out that the New Yorker, perhaps even more than any other American, seems to be always in a hurry, leading a strenuous life, pushing ahead on his own business, tearing along as if the devil was after him. At least this is how he may appear in the crowded streets; and the stranger can behold him nowhere else. But this is an appearance only. It is true that the New Yorker does not pause to pass the time of day, as the dweller in the small town may do, where every face he meets is familiar. There are six millions of us; and although each of us has as many friends and acquaintances as the small towner may have, he often goes a week or two without greeting more than half a dozen of them.

Not long ago a lady from the South—where there seems to be more sunny cordiality than there is under our Northern skies—told me that when she invited her fifteen-year-old sister to visit her, the first question the visitor asked when she sat at breakfast on the thirteenth floor of a towering apartment house was as to the names of the families in the adjoining apartments, right and left, above and below. The hostess had to confess that she did not know any of the other residents in the same house, whereupon Little Sister reproachfully remarked, "You are not very neighborly, are you?" And when Big Sister had to go out that afternoon to play bridge with a friend who lived

(Continued on Page 122)

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THERE is a generally accepted belief that if one wishes to participate in a mystery, he must also participate in a great deal of mental and physical labor. This belief has been enthusiastically encouraged by authors, dramatists, theatrical producers and book publishers, who naturally wish to prevent the general public from developing a lot of private mysteries that will distract their attention from the large number of carefully constructed mysteries that are produced on the stage and in books each year in order to satisfy the fierce craving for mysteries that ever dwells within the public's breast.

In the mystery of literature and drama, for example, there must first be a good hearty murder. Following that, there must be a police detective of such excessive stupidity that one suspects him of being unable to cut up his own meat at dinner.

Then there must be a brilliant young solicitor, if the mystery is laid in England, or a scintillating young lawyer or reporter, if the mystery takes place in America; and this keen young person must eventually solve the mystery by his excessive astuteness. Yet his astuteness must be sufficiently moth-eaten in spots to permit him to have an extremely bone-headed friend who cannot understand anything that is happening, and must therefore be told everything by the astute mystery solver.

Bargains in Mysteries

THE real mystery in these books and plays is not who killed the dead man, but how the keen young solicitor can endure the unbelievable mental numbness of his friend without murdering him, and also how the numb friend has been able to persuade any employer to pay him enough of a living wage to keep the breath of life in his body for so many years.

Not only are the mysteries of fiction and drama so intricate as to make the general public chary of seeking out any mysteries of its own, but the mysteries of science are also too involved. Suppose the mystery of the pik-pik's eggs is suddenly taken up in a big, serious way by scientific circles. After repeated conferences, a three-masted schooner is chartered and the great Pik-pik Egg Hunting Expedition, consisting of a zoölogist, a paleontologist, an entomologist, a piscatologist, a conchologist, two surgeons, two cooks, five gun bearers, a mosquito-net bearer, a butterfly-net bearer, three gun cleaners, a chemist and an omelet chef start off on a two years' trip for the purpose of solving the mystery of where the pik-pik lays its eggs—or egg; for really worthwhile scientists suspect the pik-pik of laying only one egg a year.

One easily gets the idea that the simplest, littlest scientific mystery can be solved for a minimum expenditure of $120,000, but that regular mysteries run considerably higher.

Such things, however, are misleading. There are still a number of first-class mysteries to be solved that do not depend on murders, keen young solicitors, chartered schooners, the expenditure of $120,000, or travel in unheard-of places; and one of the leading mystery centers of the world is Manhattan Island, more commonly known in the argot of the day as New York.

The Grocery Clerk Who Drags Down Eighteen a Week in Floral Park City Has Been Informed That a Grocery Clerk Can Get Forty a Week in New York Just Like Finding It

One is surrounded by mysteries from the moment when one sets foot on Manhattan Island and simultaneously receives a defiant elbowing from the first of the city's 6,015,496 inhabitants to be encountered.

Why, for example, do people live in New York when they can live elsewhere? Why do people without money come to New York to live? Why do art galleries congregate on Fifty-ninth Street? Why are there more suckers to the square foot in New York than to the square rod anywhere else, including Florida?

Who employs all the interior decorators on Madison Avenue? Who blows all the whistles that are constantly being blown in New York? What mysterious atmospheric disturbance causes so many of the New Yorkers who speak English to say moider and skoit instead of murder and skirt?

Why do so many New York hotels advertise that they have quiet rooms? What pleasure do two New Yorkers get out of visiting a so-called night club that charges six dollars for the privilege of sitting down and calling a waiter? What makes a fashionable restaurant cease being fashionable overnight?

Unanswered Questions

WHAT protects taxicab drivers from horrible deaths? Why do passers-by on New York streets stare at one another defiantly? Why do taxicab passengers wait for fifteen minutes at traffic intersections when they could get out and walk to their destinations in two minutes? What is a New Yorker's idea of pleasure?

Why are three-fifths of all taxicab passengers after eleven o'clock at night locked in a close embrace? Where are the daytime hiding places of the dogs with deep bass voices that are heard from five to six o'clock every morning by most New York hotel dwellers? Why aren't the nerves of all New Yorkers so shattered by the noises amid which they live that they must spend one year out of every three in a sanitarium?

(Continued on Page 100)

There are Many Subsidiary Mysteries to This Great Mystery—Such, for Example, as Why These Misguided Persons Don't Go Back to Tucson, Medicine Hat and Baxter's Dam Corners

IMPROMPTU CON BRIO

"So You are at it Again, Eh? Aping the Borodine!"

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

BORODINE'S piano came at ten. Even at that early hour of the famous day the snow was settling heavily down, as if in grim determination to drape the landscape *à la Russe* for the great event. Mrs. Billy Wentworth was opening her private theater with the great Muscovite. "With" is the proper word, because it was by means of Borodine—who had never before to play to so few—that the clever lady would fill her two hundred new drawing-room chairs with such an ensemble as had never before been gathered in the same place at the same time. These *grandes dames*, with their jewels and furs and high chins, were as jealous of their precedence as *prime donne*, and their husbands were, for the most part, enemies; nothing less than Borodine could have induced them to seek culture or shelter under one roof.

The piano came in state, as became Borodine's piano, to sit in the empty theater all day and get acclimated. It was accompanied by its crew—a prince, two counts, a little duke of the second order, and a walking gentleman—refugees from the revolution, the nakedness of whose indigence, the while they awaited a restoration, was being clothed from the trimming of the vain Borodine. They would not have wiped their feet on the great maestro in the old days, when they used to summon him to their fêtes; but now he was their meat and drink, and they wore his old fur coats, of which he had a legion. Their Pretender lay hiding on some castled isle in the Mediterranean, awaiting only funds for revictualment; on a sign from him some day these plucked birds would vanish as mysteriously as they had come here, to follow his banner back into Red Russia.

Volley, the piano maker's representative, who slept with this piano on its journeys across the world, as if it had been a treasured race horse, came one step behind in his own car. When the doors of the van were opened and the émigrés emerged and began to sing like the blackbirds, Volley took up a commanding position and gave orders, like a first mate coaling. He was a little man—almost as small as Borodine himself—but he had a big voice, and he somehow contrived to appear dangerous to the aristocrats who puffed and blew about the case.

"You?" he bawled, in the tones of an anguished cow "You? Piano lifters indeed! One would think it was a stale egg you were handling! Up! Around! Down! You paupers, over! So. Are you too lazy to lift the charity that feeds you?"

Prince Galochek, the leader of the piano movers, who held the tail of the case by both hands, brought the squad to a halt in front of Volley, and he said in a high voice trembling with rage: "If it were not that I am tamed by hunger I would tear you to pieces with these hands."

The procession shuffled forward again. They laid the precious instrument out on stilts and grafted on its three legs. They gathered in close formation behind Galochek, the giant with ruffling whiskers, and moved slowly off-stage. They paused for a second time in front of Volley, and glared down at him.

"It is that you say something, now that my hands are unoccupied?" asked Galochek in the thin voice of a cherub.

"Nothing," rumbled Volley, he glared up, secure in the impunity of his smallness.

The slow-moving mentality of Galochek considered.

"You are thinking a great deal, however," said Galochek suspiciously.

"Yes," admitted Volley.

"Oho!" said Galochek hopefully, tensing his muscles like a Samson.

"I think," said Volley, unterrified by the bristling whiskers—"I think your master is wise not to feed you too well!"

He stared contemptuously at the giant's great claws, which strained at the empty air. "Begone!" he roared with the voice of a cataract, pointing with all the majesty of his inches to the van.

The nobles moved forward; they climbed back into the van and allowed themselves ignominiously to be locked in. The thing rumbled off.

Volley examined his piano closely. He was disappointed to find not so much as a nick. He suspended a thermometer on the end of a long wire from the gridiron of the stage so that, as it gently swung, it puddled the air above the keyboard. A second thermometer with the assiduity of a sentimental nurse he inserted in the creature's interior. Until the nerves and the marrow of the instrument attained the temperature of the surrounding air, sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, nothing could be done for it. He set out to explore. He stepped down into the orchestra. He tried a few chairs here and there among the two hundred to which Mrs. Billy's private theater was limited, before finally deciding where he himself would sit during the recital. It was part of his duty at Borodine's appearances to sit inconspicuously in the audience, until suddenly at a well-chosen moment he would cry out in helpless ecstasy, "My God, what a magnificent piano!"—as if it were the virtuosity of the instrument, and not the artist, that accounted

for the miracles. Borodine of course knew nothing of this, else he would have played some other maker's piano.

While Volley was deciding his location there came a great thumping, and he ran about searching for it like a setting hen in thunder. The thumping continued, but he failed to localize it. Finally he discovered a little companionway leading down through the stage; and below, in a great open room that would be the carpenter shop when Mrs. Billy started her amateur theatricals in real earnest, he came on a group of menials in linsey-woolsey vests and billiard-cloth aprons moving in enough trunks to fill a baggage car.

"Cease! Cease!" commanded Volley in stentorian tones. But the menials paid no attention to him, not abating their thumping endeavors until the trunks were nicely arranged in rank and file. The menials then stood at ease, regarding the little man in amused silence.

Volley examined the trunks.

"Some traveling troupe moving in?" said Volley at a venture.

"*Non, monsieur. Elle part,*" responded a tall young man, wan with the prison pallor of the house servant.

"Oh! You sprechen français?" murmured Volley, examining the labels.

"*Yah, mein Herr!*"

The others moved off for more trunks, leaving the spokesman behind. One set of labels said "Havre." Another said "Hold." A third, a portentous-looking document, said —— Volley looked up from the examination sharply.

"We are ambassadors, then?" he asked, impressed. It was a State Department sticker, calling attention of all meddlers that these baggages were entitled to the courtesy of the customs, under whatever flag found.

"We are," said the young man impressively. "We are on an important foreign mission." He bowed. "We sail tomorrow midnight, on the Paris."

"These are Mr. Wentworth's trunks? What are they doing here in this barn?"

"Pardon," begged the young man, smiling. "They are Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband's wife's trunks. It is evident you do not know who is the man of this family. We gather them here," he said idly, "for transportation to the ship."

"I have seen you before," said Volley, losing interest in the baggage

"Yes, you have."

"Where?" demanded Volley.

"Think!" commanded the impudent fellow mysteriously. He added, "It is an episode I try to forget." He turned. "Excuse me, I go for more trunks."

He departed.

There was a key in the basement door, and Volley turned it as a precaution. His treasured piano must not be subjected to any more thumping.

Volley was brooding in the gloom of the empty stage beside his piano, which was slowly accumulating heat units, when Stannard, Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband's general agent—as important a personage as the chancellor of a principality—appeared for a preliminary conference. He presented the written list of guests of this gala opening of Mrs. Billy's beautiful private theater. It was a staggering concentration.

"Oh, it is too many eggs for one basket," said Volley, awed by the array "I tremble, lest the roof fall in!"

Stannard accepted the flattery; he had done the arranging.

"If any one of these," said Volley, tapping the paper significantly, "has a cough, or a sneeze, or a nose that requires attention, he will please to leave it outside."

"We will have a dephlegmator at the door," Stannard replied.

"Eh?"

"Proceed. What will be the lights?"

"The dimmers will be on, in the auditorium. On the stage we will use baby diffusion twilight. You have a baby?"

"Yes. And the back drop?"

"No plush! No velvet!" Volley glared fiercely. "No hangings, if you value your life! The cyclorama, if you will be so kind."

"Might I stand in the wings?" said Stannard coaxingly.

Volley threw up his hands in despair.

"Wings?" he shrieked. "Not a mouse!" He subsided slightly. "The Borodine is vulnerable at that moment," he said. He sank his voice to a whisper. "He plays with his eyes shut! No—not plays. He thinks! He thinks with his piano—as you and I think with our heads! At such an instant he would die if he got the scent of a human being behind him. No, no! He must be alone. Not a mouse, you understand. He bristles with temperament like a pincushion."

Stannard reluctantly gave in; it had been his supreme ambition to stand in the wings through a Borodine program.

"Is that all?"

"We have not yet begun," said Volley. He cast a contemptuous look at his interlocutor. "First, the gold!"

"Oh, yes; that is arranged for."

"In double eagles?"

"Yes."

"One hundred of them!"

"Think of it!" said Stannard superciliously.

"They are to be counted—into his hand!"

"Yes."

"One by one—he likes to feel them, you understand. It is childish of him, yes. But he is the Borodine!"

"Then what?"

"Well, first, a deal table."

"A what table?"

"Deal. Plank! Two inches thick. Smooth—without a sliver. A sliver would be terrible! Thirty inches high. Thirty inches wide. And six feet long!"

"We have no such animal about," said Stannard. He laughed.

Volley shrugged, a gesture of ultimatum. Either a deal table or no Borodine.

"You will have one constructed. You will procure a joiner or a shipwright. It will be here by seven!"

"All right," said Stannard, beaten. "What next?"

Continued on Page 35

When the Door Was Lifted From its Hinges They Filed Out Into the Trunk Room and Up Through the Stage Stairway

THE TRIPPER TRAP

By Francis Dana

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"There, There, Susie! You Go On an' Cry All You're a Mind To. 'T'll Do Ye Good, Like as Not. I'd Jine Ye if I Knowed How!"

IF THE prosperous stranger had offered old Laban Pockett only fifty dollars for the "Pen," Laban would have snatched the opportunity. But he offered five hundred.

It was the incredible immensity of the sum that struck Mr. Pockett speechless. Never in his life had he possessed so much money all at once.

The Pen—for Peninsula, probably—had been for generations a useless appendage to the Pockett farm. Almost an island, hardly accessible by a narrow, rocky neck, it thrust far out into Patacookset Lake, untillable, barren except for gnarled storm-twisted trees of ancient growth, but not worth the cost of logging in a region still rich in more convenient timber. It had no imaginable value in Mr. Pockett's eyes; his ears, he concluded, unreliable of late, must have played him another trick.

"How?"

"I said five hundred dollars. Cash. It's a lot of money, but when I take a fancy to a thing, I don't haggle. I buy it."

"Wal ——"

Mr. Pockett started violently.

"One o' them suddin twinges," he explained, answering the stranger's surprised stare. It was true; Mrs. Pockett, standing by, had pinched him grievously on the back of the upper arm, meaning, in the language of love, which needs no words, that he would do well to hold his tongue and leave further negotiations to the better guidance of feminine tact.

She stood forth, a little woman like a white-haired mummy, with coal-black eyes still piercingly alive.

"We warn't thinkin' about sellin'."

"You and Mr. Pockett jump right into my car, ma'am. I'll take you to Patacookset, and will have the deed delivered and the money in your hands within an hour."

"Yay-as—wal—if you was just to give us till tomorrer or next day to talk it over, Mr. Pockett an' me —— What was your name, please?"

"Scammon, ma'am. Samuel T. Scammon."

"Yay-as—wal—if you was to come round, say in a day or two, Mr. Scamming, I presume likely we can make a dicker. The Pen ain't a-goin' to run away—not overnight."

"P'r'aps not. But I might. I'm going now to look at some other property, and if it suits me and I can get it without delay, I shall take it instead of this. I'm a busy man, Mr. Pockett. Good-by. If you make up your mind, here's my address—but I can't promise to hold the offer open."

"Say ——" Mr. Pockett began.

The drone of the departing car, carrying the chance of a lifetime farther and farther out of reach—as he supposed—afflicted him with the bitterness of lost opportunity.

His tall, stooping brown figure, as he stood gazing down the lane, suggested an old, wind-bent, moribund tree.

Slowly he turned to his wife, heavy head and broad, bowed shoulders overhanging her.

"You done it now, Susie. We won't never see no five hundred dollars ag'in."

Appalled at the effect of her intervention, unable at the moment to account for the impulse on which she had acted, Mrs. Pockett wept.

"I dunno—whatever possessed me, Laban. Only—only, someway—I mistrusted that man!"

"Thought mebbe he was a-goin' to knock me on the head an' take an' run off with the Pen 'fore ye could stop him?"

"Why, Laban. I had a kind o' feelin'—I dunno—'s if he was hidin' somethin' back o' what he said. Somethin' he knowed an' we didn't—or he wouldn't never have offered to pay all that money. An' he wouldn't neither!" she cried, as reason justified intuition.

"What did he find, a gold mine on the Pen? Or mebbe a oil well?"

The bright black eyes flashed lightning.

"Laban Pockett! You can git just as mad at me as you've a mind to, but I ain't a-goin' to be poked fun at! Now you just take an' hitch Silas into the buckboard, an' you drive right on along over to the village an' ask around an' find out every bit you can about that man Scamming, an' what he wants with the Pen. An' you go see Quintard Bemis at the bank an' you tell him all about it. An' if he says to sell, you git right aholt o' that Scamming an' tell him you'll do it!"

"Might be wuth the time it'll take," Mr. Pockett admitted gloomily. "Only—this here Scamming, he'll most likely 'a' got him a deed o' that other piece he was tellin' about, 'fore I can git to him."

"Then, Laban, you hurry!"

With deep misgivings Mr. Pockett hurried. He hated to leave his farm, when every hour taken from labor lost him ground in the unceasing fight against the hosts of Nature reconquering her own—against brush in pasture and meadow, weeds and outcropping of stones in the tilled field, rot and rust in structures and implements, insects and ailments ever threatening plants and beasts. He hated to go to Patacookset Village, for fear of the summer folks, unfavorably known to him as predatory and scornful aliens of strange ways, speech and attire, who more and more invaded the land, infested the village streets and stores and hurtled along the Shoreway in noisome, malodorous cars, stopping now and then to help themselves to his apples or green corn, criticize his belongings, trample his standing grass, leave open his pasture bars, demand small services and deride his meanness in objecting. Shy of personal contrasts, he dreaded the exposure of his toil-worn, weather-beaten exterior to the comment of their amused eyes, dreaded also to enter the severely opulent premises of the bank and the austere, prosperous presence of Quintard Bemis, who had started even with him as a little ragged schoolmate and grown to be a magnate in a skirted coat and white vest.

More and more, as the creaking, sagging buckboard, with the rattle of a loose spoke, walloped along behind his one great plodding cart horse, three miles along the Shoreway to Patacookset Village, hugging the road's edge to avoid the speeding cars, he felt the hopelessness of his errand and the certainty that the heaven-sent fool who had wanted to buy the Pen would have spent his five hundred dollars elsewhere.

Sick with the pathos of what might have been, he poured out the burden of his sorrow before the unmoved face of Quintard Bemis.

"Now—warn't that just like a woman—hornin' in an' rippin' things all crostwise, thataway?" he concluded.

"Laban," said the banker solemnly, "where in hell's bunk house have you been asleep all these last few years? Wake up!"

"Did you find out anythin', Laban? Is it all right? Did you see Quintard Bemis? Did he say to sell? Is Mr. Scamming a-goin' to buy it?" Mrs. Pockett inquired as her husband came in out of the dusk.

"Hain't I told you not to do them chores?" said Mr. Pockett severely.

"I do so love to milk an' feed!" she explained. "An' I didn't know when you'd be home. Tell me 'bout it, Laban!"

Mr. Pockett grunted so savagely that she asked no more questions, her gaze fixed anxiously on his face as he took off his coat and boots and sat down to his supper of salt pork and potatoes in the kitchen.

It was not until he had finished that he looked up and spoke.

"Wal—looks like you wasn't so blame fur wrong, Susie, mebbe. Seems that there Scamming feller, he's a kind of a sharper."

"Guess I warn't raised mostly back o' pa's old counter 'thout gittin' some little idea how to size up customers," she admitted.

"I seen Quintard Bemis. Seems we been too busy tryin' not to let our work git a head-start on us to keep track o' the doin's around here. 'Course I knowed they was them two new big hotels, an' summer folks gittin' thicker around Patacookset 'n bugs on a overlooked 'tater plant—but 'twarn't nothin' to me, as I see. What you s'pose they took to, now, Susie?"

"Them summer folks? I hain't took no 'count on 'em, Laban."

"Buyin' up land along the lake shore. Fust off, one on 'em this spring paid Mis' Cummin's three hundred for a little rocky piece o' pasture 't warn't more'n three rod along the shore an' five back, just 'cause he liked the view. Then another on 'em come to Sol Rogers an' wanted a hundred foot o' shore out o' his no-account woodlot, most all stumps an' brush. Sol, he held out till the man give him eight hundred, an' Quintard says they's others done as good an' better."

"Good land!"

Laban chuckled.

"Fust time I ever could make any sense out o' that there female cuss word o' yourn, Susie. Quintard, he told me, if I'd make me a road out from the Shoreway onto the Pen, so's folks could git there with their automobiles, it'd make the most valyable buildin' sites on the hull shore, stickin' right out in the lake, thataway, with a view clear up an' down an' over acrost; an' not to have no more dealin's with that there Scamming, but go on an' make my road, an' there ain't no particle o' doubt but what I can sell it quick an' sell it good."

"My! D'he name any figgers?"

"Took a lake map an' figgered on shore line. Says it'd be wuth more to cut up an' sell in small lots, but anyhow not to take less'n ——" Mr. Pockett stopped to fill and light his pipe.

"Less'n what, you agg'avatin' critter?"

"Five thousand dollars, Susie."

"Five—thousand -dollars? If it could only—ever—somehow—come true!"

"Come true? 'Tis true a'ready. We're wuth that much now in land, not countin' the farm."

"Mebbe—when you git your road. An' however be you a-goin' to make it, Laban? We can't hire no help."

"Quintard told me, if it come to that, he'd loan me enough on the land."

"Laban! You ain't a-goin' in debt?"

"No—I ain't. I told Quintard Bemis me an' old Silas could make a road, good as anybody, an' I warn't a-goin' to pave it with no dollars neither. Though what with harvestin' comin' on, an' full ten cord to get up, stove length, an' the fall plowin', with the old harness breakin' 'most every time Silas hits a stun an' gives one o' them suddin yanks o' hisn, an' them everlastin' chores, I hain't got all the time I might have, Susie. Wal—bust my galluses if I see just how; but I'm a-goin' to do it!"

"I'll help you all I can, Laban."

"You! You can't help no more'n what you always done!"

"You wait an' see!"

So, shoulder to shoulder, the old couple went into the belated fight of their lives—the kind of pioneer fight that belongs to youth.

They worked with such intensity of effort as only war is apt to bring forth. Mrs. Pockett, in meek defiance of Laban's angry protest, forced her old limbs in his absence to do nearly a man's work in the field, split firewood, milked, fed, and had supper hot and ready for his return

When the fall wind blew damp and chill over the lake, bringing torture to his stiffening joints and sinews, "Best way to cure this here sciaticky's to work it off!" said Laban, and hobbled on with his job.

One morning, late in May, Quintard Bemis, driving along the Shoreway, stopped to read a new sign, nailed to a sapling:

THE PEN
FOR SALE
ASK LABAN POCKETT
AT THE NIGHEST FARM

The semblance of some implement or weapon that might have been the offspring of a spade and arrow pointed the way to the Pen; another, in the opposite direction, to the farm.

Bemis looked out through a stately arcade of tall hemlocks, where the new road, clean and smooth, reached away along the narrow neck between pleasant waters and up the slope of a wooded tract standing well up above the lake.

Along the sunny, windward side a twinkling ripple splashed on the rocky shore; on the other the water lay like a steel mirror, in shade and stillness.

He followed the road to the middle of a parklike oval of several acres, nearly level, some thirty feet above the water line, pillared and canopied by ancient trees, their trunks standing wide apart, their boughs interlocked—pine, hemlock and spruce, rock maple and yellow birch. Among brown spaces of fallen leaves and needles, pressed firm by heavy snows, the bedrock showed in patches of gray and moss green. Here and there were beds of young, feathery brake, bowlders crowned with rock fern. Between the trees, trimmed to a height of nine feet or more, to east, west and south were vistas looking away over bright water to far irregular shores, point shaded against point, hill against hill, varying in hue with distance and the play of shadow from slowly passing clouds.

The white sail of a little boat, deep trolling for trout, moved lazily along the opposite shore.

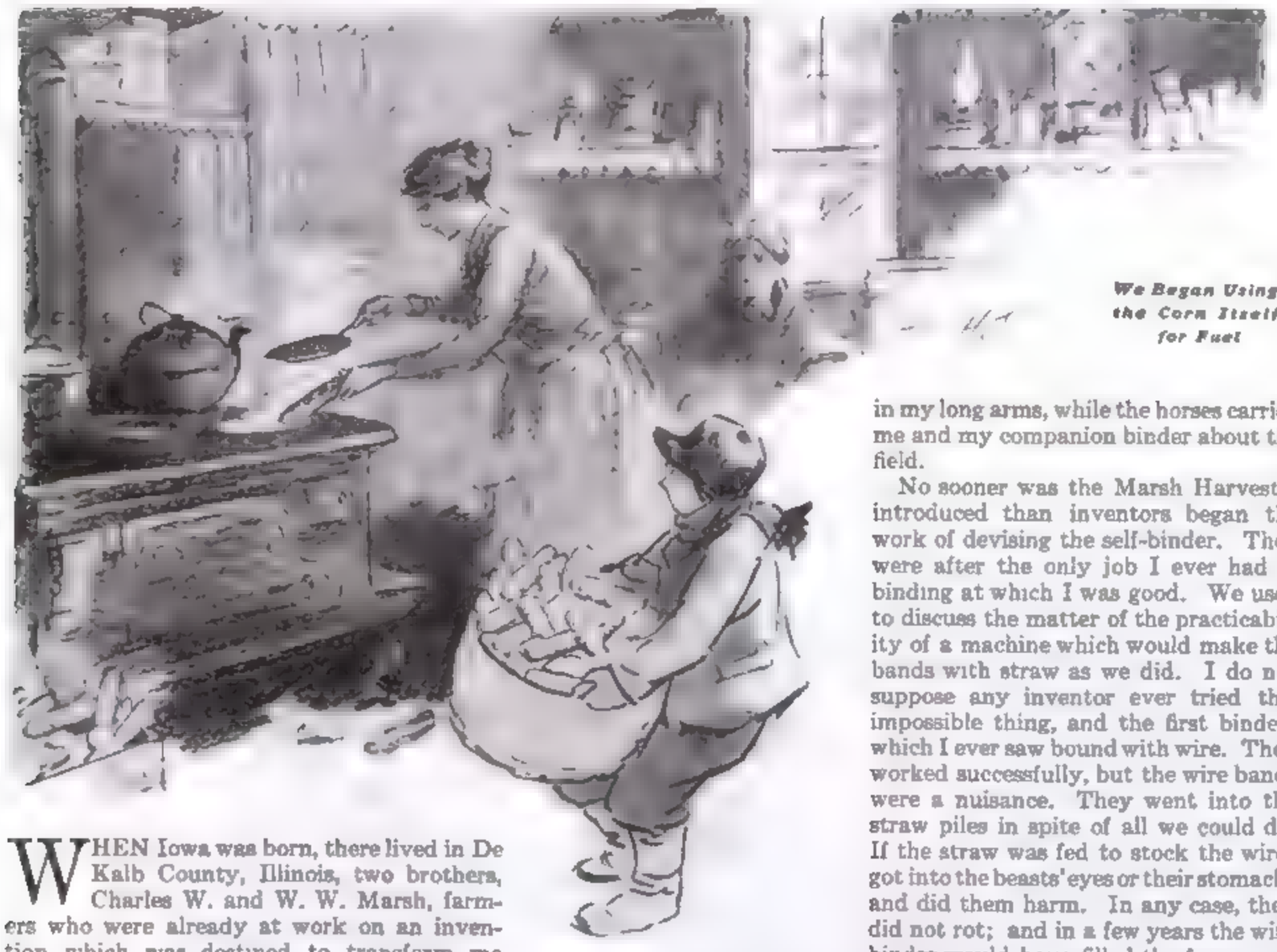
(Continued on Page 128)

"Come, Margaret," Said the Sour One, "Before the Person Grows Still More Impertinent"

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON



We Began Using the Corn Itself for Fuel

WHEN Iowa was born, there lived in De Kalb County, Illinois, two brothers, Charles W. and W. W. Marsh, farmers who were already at work on an invention which was destined to transform me from rather a bad hand in a harvest field to a good one.

Those two De Kalb County farmers, though neglected by the bookmakers, changed the world. They invented a machine which made it possible for two men binding grain to do as much as four or five did before, and do it more easily. They lifted the new soil and the new communities of the Mississippi Valley, of the prairies of Western Canada, of Argentina, of Australia and the white man's world to a pitch of productiveness in foodstuffs which has not yet ceased its revolutionary effect on mankind. They did this by creating a machine on which two men could ride as they bound the grain elevated to them by the mechanism which cut it.

The Marsh brothers produced revolution in the basic task of producing cereals. If any inventors in history deserve a place in the list of the great, they do. They invented and built the Marsh Harvester.

My early life was so modified by them and a few other geniuses—mine and a million others—that no one can say what it would have been without them. The steel plow, which finally came to be mounted on wheels and run in gangs; the reaper and mower, which was little save a new device applying the principle of the scissors to the cutting of grain and grass; the horse rake; the wheeled tools with steel shovels for seeding and cultivating; the triumphant development of the threshing machine; and added to these, finally, the internal combustion engine—made the prairies blossom as the rose, gave the railways something on which to live, placed a great population far in the interior where it is dependent on railways, killed our seamanship and turned us from a nation of sailors to one of landsmen, broke the backs of the farmers of our Eastern States and of Great Britain and Europe generally, and was felt by almost every people, from the rice eaters of Asia to the sugar planters of the West Indies.

If Eli Whitney with his cotton gin made slavery profitable in the South, and thus brought on our war between the states, some of these later inventions gave the North the men who faced our Southern brethren at Pea Ridge, Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing and Chickamauga, and finally followed Sherman to the sea.

The Self-Binder That Didn't Bind

THE Marsh brothers invented their harvester just before the war, but its popular use was postponed until after the peace. I was growing up, and as I grew I had mighty hard work to bind my station after the old reapers which left the sheaves on the stubble. My weakened back, added to the fact that I was two yards long, made any work hard for me which involved stooping. I was not a good harvest hand until the Marsh Harvester came along. On this I could ride and bind as much as almost anyone, for I did not have to stoop much for the sheaves. They came rolling up between canvases and lay in a metal trough to be gathered up in my long arms, while the horses carried me and my companion binder about the field.

No sooner was the Marsh Harvester introduced than inventors began the work of devising the self-binder. They were after the only job I ever had in binding at which I was good. We used to discuss the matter of the practicability of a machine which would make the bands with straw as we did. I do not suppose any inventor ever tried this impossible thing, and the first binders which I ever saw bound with wire. They worked successfully, but the wire bands were a nuisance. They went into the straw piles in spite of all we could do. If the straw was fed to stock the wires got into the beasts' eyes or their stomachs and did them harm. In any case, they did not rot; and in a few years the wire binder would have filled the farmyards and the soil of the fields with wires. So the inventors worked on machines which would bind with twine. Several of these were put on the market; but I believe most manufacturers finally adopted the invention of a genius called Appleby.

It was a marvelous machine to me. It waited until the horses had drawn the thing as far as to accumulate enough of the cut grain to make a sheaf, and then reached over with a metal finger carrying the twine, compressed the gavel into a sheaf, knotted the twine about the bundle and kicked it off or threw it into a bundle carrier. It was a triumph of mechanical genius. If not genius, why did so many inventors fail with their twine binders? All the farmer needed to do when the self-binder appeared was to put it on his old Marsh Harvester in the place of the two men; but the really practical thing was to buy a new machine, which instead of cutting a swath five feet wide—a wide enough swath for even the most ambitious man who bound half of it with a good fast-walking team—took a seven-foot swath, reaping as much as three men were supposed to handle with the original Marsh Harvester.

The last harvest before I left the farm, I had grown to be a big yokel and had something like fifty or sixty acres of grain to cut. I arranged with some boys of my own age who had a new self-binder to cut my grain, paying for the cutting in part at least by making a hand in their harvest. I was supposed to put in my time shocking up, which consists in setting up the bound grain into what some people call stooks or cocks, thus betraying their ignorance of what they are talking about. "Stook" is a British word for what the American farmer always calls a shock, which is perfectly good English anywhere. A cock is a pile of hay or loose straw.

My task was shocking in a double sense; for this binder missed about one knot in three. I went to the other boys and revolted. I could shock up in a day, I told them, what the machine would cut—if they didn't sweat the horses too much; but I'd be danged if I could do it after a machine which left a third of the grain in loose gavels all scattered from where I felt as though I was to breakfast—if you get my meaning. They saw my point, but what could we do about it? The farmer boy learns to be an engineer. We did the reverse of the thing which farmers had done when they took off the platform on which the binders rode and put on the self-binder. We took off the binder which would not work and put on the old Marsh Harvester platform, mounted it and bound the grain by hand. And we had our work cut out for us, you may be assured; for this machine, be it remembered, cut a seven-foot swath instead of the five-foot strip which two men were supposed to handle.

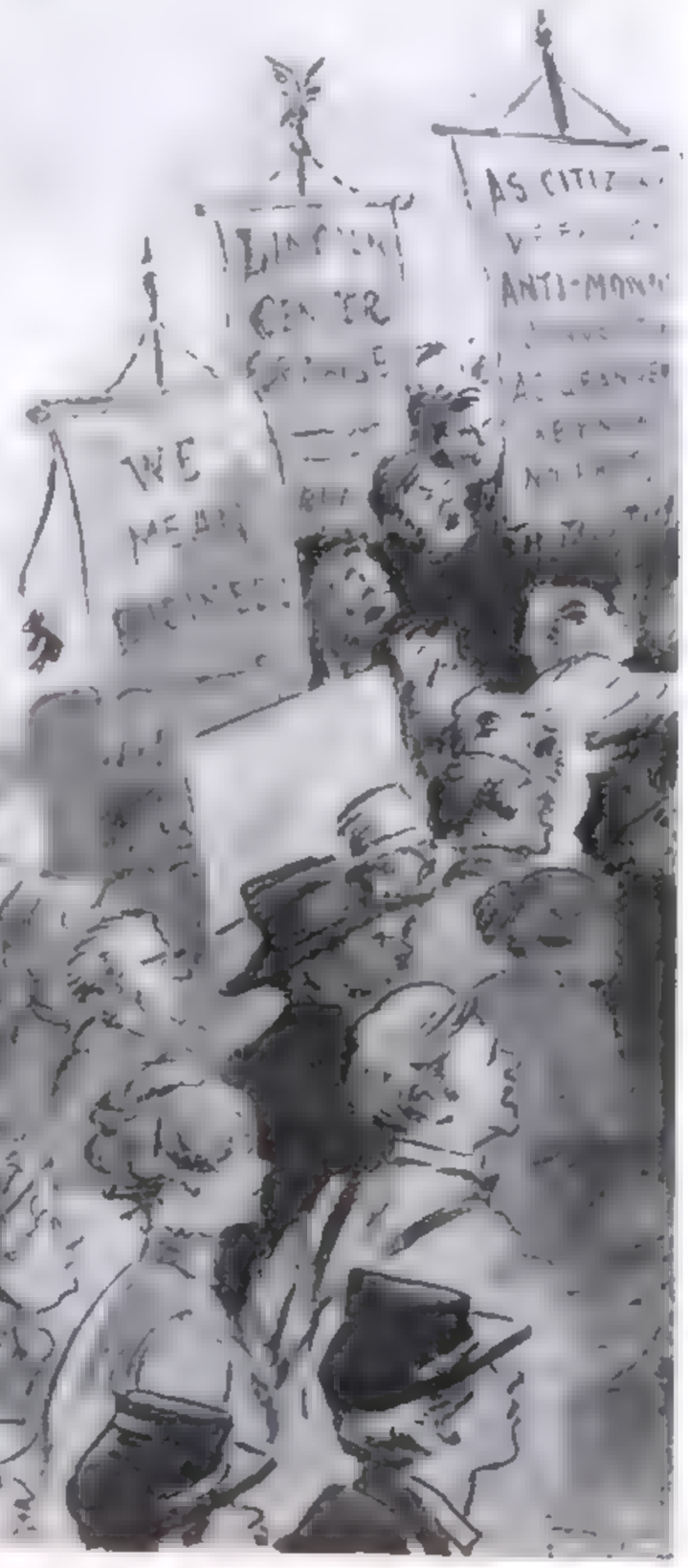
The grain stood shoulder-high. The lead team of four horses were a pair of prancing roans into whom some devil had entered, calling upon them to swamp us with the Niagara of grain which poured up for us to bind. Each of us drove once around the field and bound two rounds. The round of driving gave one a chance to get his breath, cool off and laugh at the others. We were filled with the spirit of competition, and each strove so to drive as to make the machine cut its full seven feet. To bury the other fellows in the flood of grain coming up from the bowels of the infernal tool was a joke.

We sweat with crimsoned faces until our dusty shirts were wringing wet; but we kept that trough from clogging—which none of the neighbors would believe. They said that no two men could bind a seven-foot cut in such grain as that with those two roans in the lead. But in spite of the sun which beat down upon our heads, of the bleeding hands which could not be favored, in spite of the impossibility of the thing, we did it; and we made a sort of adventure of it. For the grain was ours, you see. Human effort grows ineffective just in the proportion in which men are taken from tasks which they do for themselves and are put to work for others.

Victims of the Wheat Tragedy

WHO of my readers remembers Frank Norris, who died in the midst of writing his trilogy on wheat, after finishing The Octopus and The Pit? I should like to read those novels again. Norris died in 1902 at the early age of thirty-two. If he had lived he would, I feel sure, have escaped from the influence of Zola and given us even greater fiction than the books I have named, and they were powerful. But if he had lived my life, he could have written a story of wheat which would have outdone anything he had planned on the grain which keeps us alive. It might have been called The Tragedy of Wheat.

We grew wonderful wheat at first; the only problem was to get it to market and to live on the proceeds when it was



sold. My father hauled his wheat from the Iowa River to Waterloo, and even to Iowa City, when it was the railhead for our part of the country; hauled it slowly over mere trails across the prairie. It took him three days to market a load of wheat in Waterloo. I remember his telling us one morning of a dream he had had. His dream was that after hauling a load to Waterloo he was offered only thirty cents a bushel for it.

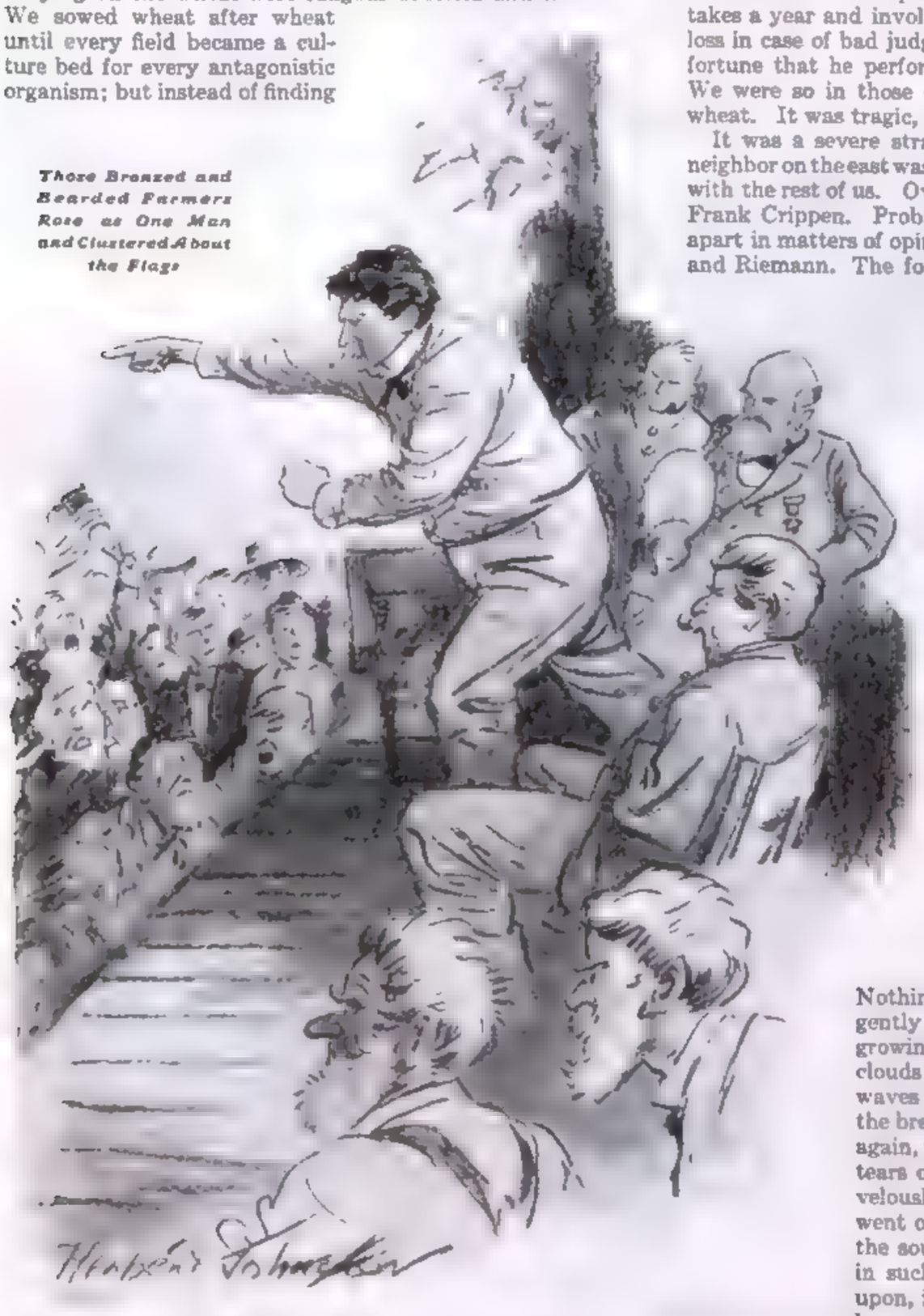
"I'll be gosh-blasted," he thought he replied, "if I'll take thirty cents! I'll haul it back home first and give it to the poor!"

My mother gave him a long look and burst into a gale of laughter. Father looked dazed for a moment; and then the huge joke came to him also of the Quick family giving anything to the poor. It was a jolly breakfast. The poor! Good heavens and earth, where could anyone be found poorer than we? We were impoverished by wheat growing.

But the worst was yet to come. A harvest came when we found that something was wrong with the wheat. No longer did the stalks stand clean and green as of old until they went golden in the sun. The broad green blades were spotted red and black with rust. Still it grew tall and rank; but as it matured it showed signs of disease. The heads did not fill well. Some blight was at work on it. However, we thought next year all would be well again. And when it grew worse year by year, it became a blight not only on the life of the grain but on human life as well. Wheat was almost our sole cash crop. If it failed, what should we do? And it was failing!

The Penalty for One-Crop Farming

WE WERE incurring, of course, the penalty for a one-crop system. We ought to have known that it was inevitable. Yet even the agricultural experts did not know what was the trouble until a quarter of a century afterward, when it was worked out, I believe, by the scientists of the North Dakota College of Agriculture. Preying on the wheat were fungous bacteria and molds. We sowed wheat after wheat until every field became a culture bed for every antagonistic organism; but instead of finding a remedy, we were only amazed and driven to despair by the calamity.



Those Bronzed and Bearded Farmers Rose as One Man and Clustered About the Flags

Some of our people thought that one crop of wheat after another had robbed the soil of some necessary property; but my father pointed out the fact that not even on newly broken sod could good wheat now be grown. It must be something else. Maybe the climate had changed. If it had, why, it would change back next year. So we went on, as farmers nearly always do, sticking to the system which had become established. The new breaking, we now know, had become infected with the wheat diseases from the surrounding fields; or the infections were blown to it by the winds.

This era gave me my first contact with the phenomenon which puzzles so many city people. If the farmers are losing money on a certain crop, why in the world don't they change to something else? It is not so easy to change as the city man may think. The wheat growers of the Central States at the time of this writing have been losing money on their wheat for years; but if they endeavor to change, they are confronted by a great problem. Such a change means the adoption of an entirely new rotation of crops. They have for years used a three or four year rotation—wheat, then corn, then clover. The sowing of the wheat gives them the chance to put in their fertilizer. They are used to this system. Any change from it involves the risking of a new crop on which losses are also probable.

I have an orchard which I planted years ago when apples were a money-making crop. I have spent a dozen years or more in developing it. For the past few years it has been a losing game; but there are the trees just getting into full bearing, and I carry them along, losing money every year, looking for a change in conditions. The manufacturer can shut down when the market is bad, or specialize for a few weeks or months on a thing which pays. The business man may slow up on purchases and narrow his operations, pursuing one policy one month and making a change the next, always trying things out in a small way and feeling his projects out. But the farmer's experiment always takes a year and involves so great a loss in case of bad judgment or misfortune that he perforce becomes very conservative. We were so in those early days in our devotion to wheat. It was tragic, but it was natural.

It was a severe strain on the morale. Our next neighbor on the east was a German farmer, who suffered with the rest of us. Over on the other side of us lived Frank Crippen. Probably no two men were farther apart in matters of opinion and conduct than Crippen and Riemann. The former was, to say the least, a latitudinarian. He worked on Sunday if he took a notion. Riemann, on the other hand, clung to his church and its forms.

Once when my mother was endeavoring to drum up an audience for a minister who was to hold services in our schoolhouse, she asked Mr. Riemann to come and bring his family.

It was a Yankee gathering and at first Jake shied from it a little. Finally he asked about something which seemed vital to him. "Does he kneel down when he prays?" he inquired of my mother.

"No," she replied.

"Den maybe I come," said Riemann. "But it makes me so damned mad to see a preacher kneel down when he prays dat I can't see."

The fields of grain had always been a delight to me. Nothing can be more beautiful than a gently rolling landscape covered with growing wheat. The shadows of the clouds swept over it majestically. The waves of shadow as the grain bent to the breeze, straightened and then bent again, used to bring tears to my eyes—tears of sheer delight—it was so marvelously lovely. But now all the poetry went out of it. There was no joy for the soul of the boy who was steeped in such poetry as he could stumble upon, in these grain fields threatened by grasshoppers, eaten by chinch bugs, blackened with molds and rusts, their blades specked as with the shed blood of the husbandman, their gold dulled by disease, their straw crinkling down in dead brittleness instead of rising and falling and swaying with the beautiful resiliency of health and abundance. We looked about in vain for aid, and none came. Some, of course, looked to the Government for aid. Other people had help, they said; why not the farmers? The Government gave the manufacturers a tariff, didn't it, so they could have the whole market to themselves. Then why couldn't it do something for us? This was about the time that specie payments were resumed, and "resumption" was a word much bandied about.

Without Conscious Planning, We Were Entering the Business of Mixed Farming

The silver question had not yet reached us, to puzzle and divide. We were on a paper-money basis. We looked to Congress to make times better by the issuance of greenbacks. Tom Brown, one of our neighbors, stopped in the front yard one morning, and of course the hard times became the subject of conversation. He brought the news that Congress had just passed a law calling for the issuance of some $30,000,000 of new greenbacks. This ought to help us some, he thought. I doubt if he or any of us had any idea of the way in which such an issue affected trade and prices through inflation; the argument merely was that it would make money plentier. My mother looked out over the wheat fields and refused to show enthusiasm.

"Thirty millions is a lot of money," she admitted—though it seems ridiculous now—"but by the time it gets spread out as far as Iowa it won't make much difference. It's like pourin' a pail of water in the river."

I can't help thinking that her summing up of the case was a good one.

Burning Corn for Fuel

ALL this time, while we were playing the rôle of the tortured victims in the tragedy of the wheat, we were feeling our way toward some way out. We knew that our fields would grow great crops of maize—it was a good corn country. But if there was more than one person who grew and fed cattle for the market there, I did not know of it. The average small farmer grew into the combination of hogs and corn. Gradually we changed over from wheat farming to big cornfields and populous hog lots. And then the price of both corn and pork went down, down, down, until corn sold for less than ten cents a bushel in our depreciated money and hogs for even less than three cents a pound. We had not found out about the balanced ration and the hog's need of pasture; and after a few generations of a diet of corn, the swine lost vitality and the crop of young pigs failed save where there was milk for them. The villain of misfortune still pursued us.

Our fuel was now soft coal, and the cold winters of Iowa called for much fuel. A time came when a load of corn drawn to market would just about pay for a load of coal to haul home; so to save the long-drawn dragging of the two loads over the fourteen miles to the railway and back, we began using the corn itself for fuel. To the older people, who had been reared in an atmosphere of the cheap fuel of the forests and the scarcity of cereals for food, there was something sinful in this. My Grandmother Coleman had a language of her own which consisted of groans, and this

(Continued on Page 54)

ESQUIRE

By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

VII

IN THE small hours of meager vitality, driving homeward from the dance with Bill himself at the wheel, Shirley, half dozing behind him with her wearied silver-shod feet stretched out before her on the cushions of the limousine, was still thinking somewhat foggily of these matters, when a quiet exclamation from Bill and the obedient noiseless stopping of her car roused her. They were just at the portals of High Crewe, under its towering brick wall, but, not having made the turn, their powerful lamps shed no light into its inclosure, but streamed on ahead upon the public road.

Bill put a hand to the forward door at the same moment that it was attempted from without, and Ogden thrust his head into the car.

"Switch off your lights!" he said quickly.

Bill imperturbably obeyed.

"What's up, Ogden?" demanded Miss Crewe, swinging her feet down from the seat and leaning forward.

"Something funny," said her young brother. "There's a flashlight wandering around the lower floor. Get out, Bill. Shirley, you would better stay put."

"Likely!" remarked Miss Crewe succinctly.

She opened her own door and was beside him in a moment. He intended to waste no time in futile protest. Bill ran the car silently into a safe parking within the gates.

"Nora drove me home," explained Ogden rapidly, "and we had a row—as usual. So I got out here at the gate. Just now. I started up the drive and then I saw this spot of light winking around the library. Then I saw you coming, and waited for Bill. It looks to me like dirty work at the gas house. My keen power of deduction leads me to believe that our friend the stranger within our gates is coming out in his more customary character."

"Nonsense!" said Shirley briskly. "It's a burglar."

"That's what I intended to convey," said Ogden. "Cotter was too good to be true."

"Wot?" barked Bill, who had joined them. "My friend with the shiner? You got him wrong, Mr. Ogden."

"You certainly have," said Shirley. "Come on."

Bill poised a cheerfully murderous wrench in his hand. "Might it be Mr. Crewe? I'd be sorry to land on him with this."

"Grandsir would have switched on the lights," said Shirley.

They turned with one accord and hurried toward the house, where indeed, as they approached it, a light winked once in a pane of glass and went out. Ogden paused in one stride as it showed.

"He's now in the Chinese parlor," he said. "I tell you what, Bill. I know a way into the house, round by the servants' dining room. Sorry to disillusion you, Shirts, but I've used it often, when I was young and dissolute. We'll go in there—you go through the library and I by the dining room, and we'll cut him off front and back when he comes out into the hall. And, Shirley, for the love of little green apples, don't stage any heroism. He'll have a gun"

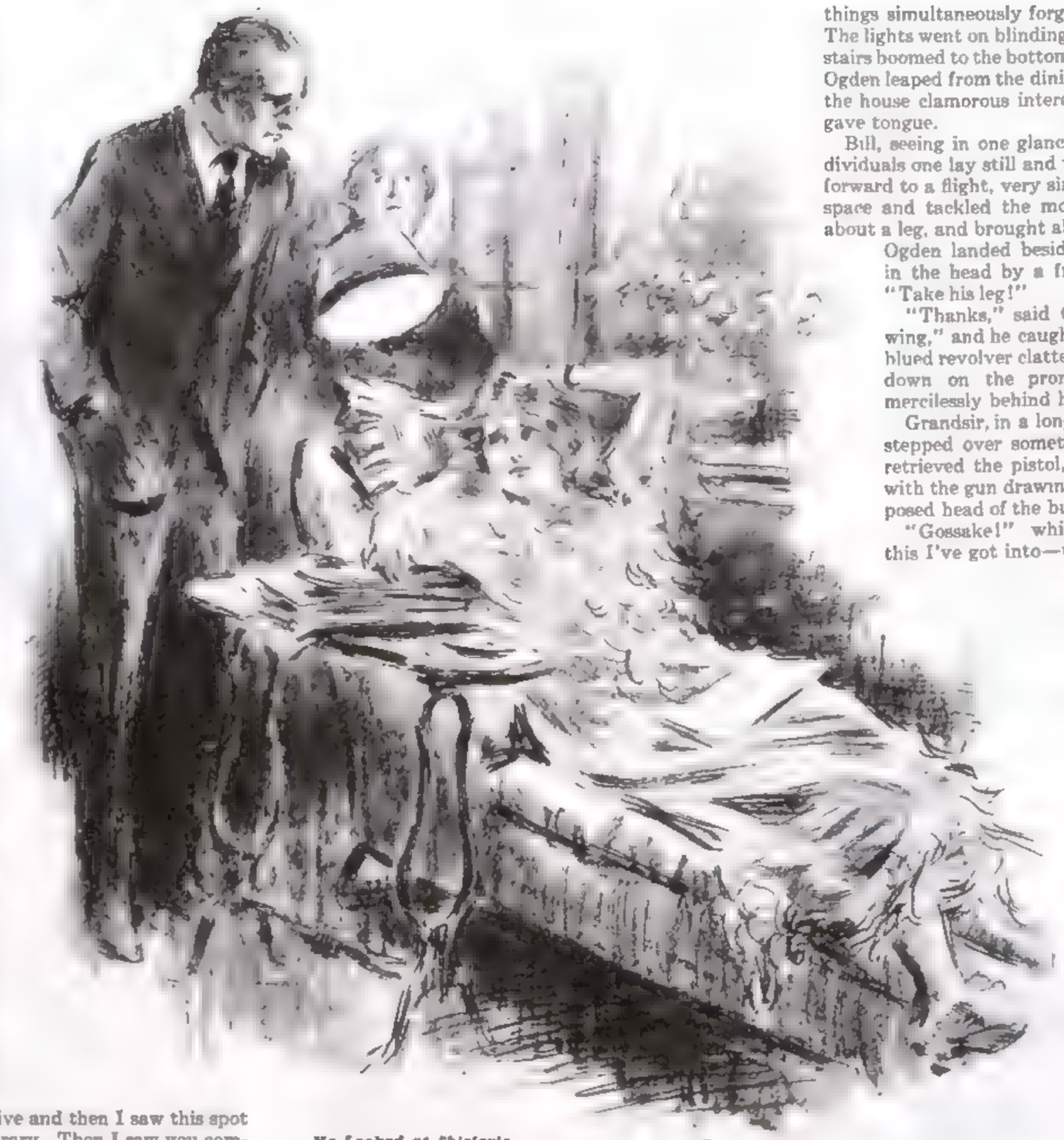
"Not if he's my lad from the trenches," said Bill, dog-trotting around the great house. "Where'd he get it?"

Ogden was not concerned to answer. He drew ahead of Bill, Shirley running lightly beside him, and made for a window in the servants' wing. "Give me a back, Bill. It's quicker than my old method of hanging to a shutter."

Bill gave a little grunt of laughter, and bent beneath the window, bracing a broad whipcord back to Ogden's support.

Shirley stood by, gathering up her skirts. Her wrap slipped to the ground unregarded.

"Me next, Bill," she said inelegantly.



He Looked at Shirley's Mauve and Rose Chiffons and at Her Chaise Longue. "There Is Not an Ounce of Mandragora in Two Dozen of These Silly Little Biscuits of Pillows"

Ogden, balanced on the chauffeur's steady shoulders, worked, muttering softly, at the window. Presently, without a creak or jar, it slid smoothly upward, and Ogden forked one leg over the sill. "Come on, Shirts," he whispered. It was useless to attempt to keep her out of it, he knew. Bill bent slightly lower, and Shirley in one light movement stood tiptoe on his back, mercifully keeping her talonlike heels out of his devoted muscles. She caught at Ogden's hand, and straddled the sill as boyishly as he. Together they landed within without a sound. Bill, with his monkey wrench nosing out of his pocket, swung himself up through the opening.

"Shirley will show you through the library," whispered Ogden, and slipped away, shedding his coat.

The house was utterly black and silent. It seemed incredible that, whoever the intruder might be, he was not standing, strained with listening, somehow aware of their approach. The whole air of the place seemed charged with expectancy. Shirley slid her fingers down Bill's arm, and took his hand in hers. He followed her lightly as she led him through the darkness. At any turn they might collide with a retreating alien presence, but Shirley never faltered.

It was just as they crossed the library to the hall door that the stillness of High Crewe was shattered by a thunderous noise of successive crashes. Shirley's fingers closed hard on Bill's for one second, and then thrust him toward the door.

"It's all up, miss," said Bill cheerfully. "Switch on the lights." He leaped through the door.

"On the stairs!" gasped Shirley.

"Yeh. He's not falling down alone neither," croaked Bill as he disappeared.

To every one of the actors in the mêlée, events had their own significance, which made a connected story a matter for later compilation. Bill reached the hall just as several things simultaneously forgathered into one garish climax. The lights went on blindingly, a confused avalanche on the stairs boomed to the bottom and split into two components, Ogden leaped from the dining room, and in distant parts of the house clamorous interest in contemporaneous history gave tongue.

Bill, seeing in one glance that of the two prostrate individuals one lay still and the other, hardly erect, stooped forward to a flight, very simply projected himself through space and tackled the moving figure. His arms locked about a leg, and brought about a second crashing fall. As Ogden landed beside them, Bill, viciously kicked in the head by a free foot, gasped out a cursing "Take his leg!"

"Thanks," said Ogden unruffled. "I prefer a wing," and he caught the wrist of Bill's quarry. A blued revolver clattered to the floor, and Ogden sat down on the prone offender, twisting his arm mercilessly behind his back.

Grandsir, in a long russet brocade dressing gown, stepped over something at the foot of the stairs, retrieved the pistol, and sat down in a hall chair with the gun drawing a competent bead on the exposed head of the burdened man.

"Gossake!" whined the outsider. "Wot is this I've got into—the all-American?"

"His manners," remarked Ogden in leisurely speculation, "may not be those of a Chesterfield, yet, as you see, he is some sort of a sofa. However ——"

Without seeming to relinquish his victim he rose and whipped over the man the end of the long Persian runner rug. Bill understood him instantly, and caught his corner tightly about the prone legs. In another moment, between them, they swiftly rolled their cursing captive into a constricting bale of Oriental carpet, with only his head and feet projecting from either mouth of the tube

"And very neat and tidy you look, too," said Bill generously. "But keep the gun on him, will you, governor?"

"Thank you, I will," said Grandsir. "Attend to Cotter now, will you?"

Attention, thus directed, abandoned the ludicrous bundle of frustrated burglar, and turned to an even more remarkable object near the foot of the stairs. For there lay the butler of High Crewe, clad in no more than a donated pair of Grandsir's pajamas and socks, a motionless unconscious man with his head in Shirley's lap. Her gown of silver lace was stained with blood from a cut on his head, against which she now pressed a length of chiffon scarf torn from her frock. Never had Bill seen butler so tenderly succored, but his interest centered in other matters.

"Stop me," said Bill, "if he hasn't got another black eye!"

Miss Crewe gave him one upward glance. "How are we going to get him upstairs, Bill?"

"Don't attempt it," said Grandsir from where he sat. "Much more simple to bring a bed to him. Put him in the Chinese parlor. The deuce is in it if he can't have the best room in the house. Tarry, you go with Bill and Mr. Ogden, and show them some light cot that can be got down here at once. Kate, you come here. You needn't hold the gun. Just scream if he undertakes to move. I'm going to telephone the doctor."

Of the group of women servants now on the stairs, one came hesitatingly down, others went above again under Tarry's direction in quest of blankets and bed linen. Shirley Crewe and her butler remained fixed in the vortex of these movements.

From the lips of the burglar, rolled like Cleopatra in her Persian carpet, there issued a diligent and occasionally brilliant anathema on the subject of ill-luck.

Grandsir paused beside his granddaughter. "You ought not to raise his head," said he. "And you've spoiled your dress."

"I haven't raised his head much," said Shirley. "It isn't as if he wasn't bleeding. For goodness' sake, tell Doctor Daker to hurry."

"Daker!" said Mr. Crewe. "At four A.M.?"

"Why not?" demanded Shirley sharply. "Tell him to come at once."

"Yes, yes," agreed Grandsir obediently. He looked once at the unconscious face pillowed in Shirley's finery, and went off to the telephone.

The bed was brought down and made up in the Chinese parlor, and Cotter was gently lifted into it before it occurred to anyone to attend further upon the needs of their capture. But guarding him had become a sinecure, as every limb and digit he possessed had gone to sleep and was numbly incapable of carrying out any movement he might have planned.

"More work for the good old feed-store boss," said Ogden, gazing down at the trussed creature. "You don't happen to be acquainted with The Slinker, I suppose?"

"Fer gossake!" breathed the man. "Wot kind of a crib is this?"

"We seem to rouse your admiration."

"I'm fair crazy with this widow on, mister," whined the other. "They don't even let you do this to a timer in stir."

"You are uncomfortable? I deplore it. Stay with him, Bill, while I telephone the police. Will you?"

"Pleasure!" said Bill affably.

In the Chinese parlor, Cotter lay, still unconscious, his unpillowed head incased in a packing of ice. Heat had been applied under Grandsir's orders to his feet and body. Daker was on his way.

Tarry, a fairly competent nurse in an emergency, had sent everybody out of the room, except her young mistress, who obstinately refused to go.

"He's had a nawful fall, darling. When the shock passes off, you know, he may be horrid sick."

"I'm not going," said Shirley. An inattentive repetition.

"But, darling, why should you stay? Look at you in that dretful dress. You just go up and go to bed. This isn't the place for you, honey."

"Don't be silly, Tarry," said Shirley a little fretfully. "Of course it is my place. We are engaged to be married."

"My lamb!" gasped Tarry, and fell silent, eying her mistress with a grave apprehension. She felt herself out of her depth. Hysteria of several sorts she was acquainted with, but none which accounted for a statement of this nature. Wisely she abandoned any further efforts to direct Shirley's movements. She occupied herself in tending the patient, and suffered her mistress to sit there near the foot of the bed, herself almost as white as the sick man, almost as motionless.

An hour and a half went by in slow silence. Only once there was movement in the house, when the police came for the captive and released him from his cocoon. All the household had dispersed to their rooms if not to their rest. But Shirley sat on, unmoving, her eyes never leaving the face of the butler of High Crewe. Tarry gave it up.

However, when Doctor Daker arrived, he abetted Tarry by ordering Shirley out. Grandsir, still in the russet gown, came in with him, no less astonished than he to find her sitting there in her ruined finery. Daker was suave but rigorous.

"I've got to make a thorough examination, young woman," he said. "We may have some broken bones or other. Your friend appears to be a very rough-and-tumble customer."

"He's the butler," said Tarry, thinking to correct a mistaken impression.

"Just so," said Daker. "A rough-and-tumble butler."

"By the great horn spoon," said Grandsir, "I never saw the like! I came out of my room, not exactly having heard anything, but thinking it might be the children coming in from the dance. Cotter came out of the servants' corridor a moment ahead of me, not making a sound. The light in the hall downstairs had been put out. Just as I was going to speak to him, a flashlight blinked on the stairs, and Cotter landed on his man in one jump. They went down like a ton of brick."

"He hasn't moved since," said Shirley.

"You do a bit of moving yourself, young woman," said Daker, and Shirley obediently went away, so obediently, indeed, that Tarry was wholly unprepared for subsequent rebellion.

Go upstairs to her room, Miss Crewe would not. She was not to be moved from a chair near the door of the transmogrified Chinese parlor, a high-backed deacon chair admirably suited to support her in her present pose, sitting on it as if it were a side saddle, her face to the wall, and her head resting in her arms as she clasped its carven finial.

Vainly did Tarry rehearse the horrors of her appearance, unheard she waxed dithyrambic about being up all night, her woeful foreboding of premature anility gaining no warmer interest or attention than these Cassandra warnings are apt to achieve. Totally disregardful of her dishevelment, of her silver tissues so lugubriously tarnished, caring nothing for prophecy of crow's-feet and dulled eyes, she sat there, strained, motionless, centered in her waiting for the opening door.

Ogden, far more sensible, had gone to his bed. Bill and Mr. Crewe attended upon the doctor in that soundless room. Tarry, at times exhausted with speech, at others finding, as it were, a second wind to continue her sharp whispering, wore herself out into a speechless lifting of the siege. And Shirley remained alone at last in the hall.

Movements at a distance had certainly no interest for her, she who had been genuinely unaware of Tarry's tirade. Cook and maid setting out an urn of hot coffee and such restoratives in the dining room were as much beyond her mental as her visual focus; as was Grandsir's addressing himself to these comforts, wholly unconscious of her benumbed vigil. But Doctor Daker, coming out by the door she sentineled, could and did receive the full measure of her attention. She was up on her feet in a breath, both arms around his neck, and sobbing beneath her quick panting questions. Daker quite contentedly gathered her closer against his practitioner's chest.

"No, he's not dying. I see no signs of it. He's got a rapid pulse, and all that, but one can see his constitution will stand a good deal. What we need is quiet and plenty of time. Conscious—no, he's not conscious. He'll pass off probably into a good natural sleep. How can I tell? Don't cry any more. I can tell by his heart and lungs, my dear child. After all, he only fell downstairs. You'll have your family out here in a minute, you know. I thought you didn't want them to know anything about it. Is this the way for a conspirator to act?" He took her gently from his embrace and shook her. "If you don't stop crying I shall have to slap you. You'll be whooping with hysteria presently. There. No, I'm not going away. You are going up to your room and have a hot bath, and I'll send you up some coffee. Lie down and rest. I promise you, I solemnly promise you to send for you when he wakes. Only you must be quite calm and matter-of-fact. Can you do that? There, that's better."

Between smiles and tears Shirley suffered him to lead her to the stairs, and with another moment of clinging to him and a brushing touch of her lips upon his grizzled cheek which he accepted as the better part of his fee, went slowly and silently away.

Daker found that decidedly he needed coffee. His color had risen to her kiss, and he answered Grandsir at random when he joined him in the dining room.

"Eminent physicians are even as other men. And women are kittle cattle. They never know they love a man till he has broken his neck."

"Epigrams," said Grandsir; "I can understand 'em later in the day. How is our man?"

"Stertorous but sterilized. I can also be alliterative, you observe."

"You want a bracer," said Mr. Crewe, and handed him a cup of coffee.

"I thought, under the circumstances, I was doing rather well. Cotter's pulse is not the only one that has gone leaping this morning. Well ——" Daker addressed himself to a sketchy breakfast. "You'll be getting yourself a new butler, I dare say."

"To be sure," said Grandsir regretfully. "You think he may come out of this restored to himself?"

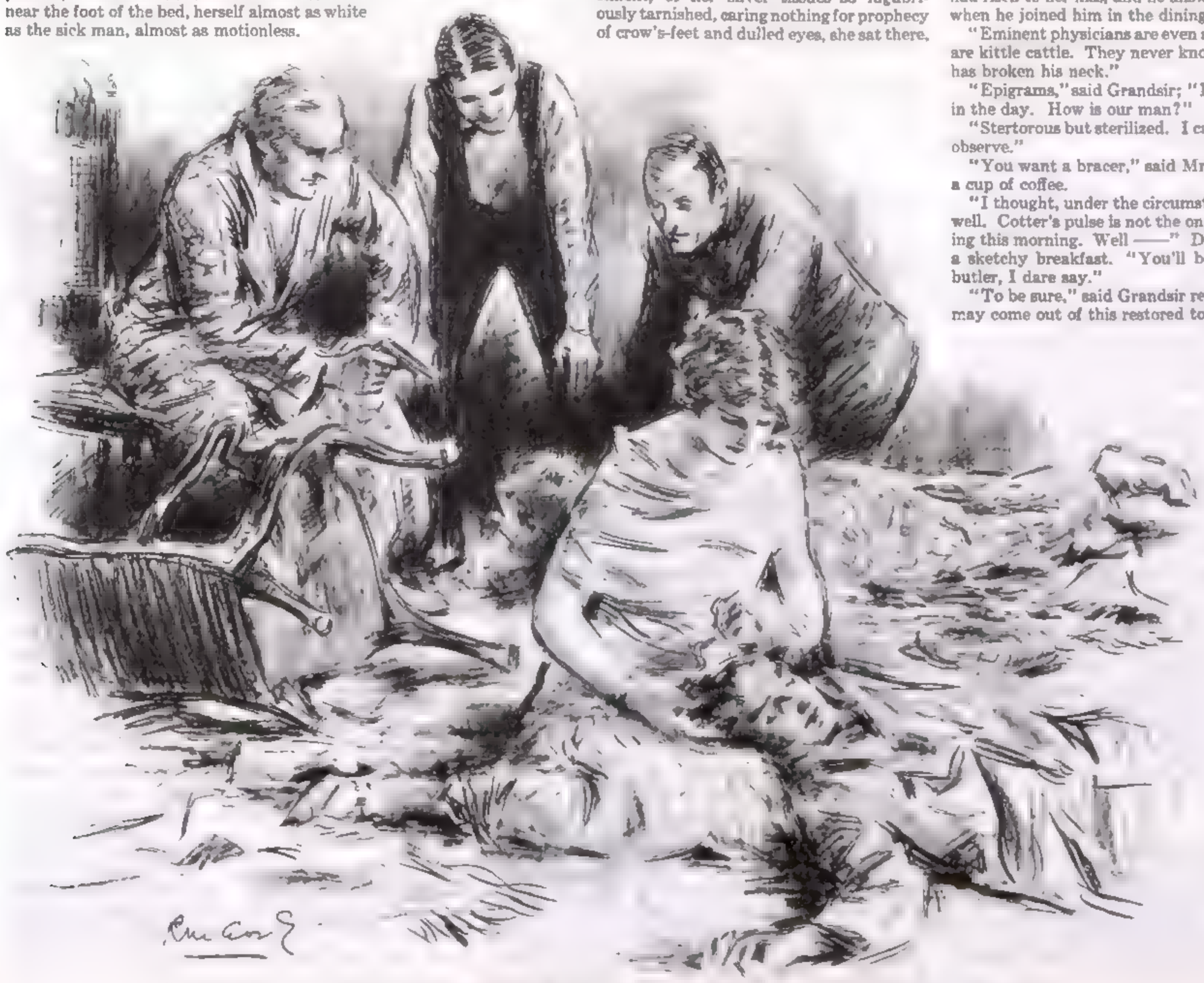
"Can't say," replied Daker. "But I should think enlightenment was not far away. Two bounces on the cranium do not necessarily balance, but there are other forces at work."

"Oracular," said Grandsir Crewe.

Hours later in a very quiet house Mr. Crewe's battered visitor opened his eyes and lay staring at the ceiling. After a long moment of semiconsciousness, one hand struggled upward and explored his bandaged head. The movement attracted the attention of the good Tarry, who sat near by, and she rose, laying down her sewing. As she moved noiselessly to the foot of the bed his look came down and fastened upon her plain and wholesome face.

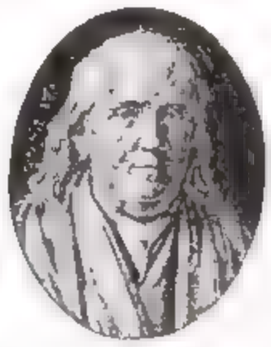
"I hope you are better, Mr. Cotter,"

Continued on Page 108



"And Very Neat and Tidy You Look, Too," Said Bill Generously. "But Keep the Gun on Him, Will You, Governor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $3.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 25, 1925

Junk Buyers

NO MORE vexatious problem confronts the honest merchant who earnestly desires to give his customers something worth while for their money than that of educating overfrugal consumers out of the junk-buying habit. The desire to get something for a fraction of its real value is nearly universal, and with the inexperienced buyer price rather than quality is the deciding factor. No matter how eloquently a retailer may run down his own job lots and other inferior goods, there is always a demand for them, always a sublime faith upon the part of customers that they are taking advantage of an unusual opportunity which is an exception to the common rule that the lowest price means the lowest quality.

Sometimes a disappointed buyer who returns with a tale of woe about the poor service given by an article which the merchant did his best to prevent his buying will be shown the error of his ways and will replace the outworn junk with standard goods which cost only a little more and last three times as long. As a rule, however, the junk buyer requires a lot of teaching, and not one but a hundred costly lessons must be learned before he can distinguish real economy from that which is bogus. Indeed, many successful merchants declare that they must handle inferior goods so that, in the long run, they may sell the best.

Women, as a rule, are far more economical buyers than men. They study quality and learn to know it when they see it. In buying unfamiliar merchandise they are likely to favor nationally advertised goods, for they well know what a hold they have upon the maker. Very few manufacturers who have spent millions of dollars building up a reputation are foolish enough to tarnish it by not standing behind their product. An unwritten insurance policy goes with every piece of merchandise they distribute through the channels of trade.

Taxation Plus Imagination

POLITICALLY speaking, the reduction of Federal taxation, on the front pages of the daily newspapers, has easily been the most popular of all summer sports. Both parties have entered into the game with like enthusiasm. Every shade of economic and political view has had its innings. We have seen congressional opinion, once so stiff in the back, bow to the popular will and put a surprising amount of snap into the obeisance. We have been treated to the sight of Saul standing among the Prophets and doing his best to look at home there. As a result of this change of heart, something will be done. Federal taxes will be substantially reduced during the next six or eight months. How much they will be lowered, or where the cuts will be made, no man knows. Material lightening of the tax burden is all that can be confidently predicted.

It is interesting to compare the methods of approach displayed by the various senators, congressmen and Federal officials who have attacked the problem. Some have gone at it like bookkeepers; some have tackled it like economists; many have thought in percentages, in sliding scales, in terms of the resultant effect on general business.

Then, late in June, on the eve of his summer holiday, Mr. Coolidge spoke his mind. His assault upon the problem was different in character from all the others. In the back of his head were all the considerations which occurred to the bookkeepers, to the economists, to the statisticians and to the business men; but the heart and core of his reasoned argument were the human side of taxation and its effects upon the little taxpayer and his wife and children. In this address the President gave new proofs that he thinks of taxes not in terms of percentages or five-dollar bills or thousand-dollar checks but in terms of human effort, in early rising, late working, self-denial, net results of American labor too deeply eaten into by the exactions of the central Government. No wild flight of fancy made this view possible. It is the smooth working of an orderly imagination which enables Mr. Coolidge to visualize taxation in its human and intimate phases, in its chafing pressure upon the individual citizen.

We should be the last to throw into the discard our sound tax experts, our experienced legislators, our economists, business men, statisticians and publicists. Their services are of unquestionable value; and they will be heightened rather than diminished by the fact that they are serving under a chief executive who has clear vision and who applies a logical imagination to the business problems of his people.

Huns of the Highway

THE disappearance of wild flowers from the parks in New York City, and even from adjacent suburbs, has aroused the fear that before long many of our most desirable species will become extinct. Conditions are bound to be worse, of course, around a large city; but the same kind of vandalism in some degree is going on all over the country. Every road now carries its stream of speeding trippers and no place is remote enough to be immune from vandalism. If our Huns of the highway are allowed to continue at their present deadly gait, the flowers that bloom in the spring will become scanty in number. This is no exaggeration, if we are to believe the statements issued by the Conservation Committee of the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State. Certain of the finest wild flowers are actually on the point of disappearance in some sections.

Nothing is sacred to the road vandal. The motor car has made it possible for him to penetrate and to despoil the once-secluded spots where the choicest flowers bloomed, and to make a quick get-away. The satisfaction of a momentary desire is all that weighs with him. His depredations begin as soon as the snow is off the ground and continue until the Christmas season. Trailing arbutus, flowering dogwood, mountain laurel, honeysuckle, wild azalea, rhododendron—all are ruthlessly plucked wherever they are to be found. The water lily is disappearing from ponds and creeks. Holly is retreating rapidly from the more traveled routes.

An armful of blooms, which wither before the flower thieves reach home, may have cost the lives of many plants which otherwise would have gone on for all time adding to Nature's gift of beauty. Nothing but legal restraint of the most thorough order will have any effect on this new species of Hun. It would be a serious hardship if the plucking of wild flowers were made a misdemeanor, but that is what it will come to in time if some lesser measure of regulation is not put into effect soon. In the meantime we must strive to instill some degree of decency and consideration into our beauty-killing joy riders.

Some Costly Labor Theories

MR. E. T. GOOD, writing in the London Spectator, draws a striking contrast between British and American labor which is much to the advantage of the latter. He finds British industry crippled and British labor distressed largely as a result of the "ca' canny" policy; that is to say, the systematic slowing down of work for the avowed purpose of curtailing production.

This writer says: "There is no great Socialist Labor Party in America. The trades unions do not specially design their rules and policy to hinder production and make things scarce. In America they have highly developed capitalism, assisted by industrious and willing labor. The workmen support capitalism in two ways: They operate industrial machinery up to its limits, and they invest in the companies that employ them. No fewer than 22,000 of the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Company bought shares in that concern last year. Half the Steel Trust workmen are shareholders. The locomotive engineers are colliery owners on their own account. And American labor thrives while British labor agitates. In America they work. Here we talk. And see the results. Whilst British agriculture declines and manufactures stagnate, and whilst we suffer a house famine and find it increasingly difficult to employ our people and maintain our standard of living, there is progress all along the line in the United States."

Trades-unionism has brought substantial, even vital, benefits to the British workman. It is no less certain that blind leadership and bulldog adherence to discredited and futile theories are doing more to hamstring British labor, and by consequence to impoverish the whole nation, than any capitalistic acts which could possibly be initiated.

First and foremost of the theories which keep labor in Great Britain in its present distressed condition is that which declares that the smaller the service the workman renders for his wages the better off he is and the more loyally he is fulfilling his obligation to his fellow workmen. This belief springs naturally from the old idea that there is only so much work in the world to be done, and the less each man does, the more will be left for other members of the same economic group. Acceptance of these notions leads to the theory that the smaller the profit made by capital the better the condition of labor will be.

American experience does not bear out the correctness of these views. Here it has been found that the more handsomely capital and management are paid the better labor is likely to fare in the long run. This is not so much because American employers are more benevolent than their British cousins as because labor's share of a large profit is naturally greater than the same proportion of a small one.

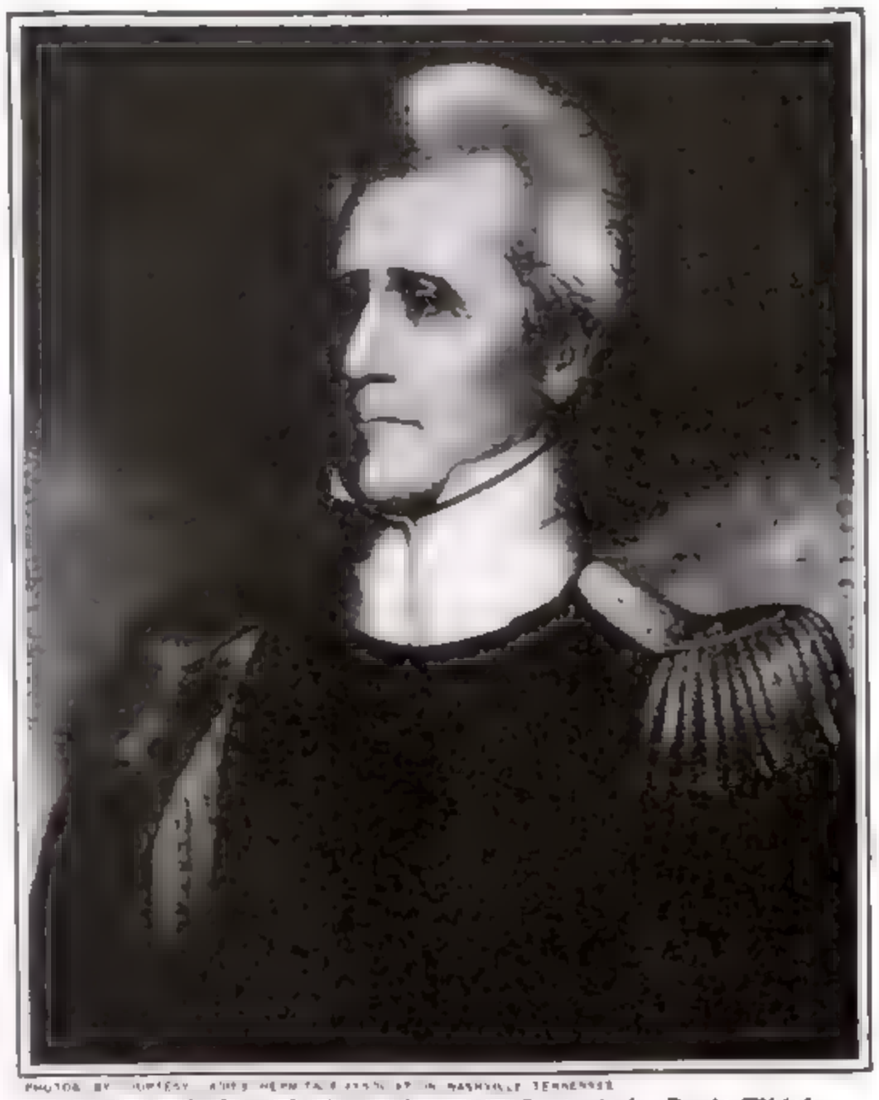
Ca' canny methods have been but little exploited in America. There has been much loose talk, particularly since the war, about the demoralization of American labor; but its essential falsity is amply demonstrated by the low production costs of American goods which have to compete with other goods in the markets of the world. It should be remembered, too, that the level of efficiency of American labor-saving machinery is continually rising; and it is no uncommon thing to find that wages for the operation of automatic machinery have been doubled since 1913 and at the same time the cost per unit of production has been actually lowered.

Mr. Good's picture of our coal industry is perhaps more flattering than any which would be likely to come from an American pen. It is to be noted that he makes no mention of the policy of some American labor unions of scaling down the standard day's work to the output of the slowest worker. The disadvantages of this system need not be pointed out. An advantage is that the active, ambitious workers stand out by contrast and are quick to win well-deserved promotion to better-paid posts. Labor policies in America have sometimes been shortsighted; but the best of our labor leaders have been quick to discard pernicious methods.

Jackson and His Beloved Rachel

Mrs. Jackson, From a Copy of the Portrait Which Hangs in the Bedroom at the Hermitage

By John Trotwood Moore



General Andrew Jackson, From the Portrait by Earle Which Hangs in the Parlor at the Hermitage

IN THE summer of 1885 a young man with charmingly frank ways that captured everyone he met dropped into a club of the then rather quiet university town of Nashville, Tennessee. To three or four gentlemen who were talking around a reading table, he introduced himself as Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, saying he had come to Tennessee to seek original material on Andrew Jackson and other border heroes for a forthcoming book he was writing. Almost in the same breath, which, perhaps, completed the capture, he naïvely intimated that he had had a very hard day and would be delighted if any or all the gentlemen would join him at the club bar.

The invitation was instantly humorous to everyone except the young visitor from New York and to the venerable Col. A. S. Colyar, seated at the head of the table; who, until the rather breezy arrival of the stranger, himself had been doing all the talking about Andrew Jackson and telling of his own plans for writing a history of him. Besides, the old gentleman, at that time the oldest editor in the state, was also a teetotaler and perhaps the original prohibitionist of Tennessee.

The venerable colonel immediately froze, and from that time on the versatile young man, who had just finished a career in the New York Legislature, was, to him, *persona non grata*. The fact that the young New Yorker was afterward elected President of the United States, and, first and last in his day, filled a wider circle in the limelight of the world than any other citizen of America, did not alter the venerable editor's opinion:

"He was a very presumptuous young man, sir!"

A Blow to Original Spellers

TWO reporters present, who perhaps wanted to accept his invitation more than anyone else, but who dared not under the eye of their chief, declined. Only Van Leer Polk, of the distinguished family of that name, joined the visitor. Polk was afterward appointed consul-general to India by Grover Cleveland.

Roosevelt talked tersely and freely about his forthcoming book, The Winning of the West, of his great admiration for Andrew Jackson. He used a term that was not easy to forget when he said "It is time to stop writing gossipy back-door histories of this great President," who was, in his opinion, "the only general worth while between Washington and Grant and Lee."

He talked freely. His cards were all on the table. He wished to see original material and would be most grateful for any help or suggestions.

The next day Mr. Polk and others took him to Ewell Farm, at Spring Hill, home of Major Campbell Brown, grandson of George Washington Campbell, formerly United States Senator from Tennessee, a close friend of Jackson, and later United States Minister to Russia. Here were found original letters of Jackson to Campbell and original papers of great help to Mr. Roosevelt. He was much pleased with the find laid before him. In one, a letter from Jackson while he was expecting an attack by the British on his lines before New Orleans, he gave minute details of his plans, and among other things said, "I will hold New Orleans in spite of Urop and all hell."

Someone called the future President's attention to the misspelled Europe.

"Well," exclaimed Roosevelt, "if U-r-o-p does not spell Europe, what does it spell?" There was unanimous approval, and Roosevelt said, "It is foolish, ridiculous, unjust, to judge our early men and women by their spelling."

He named many of our national heroes who had no particular rules for spelling. Then he told of some contemporary of old Dr. Samuel Johnson who indignantly protested against the adoption of his dictionary.

"Why," he said, "before Sam Johnson wrote that book everybody spelled as they pleased and there was some originality in spelling. Now everybody spells by a rule and we have sacrificed ideas on the altar of Mammon."

When Roosevelt left Nashville he carried several good stories of Jackson with him, which, in after years, he delighted to tell. The first, told him by an old man at the Hermitage, was this: The first week in June, 1845, the good Doctor Edgar, Presbyterian pastor of Jackson, prayed daily with him. In praying for forgiveness of all enmities, the preacher was very anxious for the old general especially to call Dickinson by name and to ask forgiveness for killing him in a duel. It was naturally a sensitive point and the pastor tactfully approached it:

"Now, general, isn't there someone—some particular one you are very sorry about?"

The old fighter half rose on his pillow. His eyes flashed.

"Yes, yes, I'm glad you mentioned it. I have always been sorry I didn't hang John C. Calhoun for treason."

It is said that on the morning after Jackson died, what is known as a cornfield negro approached the aristocratic negro body servant of the old general, Uncle Alfred, and inquired of the sorrowing darky if he felt "sartin an' sho that ole marster had gone to heab'n." The old body servant's grief instantly flamed into indignation and he inquired with emphasis, "How come you got such a fool notion in yo' haid, you cohnfiel' fool?"

The latter protested earnestly that he meant no reflection, but called attention to the fact that "old marster was pow'ful fond o' racin' horses" in his day.

"Ter be sho," said Uncle Alfred, with becoming sarcasm, "an' ef you ever slips under de fence an' gits in yo'se'f, yo'll find a mighty fine pair up dar now, racin' round wid Elijah."

"But all dem fo'ks he killed at New Orleans, Uncle Alfred how he gwineter splain dat?"

"By the sword o' de Lord an' o' Gideon," shouted Uncle Alfred: "dat's what he kilt 'em wid! An' now, nigger, answer me dis: Ole marster's dead; ef he takes a notion to go into heab'n, jes' tell me who's gwineter keep 'im out?"

But the Jackson advocates sometimes met steel worthy of their own, as this passage between two late venerable friends—Col. A. S. Colyar, Democrat, editor and author of a Life of Jackson, and Col. Nat Jones, famous wit and old-time Whig, who still hated the man who put the Whigs out of business politically. It occurred in one of the usual controversies of these two old gentlemen, as to the moral qualities of Andrew Jackson.

Roosevelt's View of Old Hickory

"SIR," said Colonel Jones to Colonel Colyar, "you may rightly boast of General Jackson's martial ability, but how do you apologize for his horse-racing, gambling spirit?"

"Sir," replied Colonel Colyar, with spirit, "I'd have you to know, sir, that General Jackson bred and raced horses to improve the breed, sir, because he loved them, sir."

"Upon that line of argument, sir," parried Colonel Jones, "I suppose you will next assert that he fought chickens because he was fond of eggs."

Roosevelt visited us again, this time in 1907, while he was President. He had made many friends during his first visit; this time all Tennessee turned out to greet him. He headed a procession twelve miles long down the old Lebanon Pike to the home of Andrew Jackson. It is owned now by the state and kept up by a body of splendid, patriotic women with nearly a thousand members. It is preserved just as Jackson and his beloved wife left it, beautiful in its simplicity, elegant in taste, fitting ideals of the souls of those who built it.

At Jackson's tomb the man who perhaps more nearly inherited his strenuous, many-sided genius than any other President, among other things said:

"I should not say that Old Hickory was faultless. I don't know very many strong men that have not some of the

Continued on Page 81

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Love

THE brave Neanderthal with rosy cheek
Set out to woo his love across the creek.

Her cave, o'erhung with trilobites and reeds
And gastropods and prehistoric weeds,

He entered, bellowing, "Woof-woof, away!"
The shy maid heaved a sigh. "Umph-umph, nay-nay."

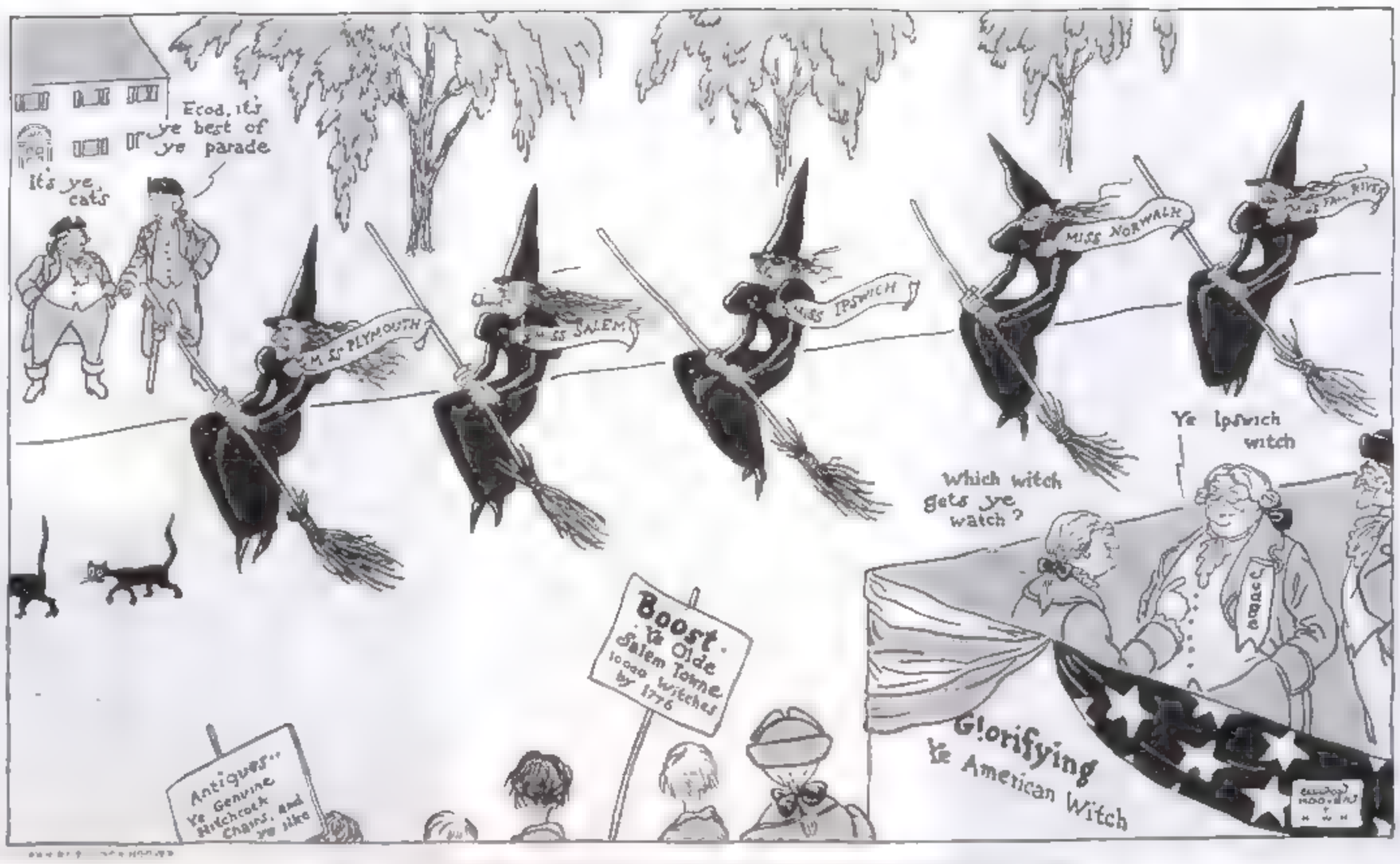
She said, and petulantly turned her back.
He snarled, and with his club gave her a crack

Which sent her swiftly spinning through the air—
Then calmly dragged her homeward by the hair.

When she came to, her elemental mate
Administered some more blows to her pate.

She oped her eyes; he fondly stroked her head.
"Men are so primitive," she coyly said.

—Elizabeth A. Romaine.


Ecod, it's ye best of ye parade
It's ye cat's
MISS PLYMOUTH
MISS SALEM
MISS IPSWICH
MISS NORWALK
Ye Ipswich witch
Which witch gets ye watch?
Boost Ye Olde Salem Towne 100 witches by 1776
"Antiques" Ye Genuine Hitchcock Chairs, and ye like
Glorifying Ye American Witch

An Intimate Outline of History—The Great Salem Witch Popularity Contest

Wiped Out

THEY had been married a year and had just concluded their first argument. Cruel, unkind, thoughtless things had been said, and at the end he darted into the bathroom.

There was a sound of running water, a gurgle and a muffled moan. Then all was silent. The weeping wife pushed open the door of the bathroom, and there, prone on the floor, was the body of her husband.

Tenderly she bent over him and took his head in her arms. "Oh, Dewey, what did you do?" she wailed. "Speak to me! Speak to me!"

He looked up at her and a sheepish grin suffused his face, only to be followed by a look of ghastly fear as he blurted, "Can you ever forgive me? By mistake, just now, I dried my face with an initialed show towel. Oh, forgive me, please!"

The young woman thrust her hand into a little bag and drew out a pearl-handled revolver. Three shots rang out and her husband fell over, dead.

"Let that be a lesson to other husbands who use show towels," she commented, applying a daub of powder to her nose.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Early Morning Babies

THE early morning babies, as a class,
Adorn the lower windows that I pass;
Their pudgy hands are fluttery,
Their mouths are bread-and-buttery,
Their funny noses flatten on the glass.

The early morning babies that I see
Are affable as affable can be;
The fruit of prudent marriages,
They ride in wealthy carriages,
Yet smile on poor pedestrians like me!

The babies that I celebrate excite
My unremitting wonder and delight:
They never need be taught to be,

(Continued on Page 115)

Suzanne and the Sisters—to Date

The Pup: "There Must Be a Storm Coming Up: I Hear Thunder"

Beans *for today's luncheon or supper!*

Try this APPETITE TEST today!

Stop at your grocer's today and take home a can of Campbell's Beans. When you are very hungry—when you feel like eating a real meal—sit down to a generous plateful of Campbell's Beans.

Notice how delicious they taste from the very first, how eagerly you keep right on eating them and how good they taste all the way through to the last bean on the plate.

Then notice how completely your appetite has been satisfied. You know you've had a meal.

The beans are so fine in quality, their tomato sauce gives so much added zest and flavor that your own appetite proves to you what millions of others already know—that Campbell's are in a class by themselves.

Beans—one of the world's great foods! Beans—the food which is second only to meat itself as the main dish of the American dining table! Beans—the food that's packed with nourishment—delicious, tempting, wholesome and filling. Beans—the food that makes your money go so far and saves you so much work in the kitchen!

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

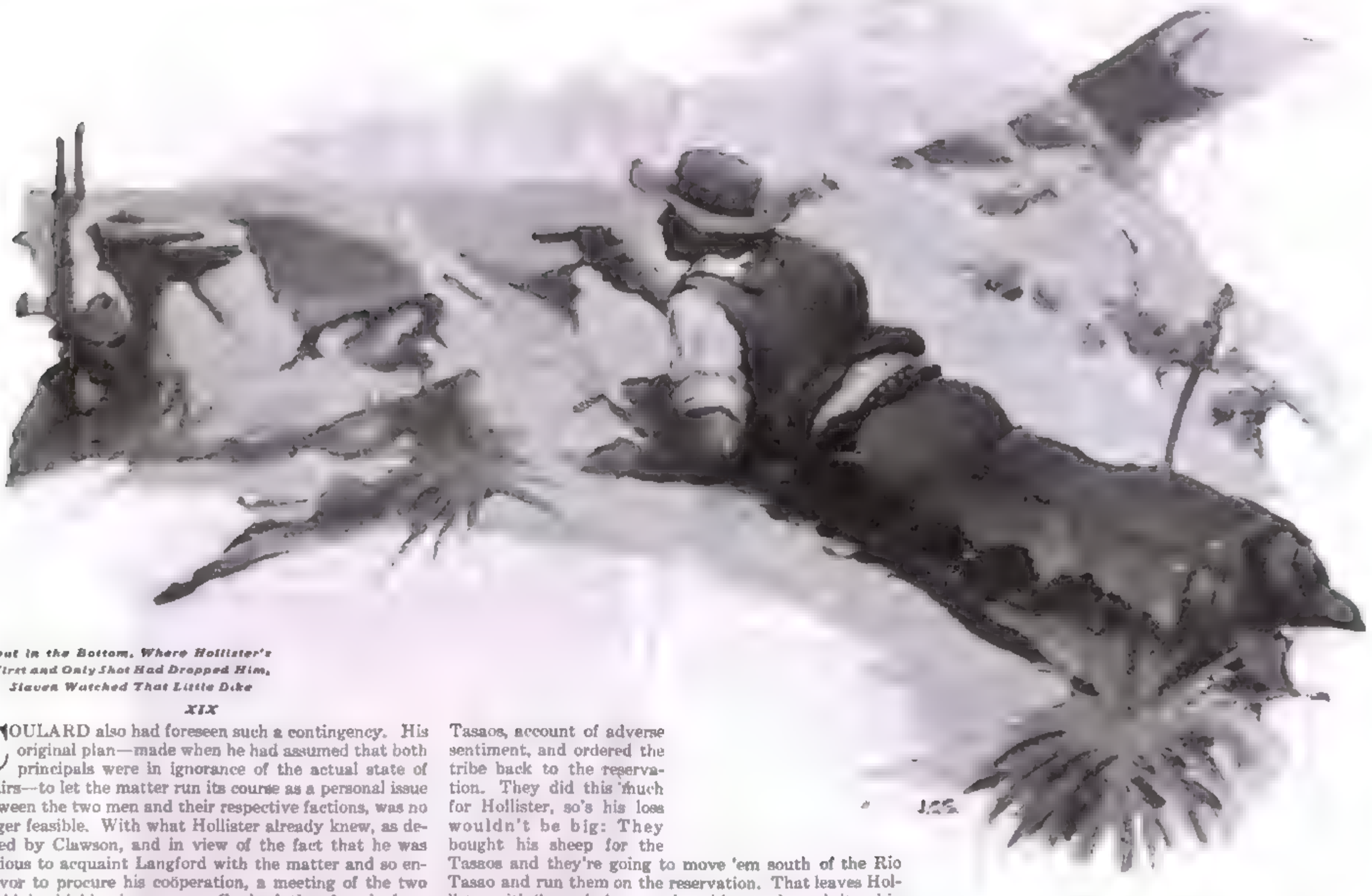
Serve hot Serve cold

Campbell's BEANS
SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

SPANISH ACRES

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



Out in the Bottom, Where Hollister's First and Only Shot Had Dropped Him, Slaven Watched That Little Dike

XIX

COULARD also had foreseen such a contingency. His original plan—made when he had assumed that both principals were in ignorance of the actual state of affairs—to let the matter run its course as a personal issue between the two men and their respective factions, was no longer feasible. With what Hollister already knew, as detailed by Clawson, and in view of the fact that he was anxious to acquaint Langford with the matter and so endeavor to procure his coöperation, a meeting of the two would be highly dangerous. Coulard therefore had no intention that any such meeting should occur. There were far better ways.

Somewhere around ten o'clock on Langford's third night in town a man accosted him and drew him aside. He listened to what the stranger had to say, then shook his head.

"You one of Hollister's men?" he demanded.

The fellow nodded, glancing about uneasily.

"Then tell him this," Langford instructed: "That I'll look him up when I take the notion, not just at his notion. I'll set the time myself. He's spread his conversation broadcast that he'll shoot me any time I set foot in his bailiwick. Tell him I'll be over directly and camp inside Spanish Acres till he comes personally to run me out. Tell him to come a-shooting."

He would have said more, much more, for his thoughts whirled confusedly from too frequent libations of raw liquor, but the other interrupted.

"I thought you might be hostile, so I told Coulard first. He'll tell you just what I have." Curious eyes were regarding the pair. "See—he's motioning to you now."

Langford made his way to Coulard's inclosed office in the rear of the room. The stranger strolled out, mounted his horse, fingered a roll of currency with some satisfaction and was seen no more in the Rolavi Sink.

Coulard addressed Langford earnestly.

"Here's the chance you've been wanting for a lifetime. That fellow told you, I expect. Hollister is ready to sell Spanish Acres for what he's got in it, which is cheap, I understand, and get out."

"Then why don't he ride in and see me," Langford demanded, "instead of asking me to dangle out to Shallow Vats to see him? And why this sudden notion to sell?"

"He's apprehensive about showing himself in Rolavi, the way feeling is running so high against him," Coulard said. "I don't blame him for that. And he's about come to the end of his string, so he's wanting to sell."

"How did he come to the end of his string?" Langford insisted upon knowing. His head was clearing somewhat. "I thought he was running fine."

Coulard passed him a drink.

"I do know this for a fact," Coulard said: "The Government has called off this experiment of his with the Tasaos, account of adverse sentiment, and ordered the tribe back to the reservation. They did this much for Hollister, so's his loss wouldn't be big: They bought his sheep for the Tasaos and they're going to move 'em south of the Rio Tasao and run them on the reservation. That leaves Hollister with Spanish Acres and nothing to do with it, a big pay roll on his hands, a heavy annual tax—which last can be recalled with your owning it—and hostility running so high against him that his life is real insecure hereabouts. I wouldn't wonder but what he's ready to sell and get out. I'd like right well to see this thing settled for all time to come. If he'll sell at any halfway decent figure, I'll lend you the money, with both Spanish Acres and the Bar Z Bell as security. I'll have Slaven ride out with you and close this thing up before he alters his mind."

He passed Langford another drink and interrupted as the owner of the Bar Z Bell voiced an objection.

"You could take a bunch with you as a bodyguard, sort of, but I don't think it's wise. He might shy off and not meet you, and then change his mind; but if you're afraid it's a plant ——"

Langford scoffed at this suggestion.

"And then, too, he wouldn't be no such fool, Hollister wouldn't, as to go at it like that," Coulard declared. "Why, he couldn't get out of this country alive if he did that! I'm dead anxious to have things all settled and avoid this row that seems due to come off. It won't do no harm to ride out and see. I've already had your horses brung round back so you can get off without causing talk. I'll call Slaven."

They rode hard. Shallow Vats was a water hole in the northwestern extremity of Spanish Acres, a trifle less than fifteen miles eastward along the base of the hills from Rolavi. Whenever Langford, his head clearing a bit from the ride through the air, voiced a suggestion as to the futility of this night journey, Slaven reassured him, stating that it was, at least, too good a lead to pass up without investigation. He frequently passed Langford a bottle.

"When a man's already got a skinful aboard, like you have, he needs a little jolt every so often to help keep him up," he explained.

In a trifle more than an hour and a half they rode up to the water hole at Shallow Vats. Langford, his horse a half length in the lead, peered ahead for some sign of a camp, his every faculty alert. His hand dropped to his gun.

Then Slaven shot him in the back. Three shots sounded in such swift succession as almost to roll into one. Langford had half dragged his gun from its holster, but his nerveless fingers relaxed. He sagged limply over the pommel and slid sidewise from the saddle as his horse plunged ahead. Slaven, without dismounting, wheeled his horse and headed swiftly back toward Rolavi Wells.

Coulard's rear office was equipped with a massive door and thick adobe walls, designed to deaden all sound so that the uproar in the main room would not distract the attention of those who transacted business there; also they effectually silenced all sounds from within. This sanctuary was forbidden to all but a few. Langford, Webber and Slaven, of all those in the Sink, were the only men who could invade it except upon direct invitation. It was Slaven's habit to spend some time there each night.

Shortly after Langford's departure, Coulard reëntered the office. He remained for an hour. When he came forth he wandered restlessly, a distinct departure from habit, moving from game to game, wandering aimlessly from one point to another. Once he was observed to shake his head.

Cole Webber then entered the office. He, too, remained for more than an hour. When he emerged he seemed detached and preoccupied, scarcely hearing the words that were addressed to him. Coulard had quieted down, but now he rose and resumed his post behind the bar. He glanced at his watch. It was nearing one o'clock. Langford had departed at ten. Coulard lowered his voice and addressed two Bar Z Bell riders, confiding to them that Langford had ridden away with one of Hollister's men. He acquainted them with the purpose. He consulted his watch again, shaking his head.

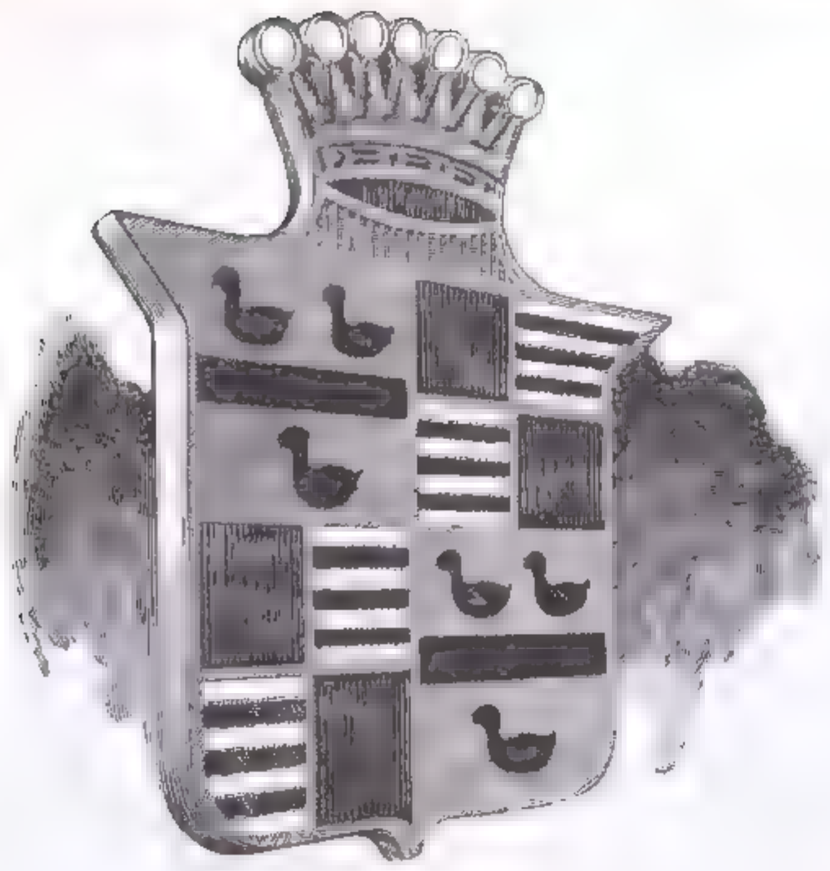
"I don't like it, someway," he said. "Slaven and me tried to stop him, but you know how headstrong Art is. He just surged on out. It's likely all right. He's been gone over an hour."

He had, as a matter of fact, departed almost three hours before, but none had noted the time of his going.

Coulard again entered his office. The story spread. Webber gave it as his opinion that Hollister would not be enough of a fool to use that means to lure Langford out to Shallow Vats for any sinister purpose.

"Still, he knows that with Langford out of the way, his troubles would be largely over," he said.

(Continued on Page 30)



Performance

as much its own as its name-plate

CADILLAC today is in a class and a category even more exclusively its own than it occupied ten years ago when it was the only eight-cylinder exponent in America.

Its leadership is more clearly and sharply defined than ever, *because it gives definite daily results which are not provided in the performance of any other car.*

The worldwide leadership of Cadillac is assurance enough for the most exacting in the search for paramount value.

But nothing need be left to the imagination —the inquirer can straightway satisfy himself that the *Cadillac has invaluable qualities which are as much its own as its name-plate.*

With equal ease he can establish their origin by studying these exclusive Cadillac engineering developments.

Carburetion

The carburetor problem *ceases to be a problem* in the Cadillac. The carburetor is positioned between and above the two short cylinder blocks. The gas passages are short and direct, without sharp curves and angles. Each cylinder receives identically the same measured charge of gas. All the cylinders balance in power production, one against another. That again spells the individual Cadillac kind of smoothness.

Balance

An engine is vibrationless in proportion to the degree in which rotating and reciprocating parts are balanced. The Cadillac engine is superlatively smooth because it is superbly balanced. Cadillac's balance means that at every point of the crankshaft revolution, the weight of metal is precisely equal and compensating—balance as nearly perfect as can be achieved in a rotating mechanism.

The short, stiff crankshaft—only possible in an eight of the Cadillac type—precludes the torsional vibration found in engines which otherwise are balanced.

Thus is explained *a kind and degree of smoothness never before attained in a motor car engine.*

Cooling

The short cylinder blocks, each with its own radiator inlet and outlet, make cooling not only simple but highly efficient. The cooling water, with a shorter distance to travel, passes through its complete circuit oftener than if the circuit were longer. Thermostatic control quickly brings a cold engine to full power efficiency, with quick responsiveness, smooth power, and enduring hill-climbing ability.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 28)

"Would they?" one man demanded truculently. "They'd only just be beginning, if Langford was got out of the way in that fashion. This country wouldn't be big enough to hold the man that did it."

Coulard appeared in the door of the office as if just on the point of emerging. He half turned his head and nodded, as if in answer to a question from someone within. Then, slowly, he pulled the door shut, remaining inside. A trifle after one o'clock he came forth with Slaven.

"It's likely all right," Slaven said in answer to a question. "I don't like the way it come up, just exactly; but no use to worry about it. Art can look after himself."

He shrugged the matter aside.

At two o'clock the trail crew, having elected to leave the chuck wagon behind on the other side of the pass and ride a double hitch to reach Rolavi Wells, struck the base of the hills. Twenty strong, they urged their jaded horses into one last spurt and roared down upon the town. Wild exultant whoops mingled with the rumble of hoofs and the bark of guns as they made their triumphant home-coming, flung from their horses before Coulard's and swarmed into the place. Friend greeted friend with boisterous whacks or with quiet nods, each after his own fashion. Some cursed one another affectionately, declaring that it had been their one great hope never to set eyes upon such a misshapen countenance again. There was a deafening uproar of banter and rough horseplay. Bottles and glassware tinkled and crashed at the bar. With the greater part of a summer's wages in their pockets, the riders of Rolavi were aching to spend it. A wild week loomed ahead. After that period of relaxation, they would be marshaled once again in the saddle to commence the work of combing the cows from the Palo Verdes and moving them down to the winter range in the Sink. Some of the higher peaks of the Palo Verdes were already a glare of white from early snows. The work of gathering the cows must start soon. But until it did start, Rolavi Wells would howl. Dusty from a long hard ride, they waited not to wash, but started their spree forthwith. Bit by bit, the returned riders heard the same reports that had greeted Langford upon his arrival. Indignation ran riot through the throng.

Mexican stable hands had been routed out of bed to care for the tied mounts at the hitch rails, to feed and water them, unsaddle and throw them into the corrals at the livery barn. Tonight no man of them all but would begrudge the time required to care for his own horse. The night wore on. There were frequent calls for Langford, but Langford did not come.

Toward morning the crowd began to thin. The men were tired from riding a double shift, having covered almost ninety miles, then carousing for the rest of the night. They dropped off, a few at a time, as gray dawn showed in the east. After all, there were other days and nights to come.

When but a few were left, Slaven declared that though he was not actually worrying about Langford any to speak of, still the fact remained that he had not come back. He might have had an accident with his horse or something, and Slaven believed that he'd take a *pasear* out Shallow Vats way and have a look around. Several who had acquired some sleep prior to the arrival of the trail crew volunteered to accompany him.

By ten o'clock in the morning a number of roistering souls were awake and craving to alleviate the parched sensation that assailed mouths and throats. A dozen or more had forgathered at Coulard's when Slaven's party came riding in with its grim tidings. The whole camp was awake within a very few minutes. The crowd was relatively quiet now, vastly more dangerous than when roistering during the preceding night. A consultation was held to determine what steps were to be taken in notifying the dead man's sister. A rider from the Bar Z Bell announced that the girl had set forth from the home ranch some days before, declaring her intention of riding north of the Palo Verdes for a somewhat extended period. Such excursions on her part were frequent, her absences sometimes of long duration. None knew where to reach her. There was but one thing to do. Inside of two hours, as soon as Mexican laborers could complete the necessary work, Langford was consigned to his last resting place beside old Tom Langford and those cousins and uncles who had gone down in the feud with Porter.

Some of the men made straight from this brief service to the boarding-barn corrals and set about catching and saddling their mounts. The rest repaired to Coulard's.

"Well, we might as well be starting," one man stated as he tossed off a hasty drink.

The others nodded.

"Boys, wait a spell," Slaven advised. "I'll do this all regular; get out a warrant for Hollister's arrest and we'll try him here."

"We'll try him just wherever we find him," a voice replied. "You went out to bring him in oncet, they tell me, but didn't bring him back. This time there'll be no slip."

Some forty men rode from Rolavi Wells. They did not hasten, but jogged at an easy trot, saving their mounts, for a ride of sixty-odd miles lay before them and there was no need of haste.

A man watched this departure through his glasses from a distant ridge. He touched a match to a pile of brush and the smoke rose from it. Other eyes, watching from a gap some miles removed, observed it. Other signal smokes sprang up at spots that were observable from still other selected points but obscured by various ranges of hills from the view of those who rode from Rolavi Wells. The fires were small, soon extinguished. The party had covered less than five miles before Hollister knew of its departure.

The details he could not know until later. He had no knowledge of the arrival of the trail crew or of Langford's fate. Langford, he presumed, rode at the head of the party.

"Anyway," Hollister said, "I'll try and arrange not to be here and meet him."

At that moment a girl, having waked in Quenemaro to discover that the brother for whom she had intended to wait had crossed through three days before, covered the last lap of her sixty-mile ride across the Palo Verdes and rode into Rolavi Wells. The little baked town seemed unnaturally quiet, instead of roaring as might be expected upon the return of the trail crew. There were no horses at the hitch rails. She stopped before a house, on the veranda of which sat a Mexican woman who had once been a house servant at the Bar Z Bell, later an inmate of one of the fandango resorts, and at present the lawful wife of the burly foreman of the Three-Strike Mine.

The Mexican woman crossed herself, rolling her eyes expressively as the girl drew rein before her, thus deepening the uneasy apprehensions that had persistently weighed upon Sarah Lee since her hasty departure from Quenemaro at daylight.

"Tell me," she said; and the mine foreman's woman told her, the narrative interspersed with many protestations of good will and condolence.

Sarah Lee dismounted and sat upon the one step that led to the pounded adobe platform of the veranda, her elbows propped upon her knees, her chin supported in cupped hands as she stared at the dusty sun-baked vista of Rolavi Wells through eyes that saw nothing. A numbness, both physical and mental, seemed to deaden her faculties. Then she roused herself, silencing the sympathetic volubility of the woman with a gesture.

"They've been gone a couple of hours, you say. Send over to the barn for the best horse there. Have my saddle put on him. Hurry!"

Without waiting for a reply, she moved off toward the little graveyard of Rolavi Wells, which lay but a few rods from the mine foreman's house. She stood, dry-eyed, before the new mound among those older ones that marked the resting places of the Langfords. Returning to the house, she mounted the horse which a Mexican held for her and with a single word of thanks she rode to the Nugget, dismounting and entering its doors for the first time in her life. Standing on the threshold, she sized up the occupants.

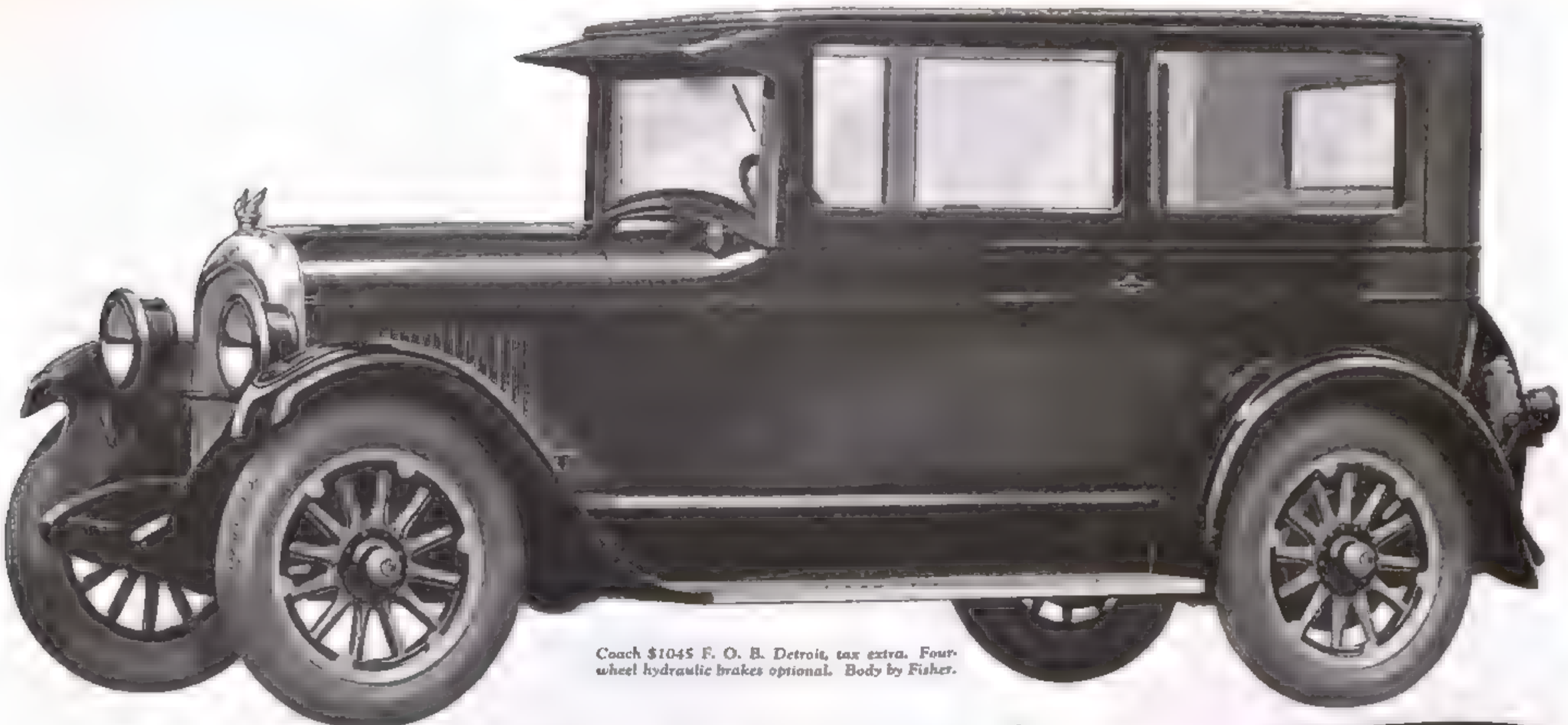
"You, Slaven!" she said to the huge hulk that reposed in a chair against the wall. "I'll be back in Rolavi Wells one day to see you hung."

Then she mounted and was gone.

For the first mile she eased her horse along to warm him, increased the pace for another mile, then let him out and did not spare him. Jessup's place was a bit out of the direct line to Pueblo Tasao; not much. Her horse

(Continued on Page 33)

And After a Quarter of a Mile, They Found Him. The Girl Flung From Her Saddle and Knelt Beside the Still Figure



Coach $1045 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.

Delivers All The Results The Name Chrysler Implies

The new Chrysler Four, Walter P. Chrysler's latest achievement, carries a name with a world of meaning to the buyer.

Thanks to the quality of the wonderful Chrysler Six, the name Chrysler stands for pre-eminent results in motoring.

Because the new Chrysler Four likewise delivers results unequaled in the four-cylinder field, it bears the same standard of quality and fine engineering as the Chrysler Six.

The new Chrysler Four represents in a very definite and practical sense the application of the same quality and fine manufacture that raised the Chrysler Six to its peak of popularity.

Consequently, the new Chrysler Four—true companion to the Chrysler Six—is already hailed as the most modern and soundest contribution to finer four-cylinder motoring. It is receiving a welcome unmatched for its enthusiasm.

See it to appreciate the beauty that is so distinctively Chrysler.

Ride in it to understand the new interpretation it sets on ease and roadability, enabling you to travel all day with no sense of fatigue.

Drive it to know fully its powerful engine—power that means better acceleration, greater ease of handling, and finer performance under all conditions of motor car driving than any four-cylinder car has given.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to give you the opportunity.

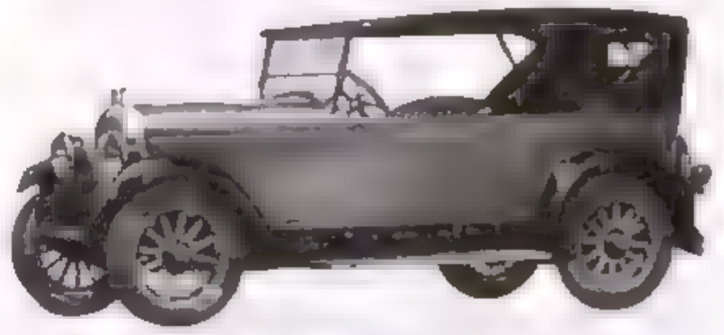
Chrysler Six—Touring Car, Phaeton, Coach, Roadster, Sedan, Royal Coupe, Brougham, Imperial and Crown-Imperial—attractively priced from $1395 to $2195, f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

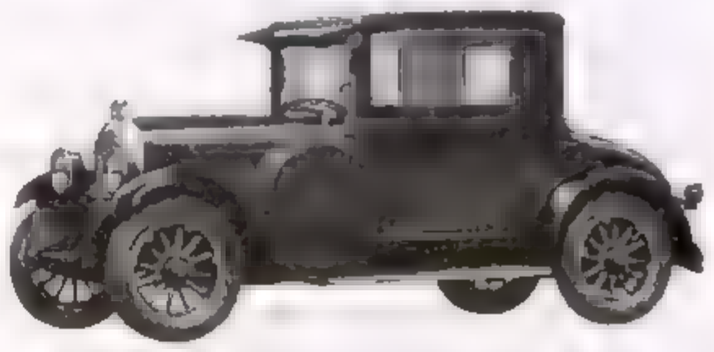
INSURANCE PREPAID

Chrysler motor cars are now delivered insured for one year at full factory list price against fire and theft.

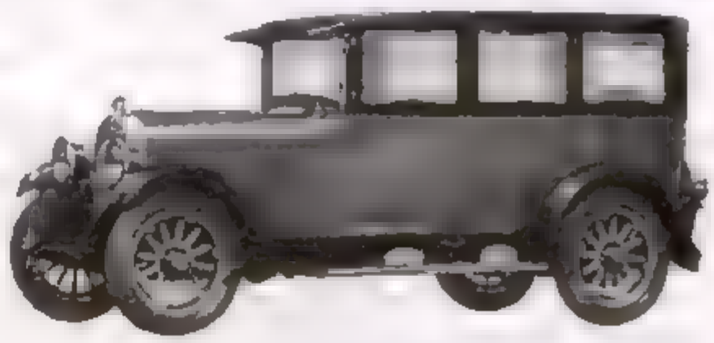
CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Touring Car $895 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional.



Club Coupe $995 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.



Sedan $1095 F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes optional. Body by Fisher.

CHRYSLER FOUR

(Continued from Page 30)

was lathered and breathing hard as she rode into the ranch yard. Jessup, his wife and a flock of children were waiting to meet her. She slid from the saddle and her knees almost refused to support her weight as her feet touched the ground.

"Saddle a fresh horse for me," she said.

Jessup made a sign to a Mexican boy who had overheard the request and the lad headed for the corral, leading the spent horse upon which she had arrived.

"Where-all have you come from, honey, in such a rush?" Mrs. Jessup inquired.

"Quenemaro," Sarah Lee answered.

She seemed scarcely aware of their presence. Her eyes followed the Mexican youth in the corral. Jessup towered above her, observing her face.

"Quenemaro! Dear, dear! That's close to a hundred miles. What's the trouble, sweetheart, and where are you heading?" Mrs. Jessup asked.

"On a killing spree. Don't ask me now," said Sarah Lee. "Have that boy hurry."

"I'll be going along," Jessup said. "Son, get my belt."

He turned to the corral, tightened the cinches on a horse that stood there loose-saddled, buckled on a gun belt which his small son brought from the house.

"Tell me," he said as they rode away in the gathering dusk, "so's I'll know what we're heading into."

She told him in disjointed fragments.

"We may not get there ahead of them, but right soon after," was his only comment. Then, perhaps an hour later, he remarked, "I've been knowing a lot of that, and surmising the rest, for a long while now. After that, they'd have swallowed a little outfit like mine whole, but reserved it till last. I haven't talked it any for fear they'd elect me first. I was figuring to sell out and take my family out of the Sink."

Still later he said, "You make your own play. I'll back it."

A dark knot resolved itself into a group of saddled horses some quarter of a mile from the Castinado hacienda. There were perhaps a dozen animals tethered there.

"They've broke up into several parties and are coming up on all sides of the place at once, on foot," Jessup predicted.

They rode straight on. The old Castinado stronghold on the eminence above the village loomed black and forbidding against the sky. Not a light showed from it. It was probable that Hollister had received warning of the attack and had put out all lights, deploying his men in the darkness, Jessup reflected. He pictured them peering from behind the walls of the compound, grimly waiting, while the attacking forces closed in.

Then a voice from immediately in front of the two riders barked a command:

"Hands up! Another step and down goes the pair of you."

The girl and Jessup drew rein.

"I'm Sarah Lee Langford, and I'm going on up this hill," the girl said. "Jessup is with me. Don't try to stop us."

"But, Sarah Lee," the voice expostulated, "there's forty men closing in from all sides! We'll carry this place. Don't you bother."

"I'm going on up," she said. "You stay here. I know what I'm about."

She jumped her horse ahead beside Jessup's. The man called after her, warning her to be cautious. Those within earshot, believing that the daughter of the Langfords had come to lead the assault on the place in person, surged up the hill, expecting to be fired upon from the house at any second.

She called out Hollister's name, as she neared the house, so that his men would not believe Jessup and herself to be enemies and shoot. There was no answer. They flung from their horses before the veranda, crossed it swiftly and Jessup threw open the door. Still there was no answer to their calls. Sarah Lee plucked one of Jessup's guns from its holster.

"Strike a light, quick!" she ordered. "Then wake Hollister and bring him to me before those others get over the wall into the compound from behind."

She stood in the doorway as the foremost of those who raced up the hill on foot neared the veranda. Jessup had hastily lighted the big oil lamp in the living room and she stood outlined in the lighted doorway.

"Stop!" she ordered as the first two men arrived. "I'll kill the first man that sets foot on this veranda, and the next. Stand right where you are!" She repeated this as others arrived on the run, converging upon the lighted doorway. "I'll run this thing from now on," she said.

They stood about just off the veranda, uncomprehending. One or two voiced a question, which she neither heard nor answered. Her knees seemed too weak to support her and she extended her left hand to the doorcasing to steady herself.

Jessup's voice boomed throughout the house as he sought to rouse Hollister. At any moment she expected to hear the sound of fighting from the compound.

The gathering crowd before her became insistent in its demands to know what this meant.

"In a minute I'll tell you," she said. "Stand still!"

Then Jessup was standing behind her.

"Not a soul round the place," he announced. "They've got wind of this and ducked out. It's plum empty."

There came the sound of clattering boots from the compound. The rear door was thrown open and two men sprang into the room, only to lower their guns and stare stupidly at Jessup and the girl. Others crowded in from the compound. The girl turned away from the door.

"All right, you can come in now," she said.

She walked to one end of the long room and stood by a table, resting one hand upon it. Men continued to pour in from both front and rear.

"Now," said the girl, facing them, "what devil's business are you up to?" Without waiting for a reply, she hurried on: "But I know! You came as friends of my brother. But you rode sixty miles out of your way. You could have done your killing at home. It is Coulard and Slaven and the rest of them that's needing to be killed!"

Her voice, low at first, became high-pitched from the intensity of her utterance as the words tumbled forth. Many things she told them, and occasionally the men glanced sidewise at the face of some other.

"Hollister!" she exclaimed at last. "Why, it was Hollister who told me just what all this talk meant—for either him or my brother to be killed and the other one get the blame—and urged me to ride out to Quenemaro and warn him just what he'd hear!"

One man uttered a short scornful laugh, but it was immediately silenced as several others turned and gazed long at him, as if marking his identity so they would not forget.

"You men want to kill something," she said. "All right. Ever since I can remember, some Langford or other has been leading some faction in a fight. I'm the last Langford left. Now I'll lead one myself. You follow me and I'll lead you back to Rolavi and point out several subjects and you can do all the killing you please. I've only covered a hundred and twenty-odd miles in the saddle today. I'm good for another sixty. We'll start now, before this killing frenzy of yours all wears off."

She took a step from the table, but her knees refused longer to support her, and she sank to a chair. She was near the breaking point and knew that she was going to cry. But she still faced them, dry-eyed, and essayed to rise from her seat.

Jessup's big hand reached out and awkwardly patted her head as he faced the men.

"You all clear out," he said simply. "Go quiet!"

XX

AS HOLLISTER rode into Rolavi Wells at the head of his men, the darkness that had prevailed for the past three hours was lifting, giving way to the rays of the moon that was just swinging above the horizon.

The party split into two groups, leaving their horses some distance from Coulard's and advancing on foot. Farrel led three men to the rear of the Nugget. One man cared for each group of horses. Four others deployed themselves at intervals the length of the street, taking cover in the doorways of the long string of lodging quarters. Hollister held on toward the front entrance of Coulard's with the remaining three.

Judge Sloane, just emerging from the adobe building that served as both office and living quarters, which stood diagonally across the corner from Coulard's, observed the silent advance of this body of men. One after another, men dropped out to take cover in a doorway. Judge Sloane ducked hastily back within the shelter of his own darkened quarters.

Wharton, from his doorway, observed this movement. Another dim figure was moving toward Sloane's quarters; but as Wharton looked, it disappeared quite abruptly. Wharton could not hear the voice that hissed sharply from Sloane's window: "Slaven! Get under cover! They're on us—Hollister's men!"

He only knew that just as Hollister's men reached the front entrance of the Nugget some figure had faded into the gloom between Sloane's adobe office and the next building beyond.

Cole Webber sat in Coulard's rear office, the door of which was open. Coulard stood at the far end of the bar, where two miners were arguing. Cotton Moss sat at a table engaged in a game of solitaire. The stage company's agent, the blacksmith and the proprietor of the Rolavi livery, all of whom were nightly patrons, sat along the far wall with several other regulars. The games were unpatronized. Dealers idly practiced their art. The croupier at the roulette layout twirled his wheel and made mental bets against his own bank to amuse himself. The lookout sat upon his high stool a bit to the right and rear of the croupier. His sawed-off shotgun reposed on the shelf-like arm of his perch, from which it had not been lifted in menace for many a day.

Such was the indolent picture upon which Hollister and his men intruded. They filed swiftly inside, each man stepping aside to make room for his fellows. The rear door opened to admit Farrel and Crippen. Within a space of three seconds they were all in the room, and in the next second thereafter things happened simultaneously from all points at once.

Judge Sloane, from his window diagonally across from the Nugget, opened fire with a rifle upon the disappearing back of the last man to enter. The ball tugged at his ear and buried itself in the roulette layout at exactly the same instant that Webber, glancing up from whatever engaged his attention in Coulard's rear office, recognized Slack among those at the door and fired instantly from where he sat, shooting Slack through the shoulder. Even as Slack went down to his knees from the impact of the heavy ball, Webber leaped to close the office door, but pitched down upon his face as Hollister shot him through the body. His outstretched fingers groped for the door and he flung it shut, sprawling sidewise to get out of line of the heavy slugs that splintered through the door in search of him.

For a space of five seconds many shots crashed as one in the walled-in space. Moss had flung himself sidewise from his chair at the instant he recognized Crippen and Farrel entering the rear door. His first shot sounded simultaneously with those fired by Judge Sloane and Webber. Kneeling and firing beneath the heavy table that sheltered him, he shot Crippen three times through the body.

Crippen, standing, could see but little of his assailant; but until he died on his feet he shot steadily back at the few inches of Moss that were visible beneath the table, shattering both knees where they touched the adobe floor. Moss, his support thus undermined, toppled sidewise as Crippen died, exposing himself to Farrel, who shot him twice, even as Moss, bracing himself in a sitting position with one hand, fired once at Farrel and brought him down.

Coulard, recognizing Hollister even before Sloane's shot had sounded, dropped to one knee and was shooting round the far corner of the bar, only his gun arm and a third of his face exposed. Clawson and old man Whetzel opened on him at the same instant, the first two balls splintering the corner of the bar within an inch of his head. Coulard fired three consecutive shots, slicing a furrow in Hollister's cheek, breaking Whetzel's arm just below the shoulder and shooting Clawson through the fleshy part of the leg. Hollister, Clawson and Whetzel fired as one, and Coulard, shot twice through the head and with a third ball ranging the length of his forearm, slid out from behind the corner of the bar.

The lookout, at first minded to take no part in a brawl that was no business of his, saw his proprietor go into action and knew it was a house affair, so he lifted the sawed-off shotgun from its shelf. Slack, from the kneeling posture to which the shock of Webber's ball had toppled him, observed the move and shot the lookout between the eyes. He toppled forward from his lofty perch, discharging both barrels of the weapon into the pounded adobe floor as he fell.

Webber had regained his feet and darted out the back door of Coulard's office.

"Hands up!" a voice ordered.

Webber died as he had lived, casually, sardonically. He laughed and shot his opponent dead, then went down shooting steadily back at the flashes of a gun that opened from the gloom and laid him low. None of the participants in this affray were men to waste lead in a moment of crisis. Nearly every shot had found a mark. In less than ten seconds from the time Sloane's rifle had barked it was over.

For a very brief span the room jarred under the walled-in roar of the guns. Then, suddenly, ears that still throbbed with the concussion were assailed by an equally portentous silence. It seemed that no man even breathed. The sound of a burnt match dropping to the earthen floor would now have crashed discordantly upon taut nerves, so swift was the transition. A heavy pall of powder smoke drifted hazily, acrid and bitter to the nostrils, stinging the eyeballs of those who peered through it. The two miners stood with their backs to the bar, their hands elevated, emulating the example set by the various gamekeepers. The patrons against the wall sat very still. Then Hollister spoke:

"You-all needn't poke your hands in the air thataway. This ain't any hold-up. Can't a man come into town for a frolic without getting himself shot at on sight—just because he's a sheepman? One man shot at Slack's back from outside as we come in the door, and another party opened from that back office and shot him through the shoulder. Another one, that fellow back there"—indicating Moss—"killed two men before they'd hardly set foot inside the back door. It must be because sheepmen ain't welcome in town here. That's the only guess I can make. But if we wasn't going to get killed to the last man in cold blood, we was just crowded into doing an odd bit of shooting ourselves by way of self-defense."

No one spoke. Hands were slowly lowered. Men breathed again. Farrel, merely stunned by the last hasty shot fired by Moss, the ball having creased his temple, now rose and looked about him. Blood coursed down Hollister's chin from the rent in his cheek and dripped to the floor.

(Continued on Page 92)

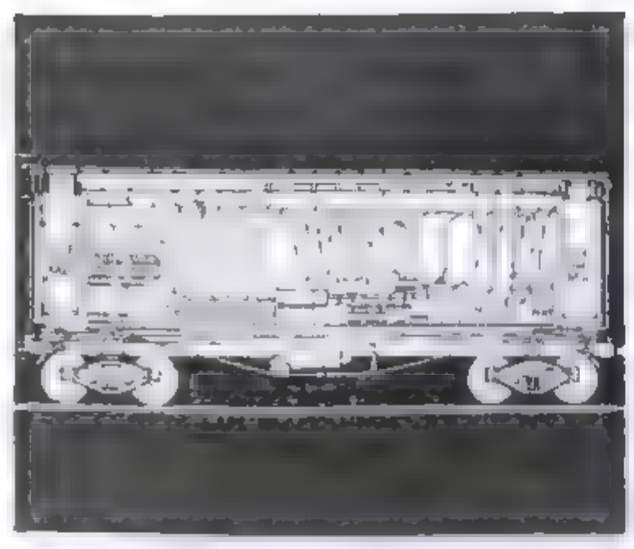
SWIFT

—a food service

A BIT of artificial winter follows Swift meats every step of their way to you. How constant refrigeration is maintained, even on wheels, is one of the most interesting chapters in this story of a food service

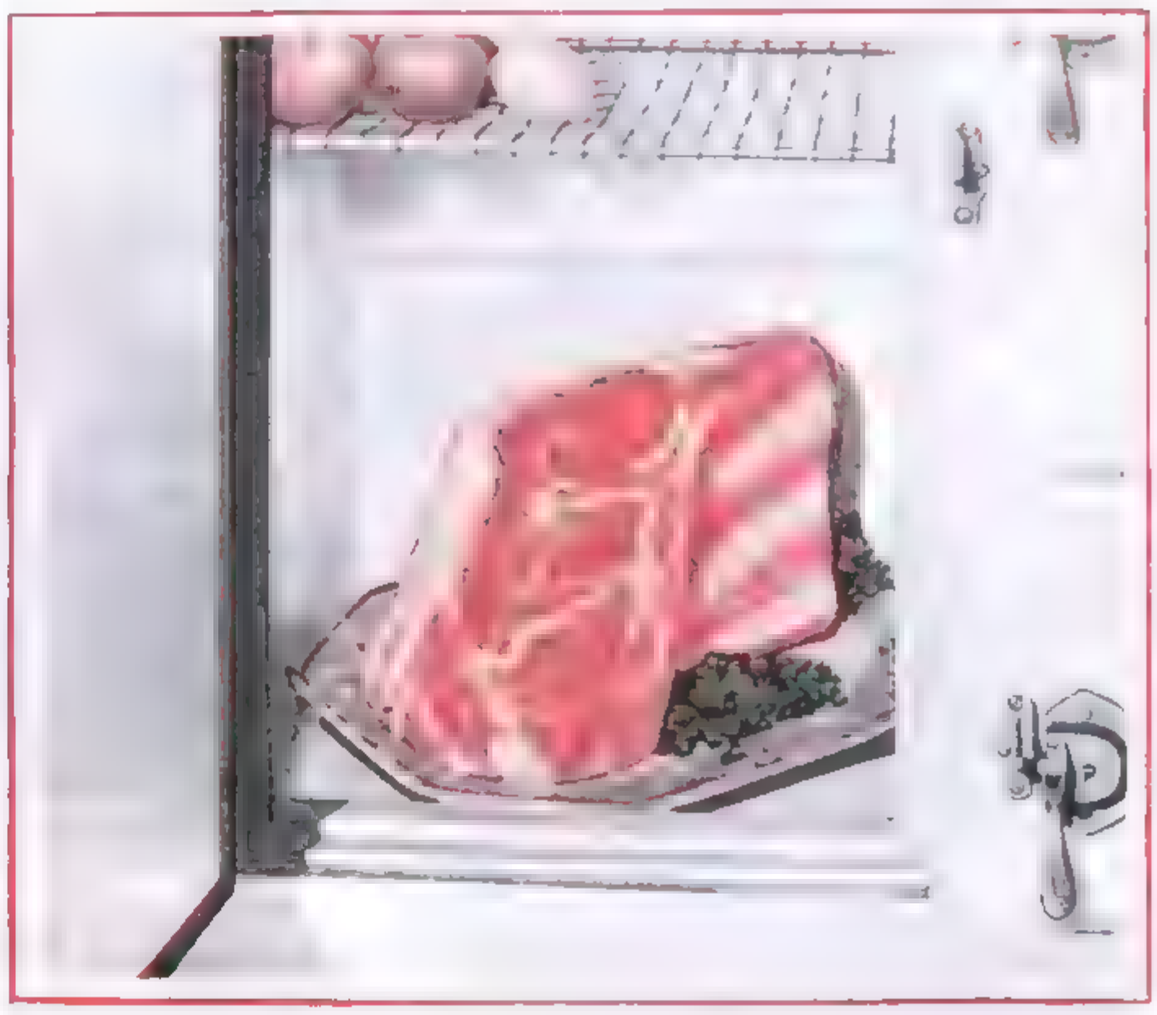
1 Immediately after it is dressed, meat is placed in clean, airy coolers. The temperature chills but does not freeze the meat

2 Meat is carried from the cooling room into refrigerator cars



3 Swift refrigerator cars are ice-boxes on wheels. They are re-iced so as to keep the products in perfect condition during the journey

4 Here, in the branch house cooling room, your retail meat dealer selects meat for his customers



YOUR juicy beef roast, steak or lamb roast owes its goodness not only to selection and preparation, but to the exacting care with which it is brought to you.

From the time meat is first hung in the cooling rooms of Swift & Company to the time it is delivered to your retail meat dealer, it must be kept at the right degree of temperature.

Swift & Company has the experienced men, the scientific knowledge, and the equipment which this requires.

Vital services, such as the one described here, are performed by Swift & Company for an average profit from all sources of only a fraction of a cent a pound—a profit which has no appreciable effect on prices paid to the live-stock producer or by the consumer.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

DOWN THE STRETCH

By Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell

Earl Sande Finishing One of the Most Brilliant Rides of His Career by Pushing J. S. Ward's Four-Year-Old Colt, Worthmore, Over the Line in the Six-Furlong Paumonok Handicap at the Jamaica Race Track, Long Island

I HAVE intimated that Mr. Sinclair was a fast worker. You will get a good idea of this speed when I tell you that after his first plunge into racing he had the fever so strong it began to run through his mind that we ought to go the full distance by taking up the breeding end of the game. Can you beat that? Here the 100 per cent baseball man had first made a casual trip to the races, profited on a few selections of mine, bought a half interest in one horse, branched out to be part owner of an elaborate racing stable and now had a hankering to polish the whole experience off by becoming a breeder of Thoroughbeds.

I had almost sensed this coming. It is the way of all men who have the sporting instinct and the money to dabble around with horses. I had seen William C. Whitney go through the same experience. Charlie Kohler had been through it. E. E. Smathers was an example of it. When the Thoroughbred gets into their blood they can't wait until they have a string of their own and can pick out their own colors in the jumble of colors that move around the track. And when this longing has been satisfied there is always the next step—the desire to send horses to the post that have been bred on their own farm. It was ever so.

A Case of Thoroughbred Fever

"I THINK we ought to buy the Rancocas Farm," was the sudden way Mr. Sinclair put it to me one day when the breeding germ had taken such a grip on his system that there was no cure.

I'll admit I was staggered. Rancocas! The great establishment which Pierre Lorillard had developed at Jobstown, New Jersey, a half century before, when I was a kid going around to the quarter tracks with my father and Red Morocco and the others in his modest string! The home of Dewdrop, Wanda, Pontiac and many others whose names were glorious in the history of the turf; a great estate of 1244 acres, of which 1000 were in grass; and its stables for every breeding purpose, and its broad paddocks, some of them covering 100 acres; and its fifty acres of deer park and its swimming pools and the training track one mile and five-eighths in length.

When I thought of the bigness of the idea my mind went back to the days in Missouri and Kansas and Kentucky, and I could picture the little old barn that housed our horses, a tumbly affair at its best, though clean and immaculate, and I could see Vincent Hildreth, my father, and my brothers working round the stalls and giddaping the horses here and there as they made the straw beds for the night.

"I'll tell the world you're no piker," I managed to observe after a spell of thinking. But Mr. Sinclair paid no attention.

"And I think we can do a lot to improve it. I've already been down there to look it over and it needs plenty of fixing up. But that's easy; all you need is a crew of carpenters and plasterers and plumbers and an architect and an engineer or two. And I think a few more buildings are needed. Then when we have everything shipshape we'll buy up a lot of brood mares, and it will be a fine place to send Grey Lag and Purchase and Lucullite and Mad Hatter when their racing days are over."

And can you beat that? Not only buy Rancocas but spend a fortune on it in improvements! I began making a mental tabulation of the money I had in bank and figuring how far it would go in standing this kind of gaff. The old bank roll had been hit pretty hard now and then in my years of racing, but I could see where it was going to receive its worst wallop. I added and subtracted and divided and multiplied until I began to get cross-eyed. It was too much banking for me; I was getting dizzy as well as cross-eyed.

"What's all this going to stand us?" I finally blurted out. But Mr. Sinclair went right on, ignoring my practical question:

"And then in a couple of years we'll have our own horses to send to the post, the horses we raised on our own farm."

"What's the bill going to be?" I broke in.

"I think we'd better call ourselves the Rancocas Stable; that will be an appropriate name for a stable racing the horses bred at Rancocas Farm."

"How much?"

"I've always had a leaning toward white and green. We'll have to have white and green in our racing colors."

Rancocas Stable Then and Now

"NAME the cost; you know what I mean—say something about what I'll have to chip in to do all this. Slip it to me in dollars and cents, if you know what I mean." This in a feeble voice from me.

"And another thing about white is that you can always see it so plainly. Now I think white is much more sensible than, say, a dark purple or a brown; and the green speaks of the outdoors and grass and things. And when we get going I can ——"

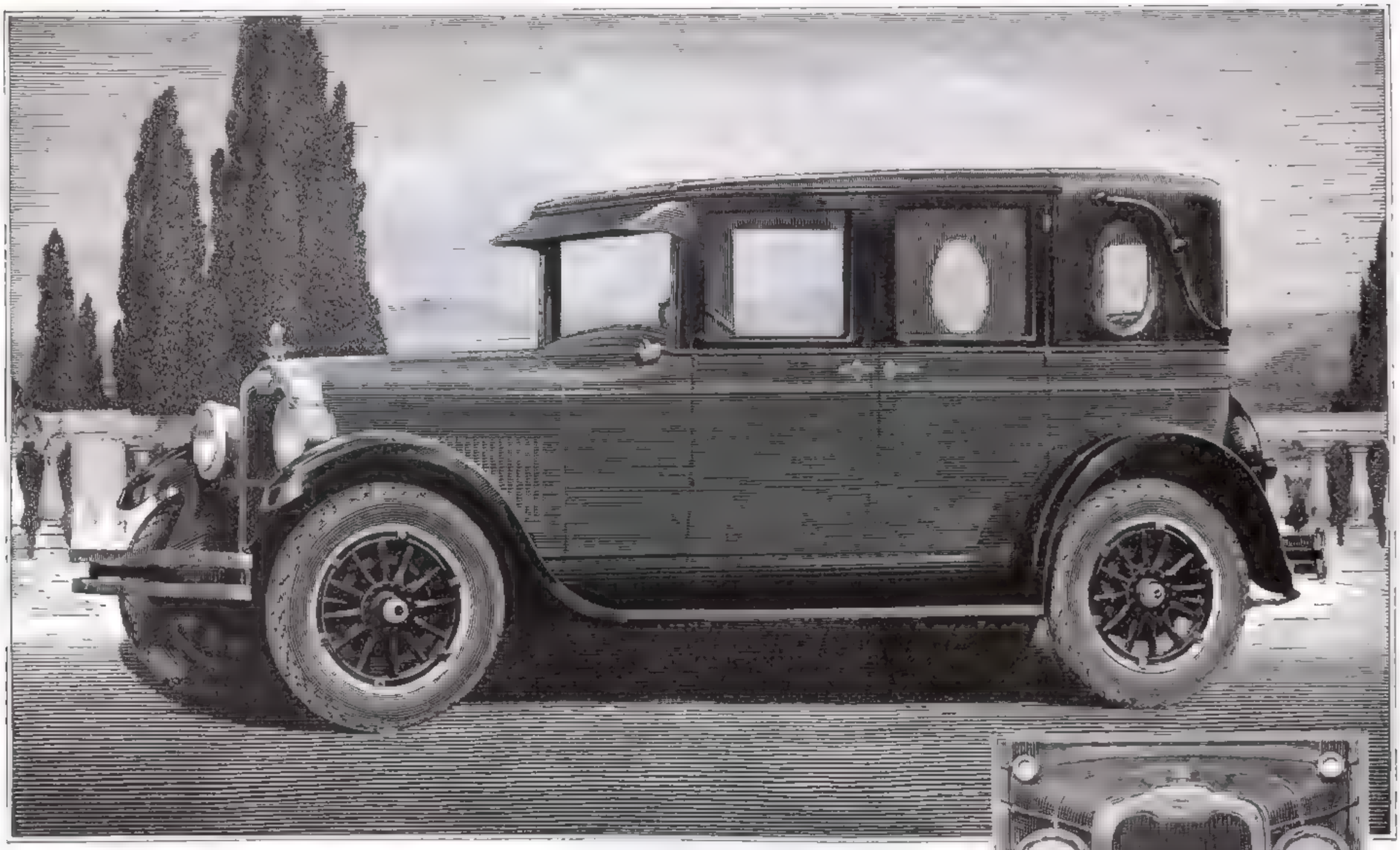
I threw up my hands. The speed of this thing had gone to my brain.

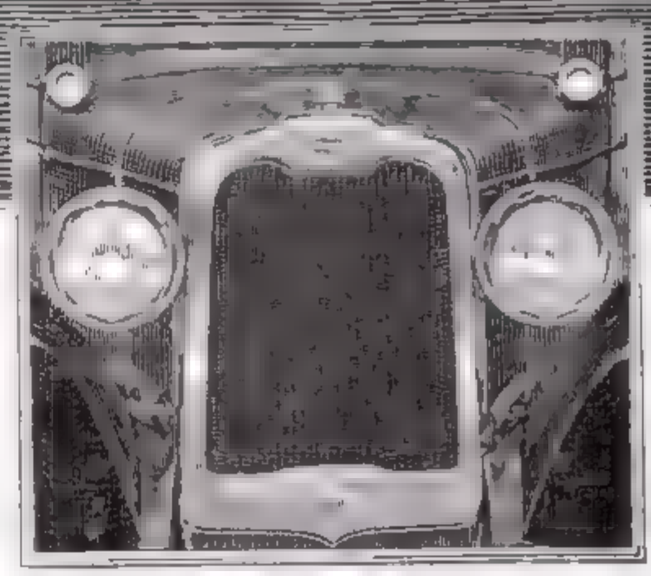
"Yeh, I like white too, and there's nothing quite so green as green; and Purchase and Grey Lag ought to make humdingers in the stud; and I think we ought to have a big indoor track where we can train the horses when the weather is too bad to work them out in the open; and I know where we can get some brood mares; and if you lime the paddocks once every so often it makes the grass sweeter for the mares and their foals; and it's just a question of getting enough men to work on the place, plenty of stablemen to keep the stalls perfect and plenty of exercise boys to gallop the horses; and if those carpenters don't do a good job we'll fire them and get new ones; and it'll be such a fine place for Buster and the other dogs; I think I'll spend my winters there, and—say, what's this all about anyway?"

So we bought Rancocas as was and made it as is. And for the first time since my early boyhood I was back in the breeding end of racing.

(Continued on Page 36)

Bonham, the Exercise Boy, Giving Papyrus, the English Derby Winner, a Workout With His Stablemate, Bargold, at Belmont Park Track





Announcing

SMART NEW MOTOR CARS

Beautiful new bodies by Fisher, handsome new radiator, striking color combinations in permanent Duco Finish and long, low lines, combine style, beauty and distinction absolutely unequaled in Oakland's type or price class.

THE HARMONIC BALANCER

An exclusive engineering development which renders the Oakland Six engine positively unmatched in the absence of vibration at all speeds. *This is but one of many important engine and chassis improvements.*

MUCH LOWER PRICES

Which, combined with the advanced design and unequaled performance of the car, single out this new Oakland Six as the preferred investment in its field.

Motorists everywhere will be talking about this latest Oakland Six—its irresistible beauty—its incomparable smoothness—its outstanding value. Remember, despite its many improvements, the prices are *much lower*. Be among the first to see and drive this new car—now on display in Oakland dealers' showrooms.

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 34)

But the fears I'd had in our first conversation were realized. The bills were coming in too fast to suit; I was in over my head. There was the item of the indoor track, three-eighths of a mile around, the only one I know of in the country; and there were innumerable other items, running up to $1,000,000 and more. It was all too much of a burden for me, and I told Mr. Sinclair so. I told him there was nothing I liked better than to live close to my horses and to have every modern appliance at hand to produce the finest kind of Thoroughbred, but that this sort of thing was a little beyond me. In our speed I don't think Mr. Sinclair had reckoned on that. So we revised our arrangement. I sold my interest in the farm and the stock to him and became the general manager of both.

You of today are familiar with the history of the success of the Rancocas Stable; it is all so recent and there has been so much in the papers about it. In four years of campaigning we have won about $1,200,000 in purses, an average of $300,000 a season. And there is the record year of 1923, Zev's year, when the stable's earnings were $439,000, the largest amount ever won by a single stable, and the winnings of Zev alone totaled $272,000.

Zev (Nearest Camera) and His Stablemate Working Out at High Speed on the Belmont Park Track for His Race Against Papyrus

Running in a Selling Race

YOU have heard before this that Zev, with his total winnings of $313,639, has passed far beyond any other horse of today or other days in the amount of earnings, and that he was the hero of the most talked of race the world has ever known, his match with the English Derby winner Papyrus. But there are some things you don't know about the performances of this famous horse, the son of The Finn and Miss Kearney, by Planudes, for they have been known to very few persons. And it is these things I am going to relate now, after telling of just one other incident that occurred in 1921, in the days when we were organizing the establishment that was to have so much good fortune.

The Rancocas Stable had no monopoly on turf fixtures then and has not now most certainly not this year, with our famous old campaigners doing stud duty and the flu holding our horses back all through the early part of the season. When you talk about success, it's so easy to give the impression that you're boasting, and I don't mean it that way. There have been many others to give us a good fight over every inch of the ground; fellows who are too game to haul down their colors and admit defeat. Harry Payne Whitney is one who has pressed us every foot of the way, and once in the past four years he has led us under the wire with his earnings for the season. Rancocas has not been the only stable on the American turf, not by a long shot. You are simply hearing more of Rancocas here because this is the story of my experiences and Rancocas is my stable.

In the early part of 1921 the Eastern racing folks saw a horse named Morvich make his first appearance in a cheap race at Jamaica. Morvich, a son of Runnymede, romped off with his first race by something like fifteen lengths, leaving the rest of the field so far behind that you had to look down the track to find them when he passed under the wire. Now it is always a deceptive thing when a real good horse makes his bow in a cheap race, as sometimes happens. It stamps him as not being thought much of by his owners, and the public has a hard time forgetting that he has carried that mark. Max Hirsch got Morvich from the Spreckels Stable for $4350 and soon sold him to Fred Burlew for $4500. It was when Burlew, my old partner of the Guttenberg days, had Morvich that he beat one of my own horses in a selling race; I think it was Brush Boy. While they were throwing the blanket over the winner after the race I walked over to Burlew and gave him a warning.

"Don't you ever run that horse in another selling race, Fred," I said, "because if you do I'm going to lead him away from you sure as the sun shines."

"Well, you'll have plenty of chances to do it," Fred replied. "I'm going to run him in lots of selling races."

Back in the clubhouse, I told some friends that to see Morvich in a selling race reminded me of something that had happened when I was a boy riding for Mr. Pritchard at the Vinita track in Oklahoma, the only race course I've ever known of that was owned and operated by Indians. One day a leader of the tribe, a fellow who was much feared, won a selling race with a good horse, but refused to let his horse go up at auction. They told him that it was the rules of racing that a horse running in a selling race must be sold to the highest bidder, if there were any bidders. He didn't care anything about racing rules or anything else; they weren't going to offer his horse for sale, and that was that; and he wasn't the right kind of an Indian to argue with. So one of the officials of the track, himself a redskin, went to the judges' stand and rang a big dinner bell to attract the attention of the crowd.

"No sale this horse! No sale this horse!" he announced, and that was all there was to it.

Morvich, Kentucky Derby Winner

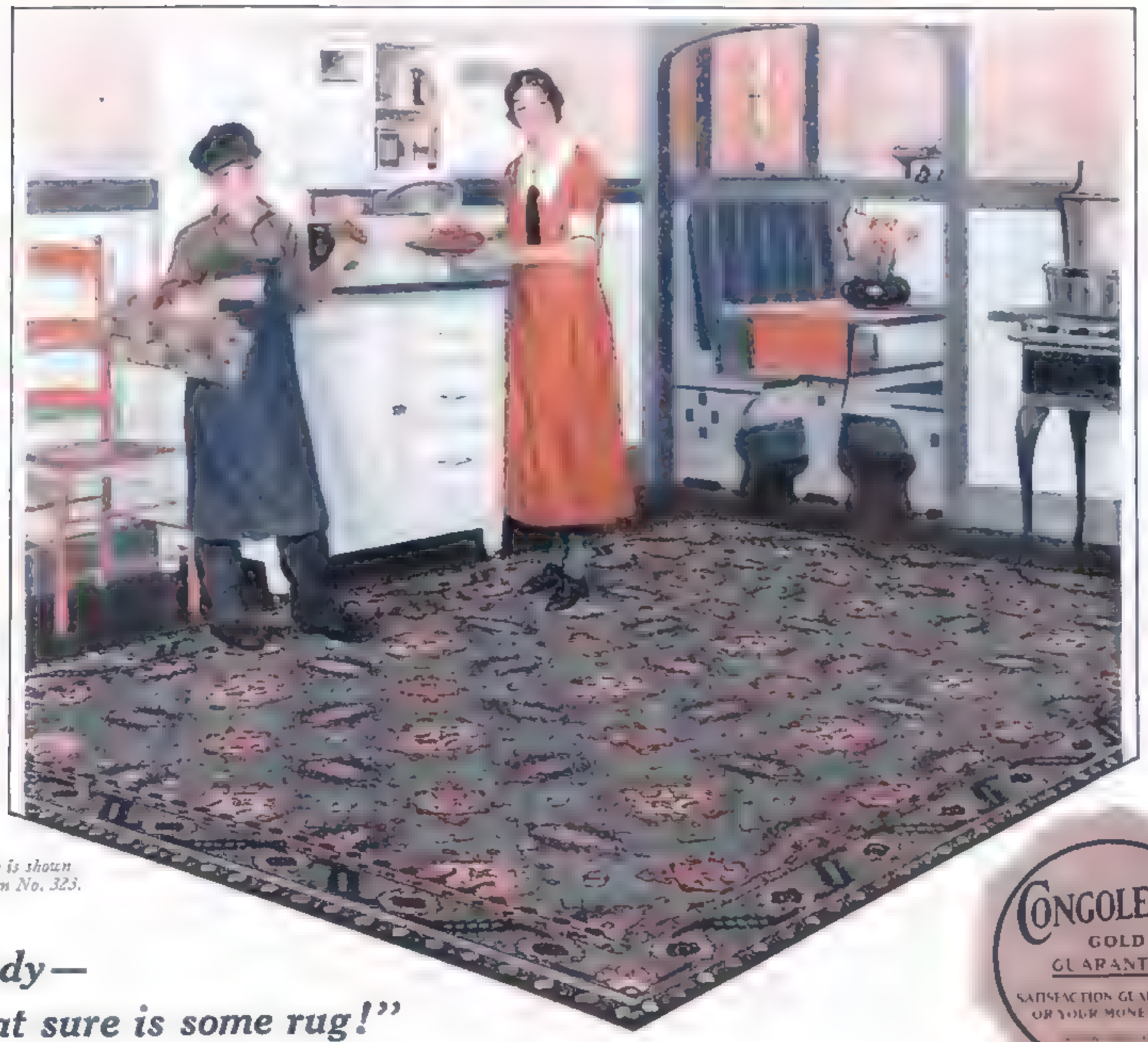
"IF FRED BURLEW runs Morvich in another selling race, he'll need an Indian with a dinner bell to save him from my halter," I told my listeners.

But it never became necessary for Burlew to seek the services of an Indian to protect Morvich from joining the Rancocas string. Soon afterward he sold a half interest in the son of Runnymede to Benjamin Block and they raced under the name of the B & B Stable. Morvich continued winning every race he went after, meeting a better class of horses as he went. And late in July of that year his value had increased to the point where Fred became worried over the responsibility of owning even a half interest in so exceptional a horse. He sold his interest to his partner, but continued to train Morvich. The price paid by Block was supposed to have been $37,500.

Morvich was the champion two-year-old of 1921, going through the season without a defeat. He became the favorite for the Kentucky Derby of 1922 and Block bet a fortune on him in the winter books, getting the usual good odds offered in future betting. And Morvich won. Block

A Field of Two-Year-Olds at Barrier on Rancocas Training Track

(Continued on Page 146)



Above is shown pattern No. 323.

"Lady— that sure is some rug!"

Everyone likes Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs. They've such harmonious colors, such artistic designs.

And you'll like, too, their variety of patterns—matched in no other low-priced floor-covering. Dainty floral effects, clean-cut tiles and wood-blocks, rich, fascinating Chinese and Oriental reproductions—there's a Congoleum Rug pattern suited to any room in the house.

Waterproof—Durable

Only the best of materials, the most up-to-date methods of manufacture, are employed in the making of these modern rugs. Sturdy, waterproof, sanitary, the bright, cheerful patterns will smile back at you under the most gruelling service.

Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat without any fastening—never wrinkle at the edges or corners. And their seamless, smooth surface can be cleaned in a jiffy with just a light mopping.

Ask yourself where else you can get all these advantages along with the well-known *Gold-Seal* money-back guarantee which is pasted on the face of every rug.

Exceptional Value

In no other smooth-surfaced floor-covering will you secure such value for so little money! For Congoleum Rugs are very low in price. They are made in all the popular sizes up to 9 x 15 feet.

Write for free booklet showing all the patterns.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

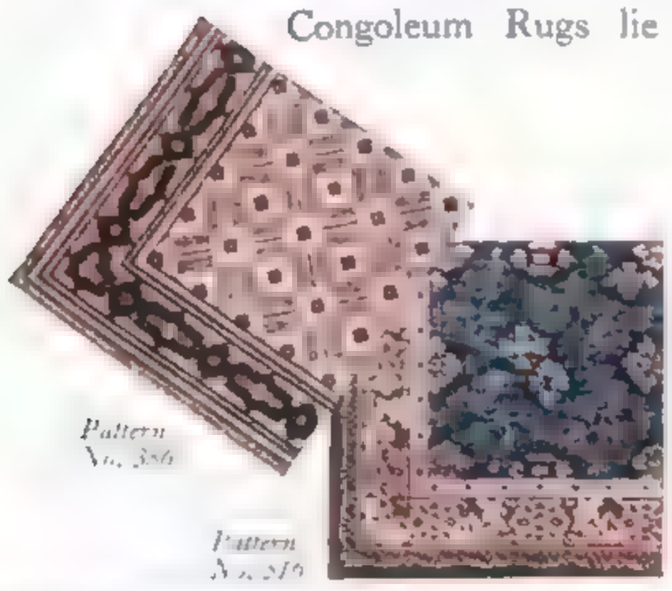
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

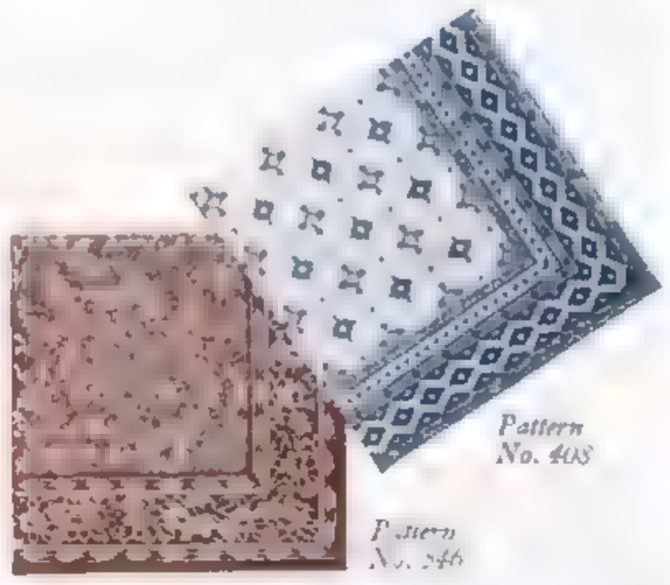
If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.



Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 340

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS
—Look for the Gold Seal—



Pattern No. 408

Pattern No. 346

IMPROMPTU CON BRIO

(Continued from Page 17)

"A tub," said the inextinguishable Volley. "A new wooden tub. It is to be thirty inches wide at the top. Twenty-four at the bottom. It is to be fifteen inches deep inside. It is to be boiled out and sterilized before entering."

Stannard presented an unbroken front.

"All right, all right; anything."

"At exactly eight o'clock," said Volley, looking at his watch which indicated noon, "the tub is to be filled with water, of exactly one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit. Within precisely three inches of the top! And—listen attentively, my friend—you are to contrive, one way or another, to keep the water at exactly this temperature for fifteen minutes!"

"At the end of fifteen minutes what am I to do with it?"

"Throw it away," said the matter-of-fact Volley, with a gesture to match. "You begin to apprehend, my friend, that tickling the keys of a piano is not all there is to virtuosity."

"I begin to apprehend," said Stannard. "Is there any more?"

"Now you will depart and discover your carpenter and joiner. At two you will return, and we will test the acoustics of the house."

The obedient Stannard departed in a daze. It now having developed that the temperature of the piano agreed with that of the circumambient atmosphere, Volley laid out his tools and proceeded to question, with the air of an incurable heckler, the pitch of every single and double string on the frame. He lifted the whole again and again, by infinitesimal degree, like an ant crawling uphill, to that harsh strident pitch which, the world over, sophisticated connoisseurs of music had come to identify as Borodine. It wasn't Borodine at all. It was this piano, with Volley to draw it up to the snapping point. Standing there at the keyboard, his head inclined listening, in the dusk of the empty theater, like a caged tiger, Volley struck chords, ran through little breathless cadenzas that paused for fear almost before they were begun. When he got this piano just right he could meditate on all his wrongs, picking them out one by one with his fingers on the ivory keys. He harped on a single string until the air seemed ready to snap with pent-up tone. He imagined himself someone else, preferably Borodine, whom he hated to the last drop of his blood. He wove the myth of it, with fingers that led, not followed. They brought up armies out of the depths, foot, horse and dragoons, with the roll of drums, the muttering of feet, the clink of hoofs; bugles pealed, bands played, guns boomed. All *sotto voce* and very far away—moving farther and farther offstage, as the rapt Volley stood there erect, staring into space; his long arms so long that his hands could span the keyboard, and his little body so short that one would have thought at first glance, there in the half dark, that he was sitting down. Finally the music died away and he did sit down. His head fell over on the piano, and he may have slept, or wept, while his vision moved on farther and farther away in dreams. Volley was only a piano tuner; but when he got this piano just right he was quite as crazy as Borodine himself ever felt privileged to be, but not so violent.

After a time he woke up and his fingers wandered into the Andante Cantabile. The air dripped with the beauty of it. Stannard was coming in, and he was about to stamp the snow off his shoes—for the storm was drifting now and getting worse with every gust—but he held himself breathless. He softly closed the door behind him, and crept forward to the wings, like a thief stealing something. Stannard was a musician almost, as we say, but not quite, to the finger tips. He knew. He trembled. He cowered. He was conscious of a curious levitating bewilderment. He found himself thinking abjectly of himself. For such is the spell of great music that it humbles its hearers, each in tune with his darling sorrow. The last phrase tapered into nothing. That thing had been written for strings—an ensemble; but this one piano told the whole story. The sudden stillness was even more emotional, to the overwrought Stannard, than the sound.

The piano began to speak again. It was one of the trick notes Volley hid among the double strings, one string slightly de-tuned to produce a throb in a sustained tone. Borodine used this trick with devastating effect on his audiences. He was harping on the recurring phrase of the Kreisleriana now, building it up, holding it, pausing in mid-syllable, withholding the last word to the point of pain.

The shrewd Stannard shook himself, got back his balance.

"Bilked!" he gasped. It was—it must be—it couldn't be anybody else. Borodine! Borodine himself!

Could anyone mistake it? Could anyone else make a piano throb, throb! Stannard felt miserable, abased himself. He had made a fool of himself before the master. With Borodine laughing up his sleeve, doubtless, all the time.

What was this that he had heard? That Borodine beat his wife before he played? That he treated her with the utmost cruelty, brought her to tears of agony, so that he, Borodine, could thread his way—through remorse—over the paths of all the emotions? They said he never played except in remorse. Well, Stannard could understand—this cataclysm of emotion! This man was sitting there in the gloom, eyes tight shut. Now he was talking, to someone unseen, over the top of the footlights.

"There is no one as great as the Borodine," said the pianist in a monotone that would be perfectly audible to the front rows. "It will be a great pity to let the Borodine die," said the pianist. "There will never be another Borodine!"

It was only poor Volley, living the only moment he could ever snatch out of life now, pretending he was Borodine. He always did it whenever the piano was just right, and he was sure he was alone in an empty house, where he could send out music to rumble and roar and throb on the empty air. Sometimes he would play Borodine's program all through. He did now. He was in the middle of the inevitable Fantasy when the tender ears of the exalted Stannard caught the thump of muffled footsteps, someone trying the knob of the rear door. Horrified at the interruption, Stannard flitted like a shadow among the lumber backstage, drew open the door, and finding a giantic bewhiskered person there he put up his hands, crying "Hush! Hush! He plays!"

Prince Galochek said in his childish voice, "Are you the little fellow? Yes, I see now. Well, I have something here that will strangle you. Am I to be held outside?"

Stannard drew the door shut after him, and led the way to the basement portico. But even there the protection, to tell the truth, was very sketchy. The storm was getting so thick that the Hudson, which lay just under the railroad embankment, was blotted out of sight. Galochek produced his letter. It was from Merlin, Borodine's most recent manager. It proposed quite logically that if Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband would cancel the blizzard Borodine would deem it a high honor to open the lady's private theater this evening. It was a roundabout way—not too far around—of informing the lady that Borodine would not risk his nose out of doors this day.

Stannard read it, and studied the bearer.

"Are you a friend of Borodine?" he asked.

"Alas, yes!" cried the giant. "Am I not beholden to his bounty?"

"Then you would know him if you saw him?" said Stannard, pinning him with a look. "Here," he said, "dust yourself off. Now come with me quietly."

"What am I to see that I must dust myself off for it?"

"The great Borodine himself!" cried Stannard dramatically.

"Tut! Have I not been returned from town at once to tell you ——"

"Come," ordered Stannard.

He opened the door on a crack. A gust of the Fantasy came through. His eyes glistened; and he thrust the whiskered giant inside and shut him in. Then he himself dashed around to the engine room, and up the little companionway, and stuck his head through, backstage, not ten feet from the piano. Volley was still playing. With an agility that must have been extraordinary, Prince Galochek had already crossed the stage, and placed a chair and seated himself behind Volley. Now he was studying a slip of paper, none other than that terrifying list of invited guests for the evening. He was so deep in study, rubbing his whiskers into his chin, that he had the air of having been there a long time. And Volley—Volley was so deep in a Chopin *lento* passage now, that he had no idea anyone else was near. He said in his deep-drinking voice to the baby diffuser: "There is no one else. The Borodine stands alone!"

The prince glanced up from his paper impatiently, then down to it again. He gazed out into the empty house. He shook his head, like one in great sorrow. How to disperse such a conclave!

Volley came to himself with a shudder. Recognizing the dean of the piano lifters, he sprang up to enunciate abysmal reproof.

But the prince was not now in a cringing mood. He took Volley firmly by the two lapels and returned him to his bench. And he cried ferociously: "So you are at it again, eh? Aping the Borodine!"

Volley sank, limp. Here was his secret laid bare; he was a secret drunkard of music. No one knew he could play like Borodine. No one knew he dared to pretend, in these wild moments, that he was the Borodine, when he had an empty house to himself and the piano just right.

Galochek drew Volley to him and hissed consonants in his ear. Volley's face was a weird study in slow motion. It changed from astonishment to rage, to fear, to despair; it became blank, idiotic; it lighted up with a sort of guttering hope; then became altogether wretched. Galochek shook the magic paper before his eyes. The people who were going to attend! The prince continued to speak. Occasionally Volley pivoted his head on his neck, like a ventriloquist's dummy, and stared at Galochek. Stannard, peering over the rim of his hole in the floor like a rat, could not get the words, which were mostly Russian. But he got the drift of it. After a time he thought he had enough to take away with him and think over, and he withdrew softly, leaving the pair still at it.

The Prince had arisen and was addressing himself forensically to the empty seats. He had become as crazy as Volley.

II

STANNARD at the door of Mrs. Billy's sitting room paused for an instant to rearrange his features. Then stepping past the maid, with every outward semblance of pleasurable excitement, he exclaimed, "I have a triumph in store for you!"

It still lacked twenty minutes of five o'clock. Mrs. Billy was not permitted to hear, see, speak or even think evil during this, her Hour of Composure prescribed by her beauty specialist as a daily regimen. Agitating considerations were banished from the boudoir of her mind, such as her thirty-two trunks being packed for the voyage; or the gala opening of her little theater; or the blizzard that was knitting a skein against the pane.

She turned a marble calm on her husband's man of affairs.

This witty, captivating creature, with a husband indolently rich, and scruples not so particular as to be annoying, had always won what she wanted by her versatile vivacity. But as she approached forty, the age of prophecy, it became evident that youth, as the dour sage said, is merely time lost if one does not hoard it; that even a baby skin pays toll to smiles and ardent looks; even floss crinkles and cracks if it is folded too many times on itself. So Mrs. Billy had abruptly changed her method of attack. Thenceforth, instead of painting her words with a witchery of April moods, she assumed a mask of Olympian calm, which in men is called the poker face. In other words, she let the other fellow do the wrinkling muscular part of thinking.

Borodine did the same thing in a different way. He would feed his audience a little phrase, then pause to let them think it out for themselves. That pause conveyed something beyond words or even music. It achieved results with an economy of material. All great artists arrive at a time when they economize. So with Mrs. Billy. She now implied the fires within.

"I have been exploring the unfathomed caves of ocean," cried Stannard poetically. "And I have found the gem of purest ray serene!"

She accorded him a lifted eyebrow. He sat down on a stool beside her.

"I have found the *bel canto* of the pianoforte," he said, sinking his tones to a dramatic whisper.

Mrs. Billy closed her eyes for a moment as she said, "Mixed metaphors—mental indigestion, Stanny. Be fluid."

"Suppose I bring you a super-Borodine—to unveil with your own hands," cried Stannard in an ecstasy. He rushed on: "I think he carries his piano to bed with him, like a secret drunkard with his bottle. He hides his genius from the world. He reserves it for himself and the angels!" Under his lowered lids he was covertly watching the effect.

"And you want me to be his angel, Stanny!"

"I have just now come from him! I stood in the wings and listened!" Stannard was carried away by the glory of his moment. "Now."

"Now?" said Mrs. Billy, half rising to a sitting posture before she recollected.

"Now. Here!" said he, nodding.

"Here?" she asked, looking around.

"In the theater!"

"Oh, you have heard Borodine rehearsing. They say he rehearses his house."

"No!" said Stannard expansively. "Not Borodine. This one is greater than Borodine, even as Borodine is greater than all the others. He does not have to beat his wife to lash his emotions to remorse. Listen!"

He told it all, in a whisper, from the moment when on tiptoe he crept in on the Andante Cantabile.

Mrs. Billy, who, like all rich women, had been gulled into floating many a leaky craft on the sea of art, shook her head.

"Impossible!" she said. "Genius does not grow on bushes."

"I know!" said Stannard with so much fervor that she turned and surveyed him for a long moment.

"Yes, I think you do, Stanny," she said. "But what of it?"

"Discover him! Give him to the world! Be his patron!"

"When we come back from Europe, maybe. We will see. He can limber up for his début."

"Three months won't do. It must be now!" His eyes blazed. "Tonight!" he cried. "There never was such an artist. Give him the audience he deserves! There never was such an occasion!"

She thought him gone insane.

"I have Borodine," she said gently.

The clock struck five, releasing the parole.

(Continued on Page 41)

POSTUM

all the wholesome flavor of the golden grain — no wonder 2,000,000 families prefer it!

WHOLE wheat and bran—these two make Postum! No wonder it is liked above all other drinks in so many homes—for wheat is the best-liked of foods! Since the early days of the world, men have depended on it for health and energy—it has been the staff of life! Now, in Postum, by roasting the golden grains to bring out their full richness and flavor, wheat becomes the basis of a *drink*—a drink which has all the zest and wholesomeness of the grain itself!

This is the drink your whole family can enjoy together, every meal of the day, with no fear of ill consequences! You don't have to deny it to the children! Naturally, Postum is just as good for them as for anyone else. It is particularly nourishing when made with hot milk. Think! They get all the valuable qualities of milk, *plus* the elements of body-building grain! And they like it instantly—even the children who don't care for milk—because it has the rich, full-bodied Postum flavor. How good it is for them—how easy to digest!

And Postum is so easy to prepare—Instant Postum particularly. All you need is boiling water (or hot milk for the children) poured over Instant Postum in the cup, and stirred. In a moment it is completely dissolved, ready for sugar and cream. Served hot or iced, it is a supremely good drink every day in the year!

Doesn't it seem foolish—just a little shortsighted—to continue your mealtime indulgence in the harmful stimulant caffein, when you can so easily have a delicious, *wholesome* drink like Postum? Especially when you know, from what you have seen and from what physicians everywhere agree, that caffein is the contributory cause of so much sleeplessness, nervousness, headache, indigestion—and even more serious ailments! There doesn't seem any excuse, does there—particularly as Postum costs much less—only one-half cent a cup!

Millions have benefited by changing to Postum! We don't ask you to do it blindly. We want you to make a test—a test which we believe will mean much to the health and happiness of you and your family! Accept the offer of Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to start you on your test by giving you, free, your first week's supply.

"In addition, I want to send you my own directions for preparing Postum. It is mighty easy to prepare, but in serving it to over 500,000 people, as I have, I have learned some things which I believe will be interesting to you. I will tell you, too, how to make Iced Postum—a delicious, refreshing, wholesome beverage for warm days.

"Please tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get your first week's supply right away."

TRY IT—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. S.E.P. 7-26

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

[illegible]

Name

Street

City

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

©1926, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Unharmed by Sun or Sand or Spray

DUCO finish on your car will prove an unmarred delight.

The sun's burning rays will not "tan" DUCO. Salt air or spray will not harm it, nor flying sand scour away its lasting beauty.

And DUCO is easier to clean and to keep clean. Dirt and even caked mud are easily washed away. Just rubbing with a cloth removes dust without injury and brightens DUCO so that its rich lustre becomes even more beautiful as time goes on.

New or old, your car deserves DUCO

Insist on the genuine when you buy. Finished with DU PONT DUCO *Insist on the genuine when you refinish.*

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J. FLINT, MICH.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto

What DUCO is:

... unlike anything else. It is DUCO, the beautiful, life-long finish . . . created and made *only* by du Pont.

• • •

DUCO cannot be hand-brushed but must be applied by a spray-gun. It dries almost instantly and saves greatly in time and space required for application. It is adaptable to all products requiring a lasting finish, either transparent or in color.

• • •

The following makers of automobiles finish cars with Duco:

Buick	Cleveland	Jewett	Moon
Cadillac	Essex	Jewel	Nash
Chandler	Franklin	Marmon	Oakland
Chevrolet	Gardner	Maxwell	Oldsmobile
Chrysler	Hupmobile	Meteor	Rolls-Royce
Rollin	Hertz Drivurself System		Premier Taxi

The new

DIANA
THE LIGHT STRAIGHT EIGHT

recently announced and built by the Moon Motor Car Company for the Diana Motors Company, distinguishes its finish by the mark of

DUCO

Duco [illegible] of [illegible]

DU PONT DUCO

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

(Continued from Page 38

"No. You haven't Borodine! He isn't coming!"

It spoke volumes for Mrs. Billy's beauty mentor that the lady was now able to turn a gaze of cold majesty on her tormentor. She invited Stannard to continue with the worst.

He recited the errand of the prince, and the catastrophe. Mr. Billy Wentworth could not cancel the blizzard; ergo, Borodine would not come.

"Borodine is not coming: Borodine is not coming," she repeated to herself; and finally persuaded herself that the words did not terrify her into a grimace.

"The prince is plotting to dupe us with a substitution," whispered Stannard craftily. "He is forcing the poor piano tuner to pretend that he is Borodine. They are depending on the dark stage—a little touching up—the outline is not unlike. They have a contempt for us Americans. They think we would never know the difference." He leaned toward her suddenly. "Let us be duped!" he cried hoarsely.

Mrs. Billy said, vaguely irrelevant, "I didn't know there was a prince."

"Galochek!"

She shrugged, indifferent. In old Russia princes were as common as bankrupts.

"Borodine surrounds himself with fugitives," said Stannard. "Refugees, I should say. Counts, princes, a little duke or two, the riffraff of the revolution. He employs them to carry his piano."

"How naïve," mused she. She went to the window and looked out. She turned around. "Telephone everybody not to come, Stanny," she said, like a petulant queen. "With my tearful regret, the concert is postponed."

At that moment the maid announced that Prince Galochek wished to see Mr. Stannard at once.

"Go!" whispered Mrs. Billy, scenting intrigue. "Let me know at once what happens!"

Stannard went. He found Galochek dark as thunder awaiting him under the porte-cochère.

"Come!" commanded Galochek; with a grip of tongs he drew Stannard through the snow across the lawn to the theater, which floated against the fleecy evening light like a vague vision of some fabulous inexpugnable fortress, solid walls that stood topless in the storm, without casement or slit. In the basement among the trunks paced Volley, like Napoleon.

"This fool Borodine," said Galochek, "refuses to play!"

"As myself," rumbled Volley, beating his chest, "yes, I will play! As that upstart Borodine, no!"

The prince touched his forehead, for Stannard's enlightenment.

"Because his wife will not venture out in the storm," said he, "to be beaten, as is customary before the concert, he refuses. And for such an audience! Behold! I command you, behold!" Galochek tore open his fur coat—one of Borodine's, no more than a pea jacket on the giant—and produced the list of guests. "Crowned heads come to bow down before you! They come, instead of commanding your presence! And you sulk!"

Volley drew a deep breath.

"As myself, yes!" he cried. He took Stannard by a lapel.

"With my tub of hot water, which arrives at eight sharp," he said with a touch of the whip, "I will require a masseur. You have in your employ a man—a second man, I think you call him. He brought in some trunks this morning. I remember him. I knew him, long ago. We were employed in a Russian bath together."

"You will play, then?" cried Galochek in raptures; he folded the feebly resisting piano tuner in his great arms.

Stannard made his way back to the house. He reported to Mrs. Billy: "It is useless to telephone. No one will come. The storm is a classic! We will have a little evening of our own, give this fellow an audition! You will win fame as his angel!"

Mrs. Billy wrote out an omnibus telegram—opening postponed because of storm; there would be an informal audition. Her secretary read the portentous list, for whom this wire was designed, into the attentive telephone. Mrs. Billy treated herself to a little cry, a very, very little one with only a trace of moisture, as she bent an ear to the tongue-rolling names. Stannard was in high spirits.

III

THE prince, by some legerdemain, had produced his minions—two counts, a little duke, and the walking gentleman—all immaculate, and imposing with their ci-devant ribbons. It was hard to believe they had ever been piano movers. Stannard, now that the hour of eight was approaching, was flitting everywhere. Looking at his watch he went over to Volley, who was pulling up his piano for the last time.

"Your washtub is served," said the man of affairs.

Volley gathered up his tools and went downstairs by the little companionway. The tub of water, with an electric immersion heater hanging over one side, steamed pleasantly. It sat on a deal table that smelled new. Volley stripped to the waist. He had the shoulders of a Samson, the arms of a discus thrower, the hands of a gorilla. Otherwise he was a mere boy. He dipped himself up to his armpits in the warm water, rested his chin on the far end of his tub, settling himself for a prolonged soak. Greg, the second man—the man of the trunks—was standing there stripped like an athlete, rubbing some aromatic ointment between his palms. He and the prince were whispering together, but ceased as Stannard approached.

"What do you know of this fellow, Greg?" asked Stannard in a low tone, indicating Volley.

"Did you ever hear of Volaille the Belgian?" said Greg.

"The prodigy? Of ten years back? He is dead!" Stannard stared.

"I know," nodded Greg contemptuously; this fellow seemed suddenly to have lost all his manners of a servant. "He will die again—in the same way as before—if he gets one whiff of that bottle." He indicated a decanter of brandy someone had left on the table.

"Volaille? The child genius!" Stannard was gasping. He swept up the decanter with a single movement. He contemplated the recumbent form of the absorbed piano tuner. What a history!

Greg's fingers began to explore the nicely plaited muscles of the bare back. Greg had unexpected skill, and Stannard found it fascinating to watch. There came a rumble, like an overtone of the storm. Stannard dashed upstairs and out to the front of the house. The guests were beginning to arrive! Eddies of snow swept them in. The magnificent Galochek was receiving them. If they had received their telegrams they had ignored them. What was a blizzard to these people? Were they not fresh from St. Moritz, where they paid handsome money for such a storm as this? Besides, they had electrically heated limousines, and chains on four wheels, and—if worse came to worst—a snowplow, a rotary, to run ahead and carve the cake. The gaudy equipages rolled up, churning; they skidded and slid, but somehow they negotiated it. Haughty, careless personages stepped out, resplendent in furs and jewels and new coiffures. They were joyously felicitating one another, as if they were the few survivors of a climb to the pinnacle of a mountain.

Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband moved about the foyer, the fatuous smile of a chubby man on his lips. The American Observer at the coming foreign conference had always been merely that—an observer. He had made a career of observing his wife. He had spent half a million to build this bijou theater for her—but, as he ticked off the names that flowed in at the portal, he was content. It was worth it, it was worth it.

"Ah, Lingard! My word—Wedron! Evening, Rosey. Charlie, handsome of you! Give your coat to the duke." Aside, in a hoarse whisper: "Don't tip him, or he will run you through. Constance, my darling. Ah, Mrs. Burgoyne, you are a snow bunting, my child! The count will take you to my wife."

And so on, with rising triumph. This stroke—his wife was a genius—of being attended by nobility, was the crowning effect. Everybody everywhere buzzed with it!

"Send the cars over to the club garage," ordered the kindhearted Mrs. Billy. "We'd never be able to find them again if we left them outside."

The big cars one by one ground their way through the drifts down to the country club, to the great garage that was warm and had card tables for the chauffeurs. They would be on the end of the telephone.

The guests, drinking in the unveiled beauties of the foyer, gallery, ballroom, were seating themselves. It was a gorgeous spectacle, of bare shoulders, vivid silks, matchless gems, sculptured hair. The dimmers were at work, delicate mechanisms that brought on a luminous autumnal dusk, the romantic haze of evening. The stage lay shadowy and mysterious, the high-strung piano its sole occupant. Everybody had come, nobody had stayed away.

Stannard went back and down. Volley was now laid out on his face on the deal table, and Greg, the jewel of a second man, was pounding him like tough beefsteak. It seemed impossible for a human being to undergo such punishment. Volley finally crawled off the plank table and knelt beside it and laid his great arms and hands across it. Greg worked down each arm with his sledge-hammer fists, and then out on each finger, to its very tip. That was all. Volley drew on his clothing. He held out his hand, palm up. Stannard was pleased to note that it did not tremble.

"Count it into my hand, if you please, piece by piece. I like the feel of it," said Volley.

"Oh, this is too much!" cried Stannard. "We make your fortune, and you ask us for pay!"

"Double eagles," rumbled Volley. "One hundred of them! One by one, if you please!"

There was nothing to do but count out the gold, the prince standing by, softly licking his lips.

They climbed back to the stage. Stannard found himself being conducted politely yet firmly to the little door behind the boxes and unceremoniously pushed out into the auditorium. Unmistakably the lock was turning on him, and he stood, picking his lip, facing the house. Possibly for a fleeting moment a vision of the potentialities arose to affright him: Outside, the storm banking them in like an igloo; inside here, these oily refugees taking charge as if they owned the place. But just then the waxing moon of the sonata emerged from the purple mists of the horizon and bathed the world in its silver radiance. Volley was playing. It was unbelievable. That haughty house was enchained before the familiar rising phrase had repeated itself once.

Volley talked to himself constantly. He said: "This was created for me! Like the sword of Excalibur, only I can lift it!

"It is quite impossible to put this on paper. It is handed down by word of mouth!

"This piano knows its master. See how it rises to the touch of the whip!"

Most of his talk was addressed to the first rows, left, although his eyes were tight shut.

Critics tell us how a master commands his instrument. It would take a seer to tell us how he commands his audience. No two in that sophisticated group of two hundred heard the same thing. Each soul throbbed in resonance in the grip of its darling sin. Mrs. Burgoyne, toying nervously with her Dolgoda pearls—which old Telfen the jeweler had finally permitted her to wear—in the painful hush of the A Major Prelude, whispered in an agony of remorse to her sister, "Don't tell anyone daughter's age." Billy Wentworth fingered his watch fob. He was transported to a distant clime, he wandered the shore of Leman, Byronic. Lingard, seldom susceptible to this sort of thing, found his imagination at white heat, plotting to smuggle the Firenze frieze out of Italy. Wedron, who had too much fifteen-cent copper, suddenly devised a scheme to unload on Cowdray. It took this music to bring out the best and the worst of them. Every soul wandered among its own secret hopes and forebodings, under the impact of those felted hammers.

"Tennyson almost achieved it," said Volley dismally. He shook his head in pity. "Words are too feeble for thought."

Now the little dog of Madame Sand was chasing its tail. Now drops of water fell, in the torture chamber. Now there came the tramp of the Polonaise, the flutter of winged hussars.

"Watch that left hand!" muttered Angier del Sol, the critic, whom Mrs. Billy kept handy in her esthetic moods. That left hand encompassed an incredible chord. Del Sol looked sharply at his hostess. "There is only one man in the world who can do that! And he is dead!" He added, in a whisper, "His name—it was Volaille!"

She gazed deeply into his eyes. She brushed a shaking hand across her forehead, a drunkard brushing away the fumes.

The prince came on and led Volley off for the intermission, as tenderly as if he were the poor little czarevitch himself. Mrs. Billy semaphored with her fan. Stannard was by her side.

"It is stifling!" she whispered, under the buzz and roar of sleepers suddenly and violently awake. "You are cremating us!"

Stannard had been worrying about it himself. He went to the stage door. They would not let him in. He pounded and threatened the unyielding oak. He went to the front of the house. The storm had laid itself against the portals; there was no egress that way without a snowplow. He bethought himself of the house telephone, and called the basement.

A deep voice, a Slavic voice, answered: "Yes. The fool stokers think to melt us! I am mending matters with my own hands. Never fear!"

The house was visiting during the intermission. A whisper, artfully projected by Mrs. Billy, was going the rounds, and Del Sol enjoyed the importance of verifying it. The clew was inevitable—that left hand that scorned arpeggios. The delicious clamor of praise flowed about the flattered hostess. This, the recrudescence of the legendary Volaille! Borodine? Who was Borodine? They had a new god.

Volley came on again, led by the hand, and was seated, in awe. Now he possessed the glamour of the name Volaille, to add to the luster of his fingers! First it was the Kreisleriana. The program had assumed symphonic proportions. The finale came with the Fantasy. It is quite impossible to put out a program that does not either open or close with the Fantasy.

The house was in an uproar. Stannard was studying the problem of getting these people home again. He felt Mrs. Billy's fingers on his arm.

"Oh, Stanny, how can I ever reward you!" she whispered.

Those meddling fools behind had run down the curtain. Stannard pounded at the door, but got no response. He crawled up over the apron, pushed his way back. Volley lay over his piano. He stared with burning eyes at Stannard.

"There is to be a collation," said Stannard to the prince. "You, sir, are the *entrepreneur*. You will bring him out on your arm."

The prince shook his head.

"But they clamor to greet him, to acclaim him! Listen to the gusts of applause!" cried Stannard, beside himself. "Hats off to genius! There never was such a debut!"

"Nevertheless," said Galochek, "they shall not crowd him—and paw him—as if

Watch This Column

"White List" on the Way

Here is the advance guard of Universal's second "White List" which will be ready for the annual GREATER MOVIE SEASON which opens August 1st. I am extremely proud of them—proud of the authors, the players, the directors—proud of the thorough manner in which they have been produced. Watch for them at your favorite theatre:

"The Teaser"
—LAURA LA PLANTE with PAT O'MALLEY. Taken from Wm. A. Brady's stage success by Adelaide Matthews and Martha M. Stanley. A different, high-class comedy-drama of every-day life. Directed by Wm. A. Seiter who made ***"The Fast Worker"*** and ***"Dangerous Innocence."*** The cast includes: WYNDHAM STANDING, MARGARET QUIMBY, HEDDA HOPPER, WALTER McGRAIL, VIVIAN OAKLAND and E. ALYN WARREN.

"California Straight Ahead"
—Featuring REGINALD DENNY.

This, I consider the best and biggest production in which this manly and talented young star has appeared. The story is by Byron Morgan, who wrote ***"Sporting Youth."*** A feature of this play is a wonderful bus which embraces all the luxuries of a millionaire's villa—dining, sleeping, smoking, and lounge rooms—modern kitchen, dance pavilion, radio, telephone, etc. Directed by Harry Pollard who has made most of DENNY'S pictures. The cast includes GERTRUDE OLMSTEAD, TOM WILSON, FRANCES RAYMOND, JOHN STEPPLING, CHARLES GERRARD, FRED ESMELTON, LUCILLE WARD and LEO NOMIS.

"The Man in the Saddle"—
starring the ideal American Western actor, HOOT GIBSON.

Story by William McLeod E. Raine and was originally entitled ***"Daughter of the Dons."*** A very colorful and dramatic production. Directed by Herbert Blache who made ***"Secrets of the Night."*** The cast includes: VIRGINIA BROWN FAIRE, GEORGIE GRANDEE, CESARE GRAVINA and OTTO HOFFMAN

Keep watch for Universal's great mystery spectacle, ***"The Phantom of the Opera"***—also the special series of Buster Brown and his famous dog Tige—also charming WANDA WILEY in Century Comedies—likewise CHARLES PUFFY, a new comedian whom you will hugely enjoy. Write me your opinions of Universal pictures, players, directors. What you have to say has a lot of weight with me.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated "White List" booklet, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

he were some remnant on a bargain counter!" He thought darkly. "We will fetch them—by twos and threes!" he said. "Come!"

Mrs. Billy thrilled at sight of the prince, with his flaunting whiskers and his shirt-front blazonry. It was just the Continental touch of savagery that the scene needed. The prince bowed from the hips over a glacé she proffered him with her own hands.

"The maestro is a child of nature," he said soothingly. "We must feed him pomp in small doses. Might I be the master of ceremonies?"

"You are!" gushed the lady, fairly beside herself.

Would she come first? He lifted her hand, appearing to be hypnotized by the sparkle of her marquise ring. She deprecated such honor; her guests should have the precedence. He cast an appraising eye over the buzzing scene. His gaze encountered Mrs. Burgoyne's Dolgoda pearls. He tendered his arm to the lady. He turned with exquisite grace to Mrs. Windsor, who, finally, after a year of striving, had matched her emeralds. He led the two fortunates off; and shortly he returned alone, smiling, to elect other fortunates to sit at the feet of genius. Mrs. Billy was everywhere. Personally she had never tasted anything so sweet as the adulation that now clothed her. She beamed on the prince, on the ladies he escorted.

"Don't skim all the cream," she cautioned them, tapping them with her fan.

So it went. The prince always returned for more, for genius, it seemed, was insatiable! The ballroom was thinning. The supper was hardly tasted. A shade of jealousy was creeping in; and the prince, returning again and yet again, met a little coolness, but he was careful not to observe it.

Billy Wentworth, the inveterate observer, conscious of some indefinable strain in the air, approached his man Friday cautiously.

"Is everything all right, Stanny my boy?" asked Billy in a low tone.

"Right?" cried Stanny. "Great Scott! What do you want for your white alley?"

"I don't know," mumbled Billy, watching the prince furtively. "But it seems to me that he is selecting dog collars and stomachers, not women! Look! He has spotted Mrs. Wedron's rubies!"

Stannard froze. The vision rose again; the potentialities! All these eggs in one basket! The storm, the isolation! The refugees!

"I'll wander back," he said with smiling nervousness. He followed the prince in.

It was half an hour later that Billy himself applied to the stage door for admittance, Stannard not having reappeared. It was opened by a simpering count, who closed the door behind him—and locked it!

"Down this way, monsieur, if you please," he was invited; and when Billy protested against forcing his bulk through the narrow companionway leading to the basement, strong hands seized him and jammed him through. And underneath someone caught him by the legs and pulled.

IV

AT ONE o'clock that morning the winners in the poker game among the chauffeurs in the country-club garage having taken all, someone bethought himself of the late hour and wondered. This intelligent mechanician went to the telephone, but the wires were apparently dead with the storm. Getting no answer he suggested they start up the rotary snowplow and dig their way over to the theater to see if their royal masters were intent on making a night of it.

The storm had ceased. The moon, as if in mockery, was riding high and clear on this snow-incrusted scene.

The rotary snowplow arrived, with singing vanes and great clouds of snow dust, at the main portal; and, getting no answer to a repeated summons there, the crew maneuvered through the drifts around to the back, where they found an engine-room window, through which, after smashing the glass, they called:

"Ahoy, there! Everyone gone home?"

No one had gone home. They were all there, locked hard and fast in the engine room, which the architect seemed to have designed for an impregnable jail. A detail was sent for crowbars and hacksaws. It was slow work, cutting through the bars. The first man to crawl through dropped down into the waiting arms of Lingard and Stannard. Inside here, seated on ash cans, up-ended shovels, lumps of coal, what not, were the lords and masters of the realm, male and female. They had been there now two hours. The scene was comparatively calm, for their fury had worn itself out. They even regarded their rescuers stolidly.

When the door was lifted from its hinges they filed out into the trunk room and up through the stage stairway—down which they had been drawn one by one like lambs for the slaughter, and politely relieved of their dog collars, their stomachers, their necklaces, and so on. There had been very little cash among them, for these ultra rich people had very little use for cash in itself, and as a rule they went even to their most splendid affairs absolutely penniless, even the men.

On the stage above, the first sight that met their eyes was Volaille, at the piano. Not playing, but asleep. His pockets were turned inside out, his tongue lolling—as if the bandits, in their thoroughness, had turned this, too, inside out in their search for his double eagles. His head rested against the hard keyboard. On the piano stood the empty brandy decanter which some one of that villainous crew had the forethought to give him in the midst of the excitement. His late worshipers passed by the limp figure of their recrudescent genius without a look. Only Stannard paused. He shook him, moved him to place something under his head. Volaille opened his eyes.

"I feel," he cried, staring aloft to the gridiron, "as if I must crawl up that wall!"

He lapsed again into his torpor.

The forlorn group wandered to the front of the house, to the foyer, to the ballroom with its forsaken dainties and litter of abandoned elegance. They wandered to the cloakroom. Here the crowning sorrow awaited them. The cloakroom was empty. Their fur coats were gone. Evidently Borodine's Russian crew could no more withstand the temptation of fur than a vain woman can withstand flattery. Some of those cloaks were fabulous. Mrs. Billy's new wrap was said to have cost seventy-five thousand dollars, not counting duty.

Billy Wentworth could stand no more. The last of his wife's staggering concentration of guests had been bundled off, in such improvised wrappings as could be brought together, to take refuge in the spacious country club, opened for the catastrophe. The American Observer fell back into an armchair, kicked out his legs, threw out his short arms, and burst into a fat man's cackling laugh, than which there is nothing more insulting.

Vernal Falls, Yosemite Valley, California

For a long instant his wife contemplated him in silence.

"Thank God we sail at midnight!" she breathed passionately.

"Let the insurance adjusters worry about it," said the easy-going Observer, and he went to bed.

That is what it came to in the end. That day, and for many days thereafter, solemn horn-rimmed gentlemen examined everything with magnifying glasses. They had underwritten every pearl, diamond, emerald and sapphire, the mink, kolinsky and sable, that figured at Volaille's recrudescence. There was no doubt that everything was gone. This they agreed solemnly. The question was, how and where. Except for a snow-dusted path that might have been footprints leading down the hill to the river through the drifts, there was no sign that anyone had left the place during the night. The snow lay as untrodden as that of Linden when the sun was low.

"There must have been a ton of stuff," said Stanny. The long list showed as much. The loot might have been carried down the hill and across the railroad tracks to a waiting boat. And then again it mightn't! The storm made that seem impossible. Undoubtedly these Russian pirates had cached the stuff somewhere near by, probably in this very building.

But after a week's exhaustive search, the insurance adjusters were willing to submit that such was not the case. Momentary hope flickered when it developed that Greg, the jewel of a second man, who had proved himself an expert masseur in Volaille's cause, was an international crook of parts. His absence left a gaping wound.

"We'll get them!" said the adjusters complacently. But they never did.

Disaster, it seemed, was sailing with Mrs. Billy. Her thirty-two trunks, which she had filled with undreamed-of furbelows, passed through the customs at Havre without being accorded even a suspicious sniff by the French, a proverbially suspicious nation at the port of entry. Such is the magic of a diplomat's exequatur! She took her husband aboard the Paris express almost happy over the land and water miles she was putting between her and the recrudescence of Volaille. That was the last she saw of her thirty-two trunks. Somewhere between Havre and Paris they vanished. Thirty-two trunks dissolved in thin air. Numerous officials in cocked hats and mustaches expended many shrugs over this mystery, but to no avail.

Then Stannard cabled he was coming, with, as the French say, a big quickness. When he caught up with them, Mrs. Billy Wentworth's husband was doing his best to compose his mind to observe, officially, considerations concerning world affairs. Stannard stalked in, and laid on the table a handful of charred metal objects, which on inspection proved to be hooks and eyes, hardware such as is used by dressmakers, even fashionable ones, to fasten ladies' clothes.

"I found those in the furnace," said Stannard. "The theater furnace."

Billy drummed the table, vaguely smiling.

"They are the remains of your wife's dresses!" continued Stannard. "The Russians burned them in the furnace that night. Don't you recollect how hot it was? They emptied Mrs. Billy's trunks to pack them full of loot, and let you kindly fetch them over here for them, under the protection of your diplomatic seals. A delicate attention, I call it!"

During the late spring the talk among the gathered diplomats was to the effect that the Pretender, Georgovitch, was about to steal a march on the grand dukes, and move into Red Russia in force. The information was that in some unexplained manner he had found the necessary funds. He was credited with a good chance of winning, not only because of his unexpected revenue, but because he had, for lieutenant, the particularly resourceful strategist, Prince Galochek, who hid the craft of a statesman behind the treble of a choir singer.

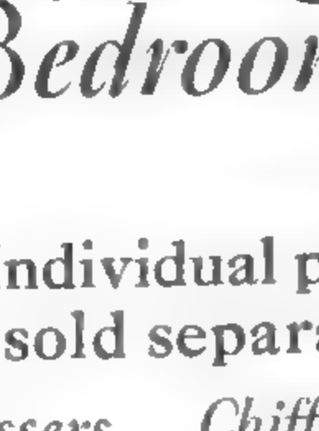
SIMMONS

New Bedroom Furniture

BUILT BY THE MAKERS OF SIMMONS *Famous* BEDS

All individual pieces are sold separately

Dressers
Tables
Chifforobes
Somnoes
Desks
Dressing Tables
Luggage Stands
Chiffoniers
Benches
Beds
Chairs
Chifforettes
Vanity Dressers
Night Tables



Before you buy, be sure to see this *lifetime* furniture

Are you thinking of buying bedroom furniture? Then *first* you owe it to yourself to do this: Examine carefully any piece of furniture that has been in use for several years. Study a dresser, for instance.

Are the legs scuffed or cracked? The caster sockets loose? The mirror standard shaky? Is the finish clouded or checked? Do the drawers open freely and close dust-tight?

It would be a pity for your new furniture to grow old so quickly. It need not. It *will not* if you choose Simmons furniture.

Though it is dropped or wrenched, not a joint can pull apart or a leg crack. In the driest or dampest weather, drawers and doors will neither shrink nor swell. The finishes are oven-baked at high temperatures. They come unharmed through accidents that would ruin ordinary surfaces.

With all this strength, lines are slender and graceful. The finishes reproduce the beauty of mahogany and American or antique walnut. The latter, striped in gold (Scheme L) is shown here on Suite 114.

A range of alluring new colors, too—smoke blue, lacquer red, ebony, jade green, primrose yellow and rose coral.

Your merchant can show you or get for you the style you want. Or write The Simmons Company, 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

Write today for "Lifetime Furniture". *In full color, it pictures Simmons Furniture in new and tasteful bedrooms*

TAXI! TAXI!

(Continued from Page 5)

the fine thoughtful smile that Ben gave her back.

"It was nice of Uncle Chris to send you," she said, "and nice of you to come. But I'm just trying to decide where to go next. I have an aunt in New Rochelle. But that's quite a little way from here, isn't it?"

At that, of course, he broke out with Mr. Schermerhorn's instructions about the Hotel Hague.

"He's reserved a room for you," he concluded, "and they know him well there. And it's only for a day or two, as I understand it, till Mrs. Schermerhorn comes back. So seems to me if I were you ——"

"Yes"—she slowly nodded—"I guess it would be nicer than New Rochelle—better for shopping and everything. But this hotel—what did you say the name was?"

"The Hague," Ben told her; and then more eagerly, "I'll go with you if you like. I—er—in fact I think Mr. Schermerhorn expected me to go with you."

"Oh, well," she said very solemnly, "of course, if Uncle Christopher expected it."

He got in, and they hadn't ridden far when he discovered that this was her first visit to New York.

So then, of course, he began telling her, his conversation practically handed to him on a gold platter.

"This park is a private park; the people who live around here have keys to it. If you'll look down the next cross street, you'll see the East River. Doesn't it look good? Now pretty soon we'll come out at Union Square, and wait till you see the tulips! I nearly picked one for you, coming down, but the cop was looking."

At that they both laughed together—two young ones of about the same age who had not yet learned that life is a tragedy and that those are the finest actors who can pull the longest face.

"You were born here, weren't you?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I was born on a farm. But I was always crazy to come to New York, and I've read all the books I can get about its history and old landmarks. And I like to take walks and see where the stagecoaches used to change horses, and where Peter Stuyvesant had his apple orchard, and where the old rowboat ferries used to land—things like that."

There is a sincerity about the enthusiasm of youth which is as unmistakable as the dew upon the rose and as contagious as the measles; and sitting there, looking at him, Rose felt a little thrill go through her and compared him with the pale, wise-looking travelers who had been her companions for the past few days, making trips to the smoker with the expressions of religious pilgrims and thinking themselves sophisticated because they called the negro porters George.

"That must be nice—to know places like that," she said.

"If you have time ——" he began, and then he stopped, remembering the great gulf fixed between the Schermerhorns and the poor young plugging draftsmen at the office.

"If I have time?" she repeated.

"Well, of course," he said, with an airy little wave of his hand, "you'll be busy."

And she couldn't very well coax him after that.

At the Hague he went in with her to make sure that her room had been reserved; and when he helped her out of the cab he saw that she was wearing as smart a little costume as though it had come straight from the Rue de la Paix. They walked into the hotel together, a boy following with the bags, and the steamer trunk thumping along behind them toward the baggage elevator—"Thump! Thump! Thump!" And Ben felt just the least bit self-conscious as he thought to himself "People will think we are married," and then his heart began to go "Thump! Thump! Thump!" too. So when he reached the desk he asked the clerk in quite a loud voice if Mr. Christopher Schermerhorn had reserved a room for his niece, Miss Rose Parrish.

"Yes," said old Wooden Face after he had peeked into a book as though consulting the oracles. "Ten-twenty-four. Room and bath. Front!"

"There!" said Rose as the boy came hurrying forward. "I think you've done everything wonderfully—just wonderfully," and she gave him a smile that made him feel just wonderfully, too, and held out her hand as well. "Thank you so much; and thank Uncle Christopher, too, for me, won't you, please?"

A shake of the hand—another smile—and Ben knew it would all be over.

"I hate to leave you," he said—in a low voice, you understand, so that Wooden Face wouldn't hear him.

"You do?" she asked. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. You just fit into the day somehow"—a thought for which she didn't exactly hate him. "Listen!" he continued. "Mr. Schermerhorn may ask me if they gave you a good room here. Suppose you go and have a look at your room and then come down and tell me. I'll be waiting here in the lobby."

"All right," she said, nothing loath.

Ben's next act was born of the moment, and came as naturally as the song of the oriole when first it feels the warmth of spring upon its wings. In the lobby of the Hague was a florist's stand—one of those white-enameled refrigerators which are like altars to Flora—and in the front row behind the glass doors Ben happened to see a vase filled with violets.

"How much are the violets?" he asked the presiding genius.

"Two dollar a boonch!" said he of the dark brows. "Fine, fraish vio-lets."

Fortunately Ben had been paid a few days before, and it wasn't long before he had exchanged a dirty two-dollar bill for a handful of spring's sweetest music.

"And a long pin," he said. "She—I think she's going to wear them."

"Sure," said the keeper. "I fix you up fine!"

Whereupon he wrapped the stems around with dark-purple lead foil, frowning a little with importance as he did so as though he had some slight idea that he was handling sheer loveliness; and yet as beautiful as they were, you might have thought that the violets had something to learn if you had been there when Rose came down, and if you had then seen the other flowers which suddenly bloomed in her cheeks and eyes when she saw what Ben was holding out for her.

"Oh, beautiful!" she breathed, and she first buried her nose in them and then bent over to pin them at her waist; and a few moments later, still working at the pin, "I don't know what it is," she added, her voice grown tremulous, "but there's something about violets which makes me feel weepy when I first see them—and these are the first I've seen this spring."

Ben felt as though he were assisting at something holy, something which almost called for the pillars of a church and a choir of silvery sopranos heard a long way off. And through this image, like incense stealing, he thought he caught the fragrance of coffee and saw that they were standing near the entrance to the dining room. The clock above the desk pointed at a quarter to one.

"Listen!" he said, after she had blown her nose, her eyes all the brighter for the flicker of tears which had just been saying "You beautiful things!" to the flowers. "Listen!" he said, feeling strangely strong, perhaps because she was looking and smiling at him as though waiting for what he was going to do next. "Have you had your lunch yet?"

"No," she said, still looking and smiling. "Not yet."

"What do you say then?" he asked.

"All right," said she.

The head waiter gave them one glance and then he led them to a table near a window overlooking the Avenue—one of those coveted little tables which head waiters like to keep up their sleeves. Seeing himself thus favored, Ben felt stronger than ever and took the menu with a lordly authority which left nothing to be desired.

"If Cockeye should only come along and see me now!" he thought, his mind going out to the young slave who had the next drafting board to his at the office. "And he might at that. He generally takes a stroll down the Avenue on his way back from lunch."

Rose was famously hungry, she said, and they ordered one of those lunches which shipwrecked travelers dream about just before they laugh deliriously and throw themselves into the sea. A grapefruit supreme to begin with, and then little-neck clams with cocktail sauce, and fillet of sole and lamb steaks and cauliflower and eggplant and celery and strawberry shortcake and coffee. You might wonder where they meant to put it all. But then for one thing, you see, they took their time about it. It was one o'clock when the waiter brought the grapefruit, and just before then one of the richest things had happened.

Ben had said something funny. Rose had been watching a fat man at a neighboring table—a fat man with a very serious manner of eating, but whose ears moved when he chewed. You never saw such rhythmic solemn action of a fat man's ears in your life.

"Isn't he a sketch?" Rose murmured.

"He's more than that," said Ben. "He's an oil painting."

They both laughed then and looked out of the window at the passers-by on the Avenue—this partly so that nobody in the dining room would think they were laughing at him. And while they were looking out, both of them still laughing, all at once Ben caught his breath and murmured to himself, "Cockeye!"

And the beauty of it was, Cockeye saw them too. He was trailing along the Avenue, head bent forward, studiously regarding the world through his tortoise-shell spectacles, when from one of his eyes he caught sight of Ben. Ben beamed at him and slightly bowed; but Cockeye evidently thought that his orbs were playing tricks on him, for just as he disappeared from view he was taking his spectacles off with one hand and drawing his handkerchief out of his pocket with the other, slightly shaking his head as he walked, as though to shake his eyes back into focus again.

"He couldn't believe it!" chuckled Ben.

"Who couldn't?" asked Rose.

"That fellow who just passed. He works next to me at the office—a good chum too. And first he stared at me, and then he stared at you. And then he walked off, wiping his glasses and shaking his head as though he had water in his ears."

They were still laughing at this when Cockeye miraculously reappeared, walking past the window again in the same direction as before, as though he were twins and one of them following the other. For a moment it gave Ben quite a start, and then he realized that the old boy had looped the loop when they weren't looking, and was now coming back with speckless lenses to make sure whether his eyes had been deceiving him or not. This time Ben was ready for him and waved his hand, and Cockeye raised his hat, one of his startled eyes on Rose and the other on Benny. And just before he disappeared Ben put his finger on his lip as though to say "Don't tell!" and Cockeye, completely befuddled, walked into the railing and nearly knocked his nose off.

So with one thing and another, they had a happy lunch—and a good, long one too. It was one o'clock when the waiter brought the grapefruit, but it was half past two when he finally brought the check.

Ben paid it as though it were the veriest trifle and gave the waiter a dollar with an air to match.

"You know," said Rose as they sauntered from the dining room, "I feel awfully guilty"

Ben raised his eyebrows—oh, ever so masterfully—and wished he had a stick to carry.

"Guilty?" he repeated. "You?"

"Yes," she said, "for taking up such a dreadful lot of your time."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, with a flip of an imaginary stick. "For all Mr. Schermerhorn knows, I might still be waiting in front of his house. You might just as well have come by a later train, you know."

Rose thoughtfully nodded.

"There was one," she said, "that gets in at five."

"There you are then," said Ben. "That gives us another two hours and a half at the least."

This rather took her breath away; but again she didn't exactly hate Sir Benjamin for the thought behind his words.

"You don't think your friend will tell?"

"He? No!" scoffed Ben. "Jimson's a good old scout; and anything he knows, you couldn't hire him to tell."

"Well," she said in a muffled little voice, "I did nearly take that five o'clock train."

Ben's heart did the giant's swing; but this, of course, was a matter private to himself; and you wouldn't have suspected it if you had seen him as he strolled out into the sun-soaked street by Miss Parrish's side.

"Do you like horses?" he suddenly asked, reminded by something which he saw up near the Avenue.

"Yes," she said. "Crazy over them!"

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "I've always wanted to do it, but I've never had the right one to do it with before. There's a hansom up near the corner—I think there are only two in New York. What do you say if we take a ride in it, up around Central Park, and see how green the grass is; and whether it's true, as they say it is, that a robin was singing yesterday afternoon up near Grant's Tomb, and promised to be there again today sometime between three and four."

Again Rose felt a little thrill go through her; and again she compared the young man by her side with those pale wise-looking travelers who had been her companions for the past few days, yawning their sallow heads off as they looked through the car windows and goggling their eyes out at her as they lurched up and down the aisles.

"I don't believe in all this world," she said, "there's any way I'd rather spend this afternoon."

Ben's heart did the giant's swing again, and added a flip-flap. But to all appearances he walked sedately enough to the lone hansom Rose with him and made his wishes known to the man higher up.

"A thrip like that—five dollars," said Jerry. "And a dollar tip for me, and a dollar for the horse. How's that, colonel?"

They exchanged a military salute and Jerry swung the trap doors open. And, oh, didn't Rose look happy and excited as she fixed herself in one corner of the hansom, and then saw Colonel Benny fix himself in his. The trap doors shut over their knees, leaving the glass open above, and off they started, "Pip-pip-pip," the horse's shoes making soft music on the asphalt and Ben already beginning to hear that blessed robin sing.

IV

THE next morning Ben was humped up over his drafting board, nearly sending Cockeye crazy, when Ricketts came with one of his brisk commands. At first it had been Ben's idea to tell Jimson all about it—what they had for lunch and everything—but somehow he couldn't get himself to start; was even afraid that Cockeye

(Continued on Page 49)

The time to stop roof leaks is before they start

RE-ROOF NOW *and pay later*

You needn't draw on your savings—or wait for ready cash—to get a strong, leak-proof Genasco Latite Roof. You can pay for it in *easy monthly payments* out of current earnings—just as you may have paid for your home or your motor car. Ask your local roofer or dealer about the new Genasco Time-Payment Plan.

Examine your old roof now. Look for the spots *where roof leaks start*—shingles curled up by the sun—rotted by dampness—pried loose by frost—ripped off by the wind.

Then re-roof in the "Genasco Way"—*right over the old wood shingles*. It's just as easy—certainly far safer and more economical—to put on a brand-new roof of Genasco Latite Shingles than to patch and repair the old roof.

In addition—you get fire protection as well as weather protection. And—best of all—you get an attractive roof that's so durable and leak-proof that *you can forget it for years to come*.

Genasco Latite Shingles are waterproofed with the world-famed Trinidad Lake Asphalt Cement. They are just as economical for a barn, stable or garage, as for the finest home. Leading roofers and building-supply dealers supply them. Write to us for attractive booklets.

The Barber Asphalt Company

New York Pittsburgh Chicago **Philadelphia** St. Louis Kansas City San Francisco

Front View

Back View

Front and back views of a Genasco Latite Shingle showing the "key"—*invisible on the completed roof*—that locks each shingle tightly to those underneath. This is the exclusive feature that makes Genasco Latite Shingles so well adapted for laying over old wood shingles. Made in three colors—red, green and blue-black.

Genasco Latite Shingles

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Barber Asphalt Company, Philadelphia

Sirs:—Please send me booklets describing the products I have checked:—

For Home and Farm
- Genasco Latite Shingles
- Genasco Sealbac Shingles (Individual and Strip)
- Genasco Roll Roofing

For Industrial Uses
- Genasco Standard Trinidad Built-up Roofing
- Genasco Mastic Flooring
- Genasco Asphaltic Paints

Name_____

Street_____ Town_____ State_____

MOTOR OIL

TEXACO

T

ACO

—but size is not our measure of success

The notable success of consistent excellence is the pride of The Texas Company, rather than the impressive statistics of its pipe-line mileage, its refinery equipment, its tank ships and storage plants, its thousands of tank cars and tank trucks, or its ample financial resources.

Texaco products have always been better when "very good" might serve, always superior when patient research, technical skill and thorough execution could lend improvement.

Texaco Motor Oil—clean, clear, golden; and Texaco Gasoline—clean, pure, volatile, have won their inevitable recognition because motorists everywhere judge quality on the basis of motor performance.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

GASOLINE

Does your house stand between you and your home?

A question for wives and mothers asked and answered
by Mildred Maddox Bentley
Household Engineer

"My—do you get that many letters every day?"

Mrs. Bentley laid down her paper knife, and leaned back in her chair.

"Often there are more than this," she answered. "You see I have spent most of my mature life trying to find ways of saving steps and time and labor for women. The response to these ideas as they appear in magazines is tremendous.

"I often think," she continued, "that my correspondence holds a history of American women for the last decade. It is a history of the transition from 'H. W.' to 'H. M.'—from House-Wife to Home-Maker. Let me explain.

"Ten years ago nearly all women did their own work, and did it in the most old-fashioned way. Culture, an interest in and knowledge of people—they hadn't time for these. As I used to say, women allowed their houses to stand between themselves and their homes.

"Then time-saving helps began to make their appearance. New methods of cleaning and cooking were introduced; the modern laundry was developed. Today, women have time to participate in life, they can become home-makers in the true sense of the word.

"In hundreds of thousands of homes, this transition has taken place. Yet millions are still clinging to the old schedule of life—each week is a repetition of washing, ironing, cleaning, mending. Their houses still stand between them and their homes. They do not seem to realize how important it is to adopt the modern methods of housekeeping. Here is the point:

"Carpenters and stone-masons can build a house, but only a wife and mother can make it a home. Home-making is a woman's biggest job—but it is a job that requires time. Time to read and study—to grow mentally. Time to meet and know people. Time to share life with her husband—to interpret life to her children. Only in this way can a woman truly create a 'home.'

"Many puzzled women ask where they are to find the time for this broader, fuller life. The answer is simple: by taking advantage of the opportunities which today's world offers them. Women can turn the cleaning and cooking over to 'electric servants,' and save many hours; they can turn the washing and ironing over to the laundry, and save a day a week—a whole year in every seven. In brief, they can become happy, helpful, *successful* wives and mothers."

More than two million women have discovered in modern laundry service a means toward more useful lives as wives and mothers. By ridding themselves of the work and worry of doing or supervising the washing at home, they have gained new time for more important, more pleasant duties. Nor do they find this washday help beyond their means. For today's laundry offers a service to fit every family's budget. All-ironed services, partially-ironed services, services in which the clothes are returned damp for ironing at home—you have all these to choose from. Today, phone a modern laundry to call for your bundle.

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from Page 44)

might take it into his funny old head to kid him. There was too much of that in the office—too much bragging about current queens—"Oh, boy, if you ever saw this one!" "Believe me, after I'd danced with her twice, she told that poor little cake eater to ankle right along." "Yes, she did! Why, you poor fish, the only girl you ever had was the waitress at your boarding house!"

Entirely too much of that kind of thing!

"But who was she, anyhow, and where did you pick her up?" Cockeye repeated underneath his breath.

Picked her up, indeed! Ben could have cracked him over the head with his T square.

"How do you get that way?" he flared up. "Me—I don't pick 'em up. It must have been somebody else you saw."

"Like fun it was! Why, I walked past twice, and the second time you waved your hand."

"You'll be seeing elephants riding monkeys next," Ben warned him. "Or was I riding an elephant when you saw me yesterday?"

Fortunately for Jimson's reason, it was then that Ricketts appeared with one of his brisk commands

"Mr. Schermerhorn wishes to see you upstairs," he said, "at once."

There was something threatening in the way that Ricketts shot those last two words, and it wasn't with any blithe heart that Ben went up to see Old Crusty.

"Maybe she told him," he thought. "Or maybe he phoned the Hague yesterday and found she'd been registered since twelve o'clock. Or maybe one of the neighbors at Gramercy Park saw us beating it off together."

"Come!" said Mr. Schermerhorn when Ben knocked on his door.

Mr. Schermerhorn had worn his velvet hat that morning, and it lay like a crown on a teakwood table, his gloves by the side of it, and a gold-headed stick beneath, the gold worn smooth as though generations of Schermerhorns had carried the same scepter, held always in a tight and capable hand.

"Ah, yes—er—Whitby," said Mr. Schermerhorn, looking up with a frown of impatient authority after Ben had waited by the door long enough to say his prayers. "I—er—saw my niece last night—Miss Parrish—and she wishes me to thank you for the efficient manner in which you—er—carried out my instructions yesterday."

"Thank you, sir," said Ben in a hearty voice, beginning to see that it wasn't so bad as he had thought.

Mr. Schermerhorn looked at him, eyebrows raised, as a naturalist might look at a katydid which had just cuckooed. And then with an important little wave of his hand which said "For a moment, of course, I forgot. He was touched a little because I thanked him—poor devil—probably thinks his fortune's made," he continued aloud: "Miss Parrish has never been in New York before; and today she wishes to do—er—er—some shopping, I believe."

"Yes, sir," said Ben, speaking more respectfully.

"And she asked if I could spare her someone to direct her to the various shops and—er—carry her parcels for her and—er—otherwise make himself generally useful."

It was all Ben could do to keep from dancing, from snapping his fingers for accompaniment and walking the dog up and down the length of the atelier; but seeing that Mr. Schermerhorn was observing him closely, he tried to dissemble a bit by drawing his cheeks in and standing first on one foot and then on the other.

"Yes, sir?" he said at last, in a voice that any of the Barrymores might have envied.

"So I have asked Ricketts to excuse you for a few hours," said Mr. Schermerhorn, already taking up his pencil again. "You will find Miss Parrish at the Hague and—er—er—waiting for you—or rather for anyone that I might be sending there this morning."

It would take too long to tell about that second day—hours too long. But there were incidents to which brief allusion might be made.

She bought a hat, for instance, at Rumpelmayer's, for no other reason than that Ben liked it; and before she would buy an evening dress at Bergman's—the great Bergman's, mind you—she shyly came out of the trying-on rooms with it on and asked him if he thought it was becoming to her. And at Paxon's, the antique shop, she saw a small painted tin box that was only two dollars, and she thought it would do for a needle box, and she let him buy it for her. And then she wanted to buy him something, because he had bought her something, and she bought him a truly horrible necktie that was reminiscent of scrambled eggs with bits of green onion chopped up in it. But just before that Ben had bought himself a stick—his first stick—and didn't he swank along then and tap the sidewalk with it and flip it toward the taxis when he wanted one to stop!

"I'm supposed to be carrying your parcels, you know," he reminded her once.

"I'd like to see you!" she replied.

This was on their way to lunch, and while she was wearing the hat that he liked, and he had her necktie in his pocket.

They danced while they lunched. And after lunch they shopped again. And then they dined; and after dinner he asked her what she would like to do that evening, and she told him, and they did it. And so with one thing and another it was nearly twelve when Ben finally reached his room at Mrs. Bullock's on East Fifty-sixth Street.

Now, after a day like that it would only be reasonable to expect that as soon as he reached home Ben would tumble right into bed and sleep the sleep of those who need their rest. But he didn't. For one thing, he had never felt wider awake in his life; and for another thing, he had conceived a dream which slumber couldn't bring him. So he cleared the impedimenta off his washstand and unrolled a drawing of a memorial arch which he had once entered in a ten-thousand-dollar competition only to have it returned with a printed slip clipped to it. Ben flattened out the arch by rolling it tightly the wrong way and then he laid it bottom side up on his washstand and weighted the corners with a soap dish, paperweight, safety razor box and tobacco jar. This done, he found a ruler, a pair of protractors and a box of colored crayons that hadn't been used much; and drawing up a chair, he went to work.

If you had been there it wouldn't have taken you long to see that Ben was sketching out a bungalow—one of those long, low, rambling affairs of which lovers often dream. And still watching him, you would have seen next that this was no wooden love nest that he was planning, but one of stone—a nest fit for Olympian devotion and proof against whatever fires might ever be kindled there.

Earlier in the evening Ben had been telling Rose about his father's farm near Norwich.

"You ought to see the stone walls," he had told her. "Miles and miles, weathered with age, good flat-faced stones, some dark brown and some dark gray and some dark blue. Gee, I do love stone walls!"

"I should think they'd make a dandy bungalow," she told him, rounding her eyes.

That, you understand, was the moment of inspiration; and now Ben was bent over his washstand—an atom laboring in secret while all around him the human race was stretched out horizontally, snoring in various sharps and flats. It was thus, perhaps—an oasis of light in the darkness—that Galileo once labored, and Newton and Burns and Shakspere, and all that glorious company.

"It wouldn't be much of a job to build it on the farm," Ben had thought. "Set back from the road at the top of Big Meadow, overlooking the river and Bradford Hill."

His first idea had been a comfortably sprawling capital H, the crosspiece being the living room, the left wing the kitchen and dining room and the right wing the bedrooms.

"Then we could have two flower courts, one front and one back," he had thought. "Yes, and every room but the living room would have a southern exposure too."

That was how he sketched it first; but it didn't look breathless enough to suit him—didn't seem to have plot enough, nor continuing interest—seemed to be lacking somewhere, though he hardly knew where.

"There ought to be a garage, too," he thought, "built right in with the rest. And wait a bit! Yes, sir! A stone archway running right through the building with wrought-iron lamps on each side. And chimneys sticking up all over! And everything low and friendly, as though it had grown right out of the ground!"

It was after three before he went to bed; but on the washstand, touched up here and there with dark blues and browns and purples, was a sketch that could never have been done in daylight, nor in a world where girls didn't round their eyes.

Just before he went to sleep, Ben moved the pillow a bit and murmured, "Bill Cantwell could make me a wrought-iron ship to set in the middle gable overlooking the river."

And still later—he was almost in the ship of dreams himself then—he breathed, "Roses! Roses! Rose!"

V

NEXT morning Cockeye was trying to worm out of him where he had been the day before, and Ben was telling him a beautiful story of having been kidnaped by a big blond woman and held for ransom in an East Side cellar, where he had dug himself out with a broken penknife, which he offered for evidence, when Ricketts appeared again with one of his brisk commands.

"Mr. Schermerhorn wants to see you upstairs," he said, "at once."

Ben went up more like a lark flying than a young draftsman walking.

"She's sent for me once more," he exulted—this to be imagined as the song of the lark. "Gee, she keeps the old boy busy all right!"

The old boy was in his morning coat and striped trousers again, and had changed his crown to one of black silk. But gloves and scepter were on the teakwood table the same as yesterday, and so was the frown of impatient authority on Mr. Schermerhorn's face as he summoned young Benjamin to approach the presence.

"What time did you get back yesterday?" he asked.

"You mean back to the office?" said Ben, the lark suddenly ceasing to sing.

"Naturally."

"I didn't get back at all. We were shopping till after five."

"'We'?" demanded Mr. Schermerhorn, his frown deepening. "You mean that Miss Parrish was shopping, I take it."

"Yes, sir," said Ben rather faintly.

"Such distinctions are—er—important. You left here at about half past nine, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do at the lunch hour?"

"Why, we—we had our lunch," said Ben, after a momentary clutch for the important distinctions, but being unable to grasp them.

"You mean that you and Miss Parrish had your lunches?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not together, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"You mean to say that you lunched with my niece?" asked Mr. Schermerhorn, his voice almost rising to tenor.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you lunch?"

"At Scotti's."

Mr. Schermerhorn made one of his royal gestures then.

"Stand back for a moment, executioner," he seemed to say. "I must probe this matter further."

"And after lunch?" he continued aloud, with a certain icy inflection which made Ben shiver inside.

"We went shopping again."

"And then?"

"To dinner."

"And then?"

"To a show."

"What show?"

"The Maid and the Miser."

If it had been some of the other shows then showing, Mr. Schermerhorn would probably have nodded to the executioner then and there. But as it was—well, it might be better to delay the stroke of the ax.

It was probably known throughout the office that this—er—this young farmer from Norwich had been escorting Miss Parrish the past two days, and it might cause wags to sharpen their tongues if now he were summarily dismissed for it. Yes, conceivably it might be better to ignore the subject entirely; to pretend, in fact, that it wasn't worth further thought.

"Yesterday," he said, closing his eyes as he spoke, "I thanked you for the efficient manner in which you carried out my instructions. I—er—wish I could thank you again today. That is all."

It was typically Schermerhornian—that abrupt dismissal from the presence—and Benny had something to think about all forenoon.

"I guess he must have seen her this morning on his way to the office," he thought. "I'll call her up this noon and see if everything's all right."

But when he called up the Hague from the nearest pay station they told him that Miss Parrish was no longer staying there. She had left at ten o'clock that morning.

So Benny had something to think about all afternoon, too; and as soon as he was through work he caught a bus on the fly and went up to the Hague himself. Yes, Miss Parrish had left that morning. Had she left any address for forwarding messages? One moment, please.

Old Wooden Face dipped into another book—always as though consulting the oracles.

"Miss Parrish's new address," he said, "is Number — Gramercy Park."

"Mr. Schermerhorn's," thought Ben, his heart sinking.

That night he dined with the other boarders at Mrs. Bullock's, between a crusty old bookkeeper who chewed every mouthful thirty times and didn't thank you to interrupt his count, and a girl who had come to New York to seek fame with her voice, but had so far only achieved enough recognition to be a candy checker at a Broome Street factory which specialized on molasses chips.

He went to his room early, and after standing at his window for a while, moodily staring at nothing, he slowly cleared off his washstand and brought out the bungalow.

Keats' Ode to a Nightingale, as all the world knows, is the immortal flower of sadness; and who shall say that Rodin laughed when he worked upon The Thinker and forthwith took his place among the demigods?

VI

THE next morning Ben took his sketches to the office. For one thing, you will understand, there were better facilities and better light there; and surely no one could begrudge him thirty minutes now and then, clipped out of his lunch hour. So he slipped the sketches underneath the tracing on his drafting board, and once that afternoon when Ricketts went out to call on a fussy old client who wanted her front stairs turned around and a bay window put on her drawing-room, Ben took a peep at Stone Gables. He had just thought of having some of the stones sticking out of the walls to support window boxes, and working quickly, he sketched them in, and maybe they didn't look good!

"What you doing?" asked Cockeye, cocking it and speaking low so the others wouldn't hear him.

(Continued on Page 51)

KRAFT CHEESE

Keep Cool

Keeping cool in warm weather depends a great deal upon what you eat. Hot weather food should produce a maximum of energy with a minimum of heat. . . . Preeminent among such foods is *good cheese*. And preeminent among good cheese is Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY
NEW YORK—CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA
Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Recipe Book A7 "Cheese and Ways to Serve It."
Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

(Continued from Page 49)

"Model jail," murmured Benny in the same voice. "Or radio station. I haven't decided which."

"Peach, all right," breathed Cockeye, taking a good squint.

Ben's heart went out to his comrade in chains, and with a touch of consciousness he added an arched top to one of the chimneys. He and Cockeye both held their heads back and nodded with approval.

"What is it?" asked the latter. "Competition for model stone bungalow you're trying for?"

"Something like that," said Benny carelessly.

"Peach, all right," said Jimson again.

The next day, too, Ben worked on it at odd moments; and yet if you had been there when he stroked the eraser marks off, for instance, it might have occurred to you that every time he touched it, an air of sadness, of melancholy, seemed to grow upon him—not unlike that gentle sorrow which is sometimes felt when garments that will never be worn again are taken out of a lower bureau drawer, and opened and folded and stroked and then put back with a handful of dried flowers by the side of them—or a snapshot of a happy, laughing face.

He had hoped, though vaguely, for a note that day from Miss Parrish; but none had come.

"Who does he think he is, anyhow?" he thought, as he went home, raging inside. And then he added a bitter, scornful possibility that cannot be set down here.

After dinner he went for a walk—telling himself that he needed the exercise—and in some strange manner, after three-quarters of an hour of heavy footing, he found himself opposite Mr. Schermerhorn's house. There was a light in the front windows downstairs and he thought "Perhaps she's there!" his heart quickening as he looked; and while he waited a light appeared in one of the top windows and he thought "Perhaps she's there!" his heart quickening faster than before. As a matter of fact, there was no one but Mr. Schermerhorn in the room downstairs and no one in the room upstairs but the cook, who had just gone up to look at the cards to see who was writing letters to the butler. But Benny got his kick out of it just the same.

He didn't sleep well that night.

The next morning he was humped up over his drafting board making a sketch of Mr. Schermerhorn with a black eye and a cross of court plaster over his nose, when Miss Daggett looked in at the door.

"Mr. Whitby," she said, "wanted on the telephone."

Benny's heart did the giant swing, the flip-flap and then jumped over six elephants standing side by side. He hastily thrust the sketch under the current tracing and went downstairs to the office. There were two phones there, each in a booth paneled with leaded glass, and Miss Daggett switched him into Number Two, where she could watch him from her desk.

"Hello," said Ben.

"Oh, hello," said a breathless voice. "How are you?"

It seemed to Miss Daggett, watching him, that all at once Ben grew, blossomed and bore such a load of beautiful fruit that his branches threatened to break.

"And you?" he eagerly asked, after he had told her how fine he felt. "How are you?"

"Oh, pretty well," she said in a tone that was faintly reproachful—a tone that said, "You can feel like that when you haven't heard from me?"

"Listen," he said. "Did you know I was up to see you last night?"

"No, really?" she exclaimed. And then puzzled, "But how could you, when you didn't know where I was?"

"I found where you were from the Hague," he told her. "So last night I took a stroll down to Gramercy Park—you know—hoping I might see you."

"Did you call?" she asked, her voice thrilling.

"N-no. I couldn't—very well."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I—I had a hint that—that it might be just as well if I didn't."

There was a pause then, so long that Benny suddenly wondered if they had been cut off.

"Hello! Hello!" he cried.

"Hello," she said, more thoughtfully than she had spoken before. "I've just been wondering—are you very busy tonight?"

"No; not a thing," he earnestly assured her. "Why?"

"Well, I'd been wanting to go to a concert, but Uncle Christopher has a heavy date to address some architectural society, and Aunt Flo has a committee meeting; and I was thinking that if you'd like to take me, and would be sure to get me back by half-past eleven ——"

"You bet I'd like to take you!" he exclaimed. "What time shall I call? Can't we have dinner together?"

"No, I don't think we'd better," she said, after another pause. "But if you'll call with a taxi—say, at half-past eight—I'll be waiting on the steps for you, the same as you were waiting for me the other morning."

"At half-past eight tonight," he repeated almost fervently.

"At half-past eight tonight—yes."

Then began that little game which everybody plays over the telephone, sooner or later, when neither party wants to say good-by, but each waits for the other to start the curtain coming down with that long-drawn-out, regretful "Well-l-l." And so it happened that when Mr. Schermerhorn came stalking in ten minutes later and stopped to speak to Miss Daggett on his way to the elevator, Benny suddenly thought it wise to lower his voice and say the word. And as soon as Mr. Schermerhorn went, Benny came out, and Miss Daggett shook her finger at him, and he shook his finger at Miss Daggett, and then went up the stairs two at a time, his mind already busy with ways and means.

"I'll have to get a Tux," he told himself. "They're a pretty dressy bunch that goes to these concerts."

So at noon he rushed up to Mrs. Bullock's for his savings-bank book, which he kept hidden in his room, held up underneath the bottom of a chiffonier drawer by four thumb tacks.

His deposits and interest totaled $492.10—Ben's provision against sickness, unemployment and that delightful time of life so prettily told about by poets and philosophers, and generally known as old age.

"I'll draw out a hundred," was his first thought as he hurried next to the savings bank.

But here it might be said that premonition struck him. Perhaps Miss Parrish would be in town for weeks—might even spend the spring there. And there might be other unexpected invitations calling for drafts on the treasury—calling for drafts, perhaps, after the banks were closed and he had nothing but the remnants of a month's salary in his pocket.

"Guess I'd better draw it all out," he thought, "and put it in one of those checking accounts where they give interest on balances over one hundred dollars. You can most always get somebody to cash you a check if it's good, and then I'll be ready for anything."

You can see from this that Ben's ideas had a certain swing to them when once they were set in motion. That $492.10 was all he had, but he didn't stammer over it.

It was twenty to one when he came out of the savings bank with his money; but fortunately Tuttle & Nichols, Outfitters to Gentlemen, were only a few blocks away; and Ben had one of those slim boyish forms which are so much apple pie for the ready-to-wear salesmen. He was wearing a soft shirt, of course, but the second dinner jacket which he tried on made him look so distinguished that if he had been somewhat shorter, and somewhat fairer and not quite so good-looking, most anyone giving him one quick look might have taken him for the Prince of Wales.

After the suit came a dress shirt and studs; and then a pair of gun-metal pumps and reindeer gloves. Ben had to gallop over those; but sprint as he would, he was twenty minutes late when he got back to his drafting board.

"Ricketts was looking for you," muttered Cockeye. "But I told him I thought you were late going out."

Ben shot him a grateful look, and later, to reward him for his fidelity, he let him peek at the roll—the $492.10, less the hole of one hundred and twenty-six dollars which Tuttle & Nichols had shot into it—outfitters to gentlemen, as they were.

"What you been doing?" whispered Jimson, more than ever Benny's slave. "Playing the stock market?"

Benny tried to look both successful and secretive.

"There's plenty more," he mysteriously answered, "where that came from."

On his way home in the evening he stopped in for his suit and other purchases; and when he reached Mrs. Bullock's he couldn't resist the temptation of putting everything on and giving the boarders a jolt. He was late getting down to dinner, but when he finally appeared, there was first a silence and then a crescending clapping of hands.

And, indeed, he was worth it—young, tall, good-looking, well colored, and with just the touch of engaging wistfulness which appeals to nearly everyone but the crabbed and cracked; he would have shone in any gathering. And that night especially he would have shone; for whether it was his clothes or the reflection of coming adventure, there was a subdued excitement about him, almost an exaltation, that glow of power and urge of life which Leander probably experienced every night before he plunged into the Hellespont.

It was just half-past eight when Benny's taxi stopped in front of Mr. Schermerhorn's, and before he had time to open the door a graceful figure in an evening cape came tripping down the steps. She didn't seem to walk across the sidewalk; she seemed to float across; and before Benny knew it she was laughing a little and settling herself comfortably by his side.

"Isn't this absolutely thrilling?" she whispered as the cab began to turn.

Benny was finding it so, and to such an extent that he didn't speak for the moment, afraid that his teeth might chatter.

"Isn't it funny, though," he asked himself, "the way they can make you feel?"

His overcoat was unbuttoned, and under his muffler she caught the gleam of linen.

"Oh!" she cried. "How perfectly darling! You went and dressed for me!"

"That's nothing," said Ben in a deep voice, deepening it to make it steady. "I—I'd pull a star down to wear in your hair if I could only reach them."

It was a mixed-up thing to say—a compliment of which he had been dreaming ever since leaving Mrs. Bullock's—but even when he dragged it in by the hair like that, if you had been there, listening and watching, you would have seen how it moved him to say it—and how, though in a more veiled degree, it moved her to hear it too.

"Isn't it a lovely night?" she said.

"Beautiful!" he agreed. "You know, a night like this in the city—well, it makes up for a lot of the days."

As a matter of fact, a shrewd east wind was blowing, threatening rain; but that meant nothing to those two in the taxi.

"Tell me what you've been doing since I saw you last," he said.

They were on more comfortable ground there, and she chatted away as brightly as you please. You could see that she liked Aunt Flo, but didn't know what to make of Uncle Christopher.

"I suppose"—she hesitated—"that if he knew—I had phoned you ——"

Ben nodded—nodded with a frown that was not far from being as good as Uncle Christopher's.

"I suppose it's awfully deceitful of me, in a way," she went on, "but I'd rather be thought deceitful than snobby. And as long as we're back by half-past eleven —— And it isn't as though I were keeping it from everybody," she pleadingly continued. "I wrote mother this afternoon and told her what I was doing—how nice you had been and how Uncle Christopher didn't want me to see you again. Mother and Uncle Chris could never get on. Oh, mother's a darling. I know exactly what she'll say when she reads my letter."

Sitting there in the gloom of the cab, and hearing that he had thus been written about, Ben pressed down hard on the handle of his stick and felt strong—felt as though there was nothing in the world that he couldn't do, felt so sure of it that instinctively he stopped pressing down so hard upon the handle of his stick, half fearful that he might push the bottom of the cab out. And when they reached the concert hall at five minutes to nine and found the lobby deserted and the box office closed—even then, though in a modified degree, he continued to feel strong where a lesser man might have called himself a fool for having forgotten to buy the tickets.

"There's probably plenty of room," he said. "We'll get in some way. You just wait a moment till I speak to the man at the door."

It was his first idea to get two general admissions and then tip an usher to find them seats; but Cerberus at the door had a suggestion better than that.

"Not an empty seat in the house," he growled, first looking at Benny and then across at Rose. "But one of the girls upstairs tells me there's a private box with nobody in it—a subscriber's box—the Weinsteins'. The old lady's deaf as a bat and the old gent's in Florida. So if you're a friend of the Weinsteins," he added with a hard, significant look, "and wouldn't mind tipping the girl for her trouble ——"

"I'll tip you both," said Benny largely, feeling already for the roll in his pocket. "How about five dollars? Can you divide that between you?"

Cerberus snapped up the five as though it had been a bone.

"You wait here," he said. "I'll get the girl"

And so it happened, a minute later, that Rose and Ben were being led upstairs by a smart-looking girl. At the head of the stairs she said "This way, please," and started along a narrow mysterious corridor which was curved like a horseshoe, so that Rose and Ben had to walk quickly or they would have lost sight of their guide.

"Isn't this lovely and weird?" whispered Rose, evidently being thrilled again. "But where are we going?"

"It's all right," said Ben, with a masterful flip of his stick. "I own this place. I've just bought it, so you can have a good seat."

She laughed under her breath, and the girl being out of sight, she put her hand on Benny's arm to hurry him along. They nearly ran for the next dozen steps, and when they came in sight of the girl again she was cautiously opening a door, one of a long series on the inner wall of the horseshoe. Immediately they were greeted by a wave of melody; and looking through closed portieres, Ben caught a thin glimpse of a crowded theater, darkened and breathless, the audience intently staring straight ahead.

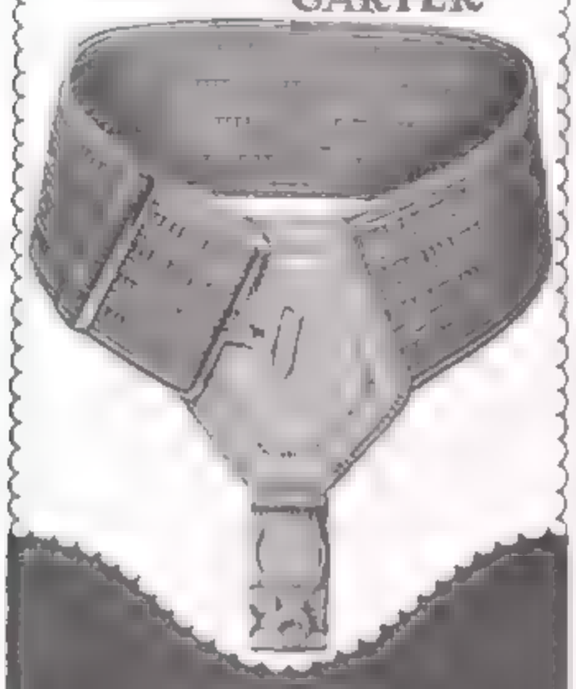
"Here you are," whispered the girl, mutely ushering them in. The next moment she stepped back and closed the door, and Ben and Rose found themselves alone in a cupboard-like anteroom, equipped with hooks and mirror, this cupboard being separated from the box itself by the portieres. Taking the hint of the hooks, Ben took off his coat and muffler and importantly pulled down his waistcoat.

"You do look nice!" breathed Rose

"Me? Hah!" scoffed Ben. "Wait till they see you out there!"

She was wearing one of those Spanish shawls—not one of those with the big

PIONEER
Brighton
WIDE-WEB
GARTER



Lasting Comfort

You don't have to "break in" Brighton Wide-Webs. They are comfortable from the start and the comfort lasts as long as the garters wear. No tightness; no binding; no uncomfortable curling or slipping. Your legs will never feel the touch of Brighton Wide-Webs.

Brighton elastic—foundation of the garter—is devised for comfort. A special curing process gives remarkable ease to the rubber strands. And each strand is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thereby insure double wear.

But remember—only Brighton Wide-Web Garters can give Brighton comfort. Be sure to insist on them always.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY

Each strand of the specially cured rubber in Brighton Wide-Webs is wrapped with soft yarn, guarding against the deadening effects of perspiration and insuring double the life of ordinary elastic.

Single Grip 35c and up
Double Grip 50c and up

blobs, but an adventurous poem in color. And under that she had a tight little bodice of white silk—and a skirt of white silk, too, covered with black lace. Not only that, but her hair was arranged Castilian, and adorned with a comb that Zuloaga would have loved to paint. Later you must recall how she was dressed; for it was this as much as anything which was the cause of what presently happened.

"Ready?" he whispered.

"Yes," she nodded, with a last touch at her hair.

He opened the portières and she advanced into the empty box and seated herself at the rail. Of course, it was purest coincidence, but they were playing Deems Taylor's Suite that night; and as Rose appeared and settled herself they were just approaching the climax of the first movement, and the drums were beginning to flutter and the violins to soar and the cellos to sing and the winds to blow and the big bull fiddles to "Oom-pah! Oom-pah!" as though they all knew Rose had come and were giving her welcome. And, indeed, she was worth welcoming—a queen bee, let us say, in some stupendous hive of music. Ben unconsciously threw his chest out as he sat there by her side, and looked down into the swarm below and to the circling clusters above.

"Not one like her!" he told himself over and over. "Not one!"

When the Symphony ended, the lights went up; and you ought to have seen the way the music lovers in the neighboring boxes looked at Rose.

"You know," she whispered, "I think it was perfectly wonderful—the way you got this box. I'll bet that hundreds were turned away tonight."

Ben looked like a little go-getter, and this you must remember later too.

"There isn't much that you can't do in this town," he whispered back, "if you only know how."

"Ah, yes!" she murmured. "If you only know how!"

The next number of the orchestra was built around a concerto by Liszt, a powerful, dreamy piece; and listening to it with Rose by his side, Ben gradually had a lovely feeling—the feeling of one who was master of all things, seen and unseen, surging up the slopes of Olympus on waves of harmony, taking his place with the immortal gods. Once Rose dropped her program. They reached for it together—and after that Ben even looked down on the gods.

It was eleven o'clock when the conductor took his first curtain call.

"I had no idea it was so late," said Rose. "I just can't tell you how I've enjoyed it." And then, with the least touch of anxiety in her voice, "You think we'll get home by half past, all right?"

"Sure," said Ben. "We can do it in twenty minutes easily."

They hurried, though, beating most of the other box holders to the stairs; but when they reached the lobby they found it crowded, and outside it was raining as though the heavens had opened—raining in sheets instead of drops—raining in sheets that swept along the streets as fast as a man could run, and coming down with such force that if it had kept up long enough you would quite have expected the asphalt to crumble and wash away.

"Oh!" gasped Rose.

"It's all right," said Ben—Ben, the little go-getter, you understand—Ben, the young mortal who wouldn't change places with the gods. "I'll get you a taxi."

He helped to push her through the mob; but when they reached the steps that led to the street, he found there were only about two or three hundred already there, everyone as intent upon a taxi as himself.

"It's all right," he said. "They'll soon thin out."

They waited two or three minutes and then a taxi appeared—one single, solitary taxi. The crowd pushed forward as though they would all get in, and here and there a commanding voice arose, "Taxi! Taxi!" But when the door of the cab opened, a man from inside stepped out on the running board and looked up into the crowd and called out, "Mabel! Oh, Mabel!" And a fortunate young woman scurried across the sidewalk and was presently whisked away to sea.

Then a private car came swishing up, and another, and another. And then at last a second taxi, which had four claimants on the running board by the time the man inside stepped out and beckoned his mate.

"Oh, I must get home by half past!" said Rose in growing distress. "Don't you think we could run for the trolley?"

In that shawl and comb? In that gossamer dress? Ben! Ben!

"Here!" he said, buttoning his overcoat tightly around him. "I'll go get a cab. You stand here and watch for me; and when I step out and wave, you come running over. I won't be a minute."

He started east, the two taxis having come from that direction; and the moment he stepped out from under the shelter of the canopy the rain beat down upon him as though a breaker had broken over his head. Ben began to run, keeping his eye open for cabs; and every time he saw one coming he stepped to the curb and waved his stick and shouted, "Taxi! Taxi!"

But none of them stopped. Their flags were down and behind their rain-swept windows dim forms of passengers could be discerned.

Finally crawling along between two private cars, Ben saw a cab with its flag up.

"Taxi! Taxi!" he shouted, waving his stick.

"Engaged!" the driver shouted back.

Ben ran over to him and began walking by his side.

"I'll give you a dollar tip," he said.

"Sorry, cap," said the driver. "But this is some friend of the boss' I'm going for, see? They phoned in to the garage for me. Been waiting themselves more than half an hour."

"I'll give you five dollars!" said Ben.

"Sorry, boss. I'd like to, but I can't."

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed Ben, almost having to run as the jam of cars ahead began to melt.

There was no answer to that, the cab lurching away at a quickening speed as though to put Satan behind it.

"Damn it!" said Ben, hopping back to the sidewalk and suddenly realizing that his feet were soaked. "I'll bet I'll get the next one!"

But he didn't—nor the next—and all the time, you understand, he was hurrying farther away from the theater. And then, just as he was on the point of starting back, he saw a taxi not far from the shadow of the Second Avenue Elevated. Two men had got out of it and the car was swinging around as though to back into a small garage next door to a paint shop.

"Taxi! Taxi!" cried Ben, eagerly sloshing through the rain and waving his stick.

At the corner the two men turned to look for a moment, the lamplight shining on them, and then disappeared along Second Avenue.

"Taxi!" said Ben again.

"Nothing doing," grumbled the driver, keeping his head turned to see where he was backing. "I'm turning in."

"That's all right," said Ben. "I'm going to make it worth your while."

"Nothin' doin'!"

"Five-dollar tip, over and above your regular fare."

"Nothin' doin'!"

"Ten dollars!"

"Not even for fifty," said the driver, still keeping his head turned as though to see the garage doors open. "This is my cab and I can do what I like with it. And she's had all the work she's going to do tonight, see?"

It might have been the assertion, "This is my cab" which started Ben on his next tack—that and the knowledge of Rose standing back there at the theater and other men bringing taxis forward—that and his promise to get her home by half past eleven—that and the music and the moment when they had both reached for the program together. Anyhow, he took a full breath and said, almost in the loud tones of anger, "All right, if you don't want to hire it, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy the darned thing from you!"

The driver turned and looked at him then; and if you had been there to see them it might have struck you that they weren't decidedly unlike each other—Ben and the driver of the taxi. Each was tall and thin, for instance, and each had blue eyes and rather high cheek bones. But the driver's mouth was weaker than Ben's, and hung slackly at the corners as though designed to hold cigarettes at drooping angles, and his nose had a faint suspicion of a broken bridge, and his eyes had a stare of well-nigh hypnotic intensity—the stare of those who have learned too well the secrets of the drug maker's art.

"Buy it?" he said, blinking and staring at the same time. "What you want to buy it for?"

"I've got a young lady who wants to get home," said Ben. "And if you won't hire it I'll buy it from you, if I can't get her home any other way. Not much to buy," he added, taking a better look at it. "But if you want action you can get it from me; and you can get it right away quick."

And truth to tell, it wasn't much to buy, standing in the rain there like a snapping turtle with its head out—a ramshackle little bus which looked as though it might have been a veteran of the late war. But it was a make which Ben had learned to drive on his father's farm near Norwich, and he had a fairly good knowledge of their secondhand values and the ease with which they could generally be sold again.

"Buy it, eh?" repeated the driver; and he tried to look poker-faced so that Ben wouldn't see that he was secretly glad to get rid of it. "What'll you give?"

"I'll give you two-fifty," said Ben.

"The clock's worth that," said the driver derisively, "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take five hundred."

"Three hundred!" said Ben. "Only be quick!"

"Four hundred!"

"Three-fifty, if you'll drive me down to Gramercy Park!" exclaimed Ben as the rain began to come down harder than ever. And seeing that the driver was teetering, he jumped inside and opened the glass panel behind the chauffeur's seat. "Drive over there to the concert hall first," he said, "and I'll count the money on the way over. And there'll be an extra ten-spot," he added, "if you get us down to Gramercy Park by half past eleven sure!"

This sounds longer than it took; but when you consider that all Ben's activities in the rain had been on the run, and that his conversation with the owner of the Turtle had been a snappy, a well-nigh breathless dialogue, you will see how it happened that he was back at the theater within a few minutes after he had left it. Indeed, the crowd under the canopy was larger than ever, and nearly swamped the Turtle as it drew up to the curb.

"This cab's engaged," said Ben shortly, and standing on the running board, he caught sight of Rose on the steps and proudly beckoned her to draw near and enter.

And wasn't she glad to do it too!—the envy of every girl there as she stepped up into the cab.

"Oh, weren't you quick!" she exclaimed as they started off. "But, oh, you poor boy, I believe you're wet to the skin!"

"No, I'm not, really," he said. "It's just the outside coat."

He moved his feet to give her more room, and his shoes went, "Squeesh!"

"I think you're wonderful—honestly I do," she said, looking at him with admiring eyes. "First you get me the very best box in the theater when hundreds have been turned away; and then you go and get me this nice warm cab when thousands—yes, sir, thousands!—were simply crazy to get a taxi!" (Continued on Page 54)

© International Newsreel

Fred Duesenberg, builder of the winning car, congratulates its driver, Peter de Paolo, after he took the checkered flag at Indianapolis, breaking all records for this world famous event with an average speed of 101.13 miles per hour.

for the 6th Consecutive Year Delco Wins!

Delco's Indianapolis Racing Record

In 1920, 7 of the first 10 cars, including the winner, used Delco ignition.

In 1921, all 10 winners used Delco ignition.

In 1922, the winner and 8 of the first 10 cars were Delco-equipped.

In 1923, the winner and 7 of the 10 winning cars were Delco-equipped.

In 1924, all 10 winning cars used Delco ignition.

And in 1925, the winner and 3 of the 4 Delco-equipped cars again finished among the first 10.

Driving a Delco-equipped Duesenberg Special to victory in the 500 mile Memorial Day race at Indianapolis, Peter de Paolo added one more to a long list of Delco triumphs achieved in the world's greatest automobile racing classic.

Not once—but for six consecutive years—the winning cars at each 500 mile Indianapolis race have been Delco-equipped.

This year, of the twenty-two cars to start, only four had Delco ignition. Yet, three of these cars finished first, third and eighth. The fourth, when running in eighth place, crashed into the wall at the 387th mile and was out of the race.

The Delco ignition used on these racing cars is the same type furnished as standard equipment on millions of the finest built automobiles in the world. And the experience that Delco has gained from its unrivaled racing record is used to the utmost in designing and building the Delco Starting, Lighting and Ignition to be found on your Delco-equipped automobile.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES COMPANY, DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

© Underwood & Underwood

Delco

STARTING. LIGHTING. IGNITION

Auto-Lite Ignition for FORDS

You know, if you drive a car, that nearly all your troubles come from poor and inefficient timing. Auto-Lite Ignition for Fords ends ignition troubles once and for all—fires every cylinder on the dot—eliminates the missing, jerking and knocking that take all the joy out of Ford driving and all the pep out of your motor. Your dealer can supply you, or you may write us direct.

Auto-Lite shoots your Ford up the tallest hills—
and over the roughest roads with ease. Auto-Lite does the rest—
and stays on the job under every driving condition
and gets you away in traffic with a speed that others envy

$12.00

Complete with wiring and fittings. Special Coil $5.00 extra. For sale by authorized dealers everywhere.

SERVICE STATION

The Electric Auto-Lite Co.
Office & Works: Toledo, O.

(Continued from Page 52)

Poor boy; but he was wet, just the same, his trousers hanging on his knees like glistening silk. Seeing this, she made a comforting little sound of sympathy, something like the first note of a kitten purring, and gently patted the back of his hand. As though of its own volition, Ben's hand turned over.

It was twenty-five past eleven when they stopped in front of Uncle Christopher's and Rose disappeared up the steps.

"Move on around the corner," said Ben, "and I'll give you the other ten."

After the driver had taken the ten, he climbed from under the steering wheel.

"Bo," said he, "she's yours. I've got a date on Grand Street." And then he made a significant suggestion—one that Ben had plenty of time to think over later. "You'll get drowned in that front seat," he said. "Want to buy this raincoat and hat?"

It was a peculiar shade, that raincoat—a greenish yellow with a deep collar that turned up and hid nearly all the face, the lapels being fastened together by a pair of snaps such as farmers and flappers use upon their arctics. The hat matched the raincoat.

"How much do you want?" asked Ben dubiously, his spending fever over now that Rose was safely home.

"Aw, you're a pretty good sport," said the driver. "I'll throw 'em in with the cab, see?—if you'll gimme that hat you're wearing."

It was a good exchange, especially under the circumstances, and Ben made it. They changed hats first, and then the driver slipped the raincoat over Ben's shoulders. The latter started to button it, naturally beginning at the top and bending over farther and farther as he reached the bottom. When he straightened, the driver had vanished, evidently having disappeared around the corner.

"Funny," thought Ben—an embryo architect, you understand, and never a business man. "Seems to me he ought to have signed something, but I guess I can make an affidavit when I go to sell her again."

He turned toward the Turtle then, and the Turtle seemed to look back at him, wet and old and worldly-wise, oh, far beyond its years.

"It's been quite a while since I drove one," thought Ben as he climbed in under the wheel, "but I guess I haven't forgotten."

He thoughtfully threw forward the lever and stepped on the starting pedal, the Turtle shivering and grunting a little as it moved away from the curb.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 21)

she used whenever she saw the great ears of corn going into the stove.

"When I think," she would say, "of the folks in this world that are hungry, it seems a sin to burn up victuals like this."

"Well," my father would reply, "I don't see as it's my duty to put in my time and freeze myself to death haulin' corn to town to trade it for coal, an' maybe pay some to boot for the sake of gettin' it."

Gradually we worked out a better *modus vivendi*—worked it out in a welter of debt and a depression which has characterized the rural mind to this day. Corn and hogs came to pay us as little as had wheat; yet for a while they were our only recourse, for the soil refused to grow wheat. For a long time there was plenty of open prairie on which cattle could be grazed freely. My first economic usefulness was that of a herd boy. I was a very bad rider and was in the habit of falling off when my horse turned quickly, owing to my feebleness of spine; and I was never able to leap upon my horse's back from the ground, or even climb up. So I developed the scheme of getting on his neck when he put his head down to graze and sliding to place when he lifted it. Yet I herded the cattle summer after summer.

Then the expanding area of wheatland cut us off from any extended range of free grass. We had no fencing until barbed wire came in. So our cows were picketed on the prairie, led to water and cared for much as the Danes handle their cows now.

Past the Pioneer Epoch

In spite of these difficulties, however, it gradually dawned upon us that by the sale of butter we were getting a little money from time to time. And though eggs were sometimes as low as eight cents a dozen, they brought in some funds. The skim milk restored our hogs to health. Without conscious planning, we were entering the business of mixed farming. My mother's butter was famed in all the near-by villages. In view of all the pains she took with it, it should have been; for she met the hot weather of our Iowa summers by hanging both cream and butter down the well where it was cool. Finally a creamery was started in Holland, a small town near us; and by this time we had a nice little herd of cows. A tank was made where water could be pumped through it and in this we set our cans of milk; and the cream hauler of the creamery came, skimmed off the cream, gave us tickets for it and hauled it away, thus giving us the cash when we went to town and saving the women the work of making the butter. It was the first contact of the factory system with the Iowa farm.

All this made life easier both as to labor and money. But it was not our only amelioration. We began to have a better food supply. Our apple trees never did anything, for the varieties which thrive in Iowa were not known when our orchard was set out. But our strawberries, raspberries, grapes, gooseberries, currants and cherries yielded abundantly. I had a patch of raspberries which I pruned and tended on a system of my own, and it gave us all we could consume and furnished dividends for our friends. In place of the old regimen of dried fruits and just dry groceries, we were surfeited on jams, jellies, preserves and other delicious viands; and with our supply of milk and cream, found the pioneer epoch definitely past so far as the larder was concerned.

The prairie had been tamed. Iowa had been civilized. Our eighty-acre farm was furnishing us a real living for the first time. The era of extensive farming and the consolidation of farms into larger holdings had scarcely begun. The curse of high land values had not yet come upon us. Though our incomes were very low and we were still oppressed by debts, I am inclined to believe that the years which definitely marked the end of the tragedy of the wheat were the best years Iowa agriculture has seen.

The farmer is often accused by the city dweller of being a confirmed calamity howler. He is. He is such because almost every calamity which comes on the land hits him sooner or later. Whenever any other industry shifts from under an economic change it shifts it in part upon the farmer, and the farmer is unable to shift it in his turn, while most other shiftees can, by adding to prices or wages, get from under the load. The farmer is so placed that there is nothing beyond him but the wall. He is crushed against it. There is nothing under him but the earth. He is pressed into it. He is the end of the line in the economic game of crack the whip, and he is cracked off. He has been cracked off into city life by the million.

The utterances of some great men to the effect that this is not a bad thing leave out of account the pregnant truth that, after all, the basis of civilization is agriculture; that our farming class, not being composed of fools, will not stay on the soil, with better city opportunities open to them; that once divorced from the soil a people never have returned to it; and that what we are observing is in danger of becoming the progressive ruin of our cities and our civilization. I have been describing the history of one family and one generation of farmers so that my readers may understand if they try why farmers are likely to be calamity howlers. The howl comes from the contact place of the calamity.

As I look over what I have written I can almost hear a chorus of protest from those who will insist that I have done injustice to the intellectual status and the culture of the pioneers. They will have plenty of authority to quote against me. The literature of the subject is full of data showing that our earliest settlers were, many of them, university men, that even among those who were unschooled there was a great thirst for literature, and a phenomenal success in quenching it.

Did not the Calls, Inghams and others have their meetings in Algona to hear a weekly paper and to discuss the events of the world, including literary matters? Were not the Weares, Allisons, Cooks, Hubbards and others in Sioux City people with all the educational advantages of the East? Was not Enoch Eastman, of Eldora, a cultured person of powerful intellect? Were not C. F. Clarkson and his sons, James S. and R. P. Clarkson, pioneers in my own county, men of such caliber that in later years they were among the greatest journalists in Iowa? And were they not living within a few miles of the spot where I in my boyhood found the intellectual desert which I have described? Are not the source books from which historians will write their histories full of facts showing that most of the Iowa counties were settled by such men?

The General Run of Settlers

Yes, all these things are true. Few of the documents have come from the pens of the boys and girls who lived out on the farms and associated with the general run of settlers and their children. Our family knew the Clarksons about as the average person who reads this knows Judge Gary of the steel industry or the Federal judge in his district. They were figures in our minds, but their effect upon our lives was negligible. Frank Crippen's family and that of Jake Riemann were much more influential. Yet we did see the Clarksons, and Eastman and Bob McBride, the editor of the Eldora Ledger, and other big people once in a while.

Coker Fifield Clarkson—though not a college man, I believe—is a good example of the sort of men who give to the pioneers their reputation for advanced culture and education. Their reputation for basic intelligence and enterprise they richly deserve. Mr. Clarkson was a man of wealth, as wealth went in those days, and came from Indiana, where he had been a newspaper man, to make his fortune in farming. His farm was just in the edge of Grundy County; but his nearest town was Eldora, over in Hardin. His mansion was famed all over the country as Clarkson's Gothic House. It was a palatial structure, as I remember it; but I suspect that it was great only by comparison with the dwellings of the rest of us. His two sons, Richard P. Clarkson and James S. Clarkson, worked for their father on this farm for some years; but they grew weary of it and found employment as compositors on the Iowa State Register at Des Moines—now just the Register. The family had money enough to buy this paper, and with Richard on the business side, James acting as editor and

(Continued on Page 56)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan is illustrated—five thousand dollars at Detroit

Your Choice of Color and Upholstery

Although few would think of changing the grace of line of the Packard Eight, there are many who desire to express their own ideas in color and upholstery.

For these Packard offers two options.

First—to select from numerous combinations, artistically created and ready for early delivery.

Second—to specify anything obtainable in beautiful colors and fine fabrics, with due allowance for the time necessary to produce.

Packard feels complimented that the great majority are pleased to take the Packard Eight in standard paint and trim but realizes there are always those who want the unusual.

These, every Packard man stands ready to serve.

Packard Six and Packard Eight both are furnished in ten body types, four open and six enclosed. Packard distributers and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

A Marvelous Discovery!

Delicious Iced Tea— Without Boiling Water

Fill teapot with cold water (not ice water)

Drop in one ball for each four cups of water

Put on lid and let teapot stand (not in ice box)

In 3 to 4 hours the tea will be ready to serve.

Add a dash of lemon, powdered sugar, and a chip of ice to frost it—

And you will have the most delicious iced tea you ever tasted.

Made possible by the use of Tao Tea Balls

Drop a Tao Tea Ball into a teapot of cold water (not ice-water) after breakfast, and for luncheon you have the most fragrant, delicately flavored tea you ever tasted. (Use one ball to four cups.) Add a chip of ice to frost it, a dash of lemon, and serve. Sweeten with powdered sugar.

Only Tao Tea will make iced tea this way. Blended from tiny bud leaves from the tips of the plants of the finest gardens in Ceylon, India and Java. Tea experts call it Flowery Orange Pekoe.

Packed in handy gauze balls. No heating water. No waste of ice. No waste of tea. No messy tea-leaves to clean up. So convenient, so economical—so good.

3 SIZES

50-Ball Caddy

Ask Your Dealer Today For

TAO TEA BALLS

Flowery ORANGE PEKOE Blend

Tao Tea Co., Inc., 103 Park Ave., New York

(Continued from Page 54)

their father carrying on a page of agricultural matter, they were eminently successful.

I have a book which was given my sister by him whom we always called Jimmie Clarkson as a prize at school. Jimmie, who in later life got the nickname of Ret from his newspaper pseudonym, was her teacher before there was any schoolhouse in the neighborhood, when my grandfather's back kitchen was used as a schoolroom. Ret Clarkson presided over this temple of learning and cookery for one term at least. The highest praise our people could give him was to say "He was a good teacher." His life after he left our neighborhood was a continuous success in journalism, in the accumulation of wealth and in politics. He became a great figure in the practical politics of the nation, a holder of high Federal office, and finally a New Yorker. I do not remember ever to have seen him. When I was writing The Hawkeye I talked with members of his family on the subject of going to New York for the purpose of having a talk with him on old times in Iowa; but it was not thought that he was strong enough to make this possible.

With us, his brother Richard—or Dick, as he was always called—was much the greater man, until after Ret had bloomed out into a great politician. Dick had done something really great. He was the first man in our vicinage who ever husked 100 bushels of corn in a day. This was achievement. We had to learn corn husking, by the way, through generations of experience. I remember when forty bushels a day was considered a big day's work. I was grown up before that knack had been developed whereby the corn husker ripped the husks with one motion of one hand, and with a single movement jerked the ear from the stalk and tossed it into the wagon.

The husking of 100 bushels a day would not now put any man within forty rods of the money in any contest in Illinois or Iowa. This triumph of mechanical skill is as epochal a thing mechanically as putting a curve on a baseball, or that system of recurring shots which Jake Schaefer, the elder, worked out in billiards, thus revolutionizing the game, or the plangent style by which Liszt made the piano what it is as a musical instrument. It made the art all over. Dick Clarkson was a pioneer in it; but it must be admitted that he did not husk and crib his 100 bushels. He husked it in piles on the ground and others gathered it up. But all the same, it was a mighty deed back in the '60's in Iowa.

Talking Up to Father Clarkson

Coker Fifield Clarkson became Father Clarkson to Iowa, from his paternal connection with the owners of the Register and his widely read farm writings therein. With us he was Senator Clarkson, or for some reason Governor. I believe he was a candidate for governor once. Like some others I might mention, he was more successful as a farm writer than as an actual farmer. I think it was Jimmie Hardin, now a banker in Eldora, who won local fame once by writing the Register asking if Father Clarkson would not oblige his readers by giving his methods of growing cockleburs. The Governor was a stern, conservative person, who looked upon any movement of the farmers to secure amelioration of their conditions save through the Republican Party and the tariff as what we should now call Bolshevism—though he was very active in the farmers' fight against the barbed-wire combine; in which contest A. B. Cummins, then a young lawyer in Des Moines, gained his first dividend of popularity among the Grangers.

My father was proud of a very few things in his life; but of one of them he occasionally spoke. This was talking up to Mr. Clarkson once when father went to the raising of the Clarkson barn—the biggest barn in all that countryside. It seems that the Governor, after the neighbors, with their pike poles, had raised the huge bents to place and the great frame stood ready to be clothed with its walls and roof, gave the men a little talk on what my old friend Mathews called Getting On in the World.

"Any man who really wants it," said the Governor, "if he will just depend on industry and economy, can have as good a barn as that."

My father's mind revolted at what he would have called sophistry if he had known the word.

"That's dod-blasted nonsense!" said he.

What the Governor replied, if anything, or what the assembled yeomen thought of this dreadful hardihood on my father's part, is lost to history; but father always rather prided himself on it.

A New Sort of Teacher

The Clarksons were not college men, I believe; but they were men of ability and character, and they soon left us. There were such in most of the counties. Many of them were pioneers. To them we owe in large measure the character of the institutions of all the states. This is only partly creditable to them. They carried on the government. They were not, however, the intimate formative element in the neighborhood life or in the individual lives of the young which the written annals of the time will seem to show to the historians of the future. Most boys and girls grew up as I did, living the lives of semihermits, finding the printed page through their schools and their uneducated teachers, and in nine cases out of ten sinking back to a common level in intellectual frustration. That I was able to escape was a matter partly of luck and partly of my possession of an abnormal thirst, first for reading and second for different—I shall not say higher—activities.

I have told of the really great influence upon my life of the ex-riverman who blew through my existence like a wandering breeze. The next person who put into it some of the yeast of directive development was John D. Anderson. There must be many people in Butler County, Iowa, who still remember him, for he was afterward county superintendent of schools of that county, and died there. I do not believe that he was a very extraordinary man; but he meant much to the fourteen-year-old boy who was for one term his pupil in District Number 9.

My father was school director, and Anderson came to the house one day to apply for the school, as was the custom among us. He was engaged, and came to our house to board. He had seen the world. I suspect that he had been something of a drifter after his service in the Army in the Civil War. He played the violin in a style a little above that of our local fiddlers. He was a reader and a thinker.

For several terms of school I had been conscious of my superiority in the matter of knowledge, and especially of vision, to the teachers of our school. Anderson commanded my respect and admiration. He not only knew the schoolbooks but much more, and he made an intellectual companion of me. I had been for years living what seems to me the strangest of double lives; though I am sure that if we only knew it, our children habitually inhabit spheres so astonishingly alien to our knowledge that we should be astounded if we could draw aside the curtain and look into the strange spiritual universe about us. They are like the infinitesimal solar systems, so impenetrable and so complex, which we now know to exist in the very atoms of the seemingly dead matter of which the world is composed.

I had been living the life of an ordinary farmer's boy; but sometimes I was a poet. I even used to compose verses as I lay in bed; not ballads, but attempts at stately stanzas like the few verses I knew of Spenser and Thomson. Sometimes I was a great general, like Napoleon or Washington. I was a great painter. Sometimes I was even a wonderfully successful farmer—but not often. I invented epoch-making devices. I gained fame as a zoologist, botanist or exploring scientist of some sort. I was always the hero, you may be sure of that; and in the main it was in the field of literature. It is rather odd that I never dreamed of writing blood-and-thunder tales or sickly romances like those which formed the bulk of my literary diet. Of this dream world of mine I never said a single word to anyone, not even my mother. Had I been caught out in the open in the nakedness of betrayal, I should have blushed myself all away.

John Anderson found the level of the attainable for my visions; and though my castles in Spain were as numerous and as defiant of the law of gravitation as ever, I occasionally lapsed into common sense. He helped me by just talking to me as man to man; sometimes about his service in the Army, sometimes of his adventures, with sane comments thereon; sometimes of the affairs of the school and the neighborhood, and often of the lives of men he had known or studied. He gave me tasks which called for judgment instead of rote learning; but the best of my companionship with him is found in those times when we sat by the roadside on the way home from school, or strolled slowly along, just talking. He was the first man of some education that came into my life who knew a little of the outside world and assumed that I was to take a place in it. He just happened along and stopped for a talk, and after he left I never saw him or heard from him again; but like the ex-riverman he was to me a light-bringer.

I wonder if as we go through life we give out such influence to many boys and girls. If we do, what a responsibility rests upon us! It is a good thing probably that we do not feel this, or we should be so embarrassed that we should muff every chance.

A Peaceful Revolt

The distress of our pioneer community had those political reactions which in such a government as ours are as natural as any fight of an organism against attack or disease. The farmers revolted. Their revolt, though peaceful, was an integral part of a long series of such revulsions of public sentiment on our frontiers, which have been basically formative of American political life. It was exactly a century before our Mississippi Valley revolt that the Whisky Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, provoked by Alexander Hamilton by means of the excise tax in order that the Federal Government might have a chance to show its teeth, grew in the main out of a lack of transportation.

Those Scotch-Irish had no way of marketing their grain save in the form of whisky, and no people ever more fully believed themselves completely justified in their revolt. The sentiment which inspired them existed all along the frontier west of the Blue Ridge, down through the Virginias and Carolinas to the frontiers of Georgia. A few years prior to that the people in Western Massachusetts rose in arms in Shays' Rebellion and much more blood flowed than is likely to be known to any but the close student of history. Those Yankee rebels were in bitter distress by reason of debt, imprisonment for debt and what we would now term the deflation following the Revolutionary War. Those rebellions were but the peak of the iceberg of discontent; the great body of it swam out of sight in the ocean of popular resentment, back in the forests, among the workingmen of the towns and cities, and on the farms; and when a great leader appeared in the person of Andrew Jackson, the people harboring it took control of the United States Government and held it for a generation or so. And our Iowa political revolt, acting on party policies, had a success which is hidden in the intricacies of party strategy.

With us, it appeared at first in the wildfire spread through the whole countryside of the Patrons of Husbandry, or, as it was even then called, the Grange. Whether or

(Continued on Page 58)

DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

So trim and businesslike in appearance, that frequently it pays a substantial part of its own way in advertising value alone.

THE
Hanover
Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

Hanover Shoes are made up to a standard, not down to a price. They are not five dollar shoes, but quality shoes selling for Five Dollars. It pays to buy Hanover Shoes direct from the maker.

If there is no Hanover Store near you, write for catalog.

The Hanover Shoe
Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Boys and Little Men like Hanover Shoes because they're good-looking and comfortable. $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

(Continued from Page 56)

not there was any spirit of political revolt in this excellent order in the beginning, I do not know. I believe that their constitution then forbade any organized political activities in the order itself; but such was the feeling, in our community at least, that wherever two or three farmers were gathered together there was politics in the midst of them.

My father and mother, swept along on the tide of the popular movement, joined the Grange. Their attitude toward it—and their dropping out of it—is eloquent proof of the difficulty of organizing the farmers of America. I remember hearing them talking about the matter. They looked upon the costumes worn—the regalia—as silly and childish; and the mystic ceremonies were to them a sort of thing to which grown people ought not to stoop. It was all very narrow and limited; but there you have the intractability of a people, after a couple of centuries of individualistic struggle with forests, wild beasts and Indians. It takes a desperate situation to force them to cooperate, as President Coolidge and his commission will find out in time. The Grange then was teaching cooperation and practicing it. My parents were kept out, as were millions of others, by a shamefaced self-consciousness in the dress and forms adopted by this new and excellent order.

Governor Clarkson saw in the Grange a new force, and I suspect that he, as a rather reactionary politician, took it to be his duty to do his best to guide it along such harmless lines as getting cheaper fencing and the coöperative handling of commodities. He became a Grange organizer, or at least a prominent Grange leader.

At the Grange Picnic

The summer before my fifteenth birthday the Grange movement was just past the height of its first swell. It had reached the point at which the minds of many members were looking about for things to do outside the holding of meetings, wearing regalia and talking of the fight with the barbed-wire monopoly and savings through coöperative stores. A crowd of disturbers working outside the Grange had taken steps toward organizing a new political party, and had issued a call for what we called an Anti-Monopoly Convention. Farmers everywhere were talking of this. It was a revolt against the Republican Party—the party which had saved the Union; and to turn against it was in many minds something like treason—no matter what it did or failed to do.

The Grange celebrated the Fourth of July in a great picnic that year at Hickory Grove, about three miles from our farm, and everyone was invited. There I saw Governor Clarkson in action on an occasion which he must have remembered to his dying day; and with a single exception, it was the only time I ever saw him. Moreover, it was the first time I had ever been in a big crowd—no, the second.

My first big crowd was at a circus in Grundy Center a year or so before; a little one-ring circus with a vestigial menagerie; a horse-drawn show which waded through the mud from Waterloo and arrived so late that there was no street parade. Their troupe of elephants consisted of one youthful pachyderm—nine years old, its keeper told me—which got mad at being obliged to push the wagons into line with its tusks and ran down the street, upsetting farm rigs and raising rim generally. A thrill! It almost made good the default of the parade. And I had fallen in love that day with the Circassian Lady in the side show, and bought her photograph, which I still treasure. So I was a veteran in crowds!

Lemons and Firecrackers

Yet so unused was I to spending money that when my mother gave me a five-dollar bill, telling me to get it changed at one of the stands at the celebration, and to buy half a dozen lemons for lemonade, I was obliged to work out the task much as a savage might have done. I went to the fruit stand and very politely asked the proprietor if he wouldn't change that five-dollar bill into dimes. He gruffly refused—and how I hated him! The next vender stopped his outcry when I asked him for five dollars' worth of dimes and told me to run along and not bother him. Then it dawned upon me that there must be something wrong in my method. I stood a while in thought; and as in uffish thought I stood, it occurred to me that if I should ask for half a dozen lemons, and hand the dealer the five-dollar bill, he would just simply have to give me the change. I did so. He did so. I went back to my mother, blushing at my greenness—and I know of no incident which can more adequately show how extreme it was. But those two merchants lost my trade. I bought the lemons and a bunch of firecrackers—the first I had ever possessed—of an obscure dealer who had not insulted me.

It was a historic gathering. The day was one of those bright July days when the Iowa sky sparkles into vivid blue flecked with great white clouds. The wheat had not yet blighted to the harvest. The corn stood in rows of rank green, most of it laid by. There was thus a little breathing space in the drudgery of the farm—for everyone but the women; and they came in hundreds of wagons with their children, to get tired in a new spot. The people of the towns came out in force, to meet the farmers and one another and to hear Governor Clarkson's speech. The farmers who were not Grangers were there; the Granges came in long processions, bearing their banners, and the shock to Governor Clarkson when he saw some of those banners, flooded his stern and rubicund face with red. The chief offender was the Lincoln Center Grange. One of its banners kept the word of "nonpartisanship" to the ear, but broke it to the heart.

"As citizens," it ran, "we favor the Anti-Monopoly Convention. As Grangers, we know no party."

I can imagine the wrath in the bosom of Governor Clarkson as he read this. This Grange in this casuistical way was stinging him, opposing the Republican Party, which had sent him to the state senate, which probably had more things in store for him, and which looked for its funds to the men controlling the very monopolies under fire. And standing by the Anti-Monopoly banner was another, borne by this same Grange, which blazoned to the world that this flag was no ill-timed joke. It read, "We Mean Business!"

I suspect that Governor Clarkson took this display to be the work of a small group only. I feel certain that he felt perfectly sure that the revolt would scatter at his first attack. I know that he was fiercely angry. As the minister offered prayer he sat bolt upright, staring grimly before him. He never glanced in the direction of Lincoln Center as the choir sang The Star-Spangled Banner, breaking on the word "glare" in 1874 just as choirs do now. He seemed oblivious of the sentiment of revolt in the Declaration of Independence when it was read.

The chairman rose and announced that we should now have the pleasure of listening to an address by the Honorable Coker Fifield Clarkson. Then Clarkson rose.

"I decline to speak," he shouted, pointing at the Lincoln Center banner, "while that dirty political rag floats over my head!"

I recognized the crisis, though I didn't know just what it meant; and I crowded into the ranks of the Lincoln Center bannerists. Those bronzed and bearded farmers rose as one man and clustered about the flags. The guttural murmur, like the low growling of a fierce beast, was the rumble of defiance from their throats. I was close enough to hear in it throaty oaths. The chairman—I have tried to remember and have consulted those who were there as to his name, but in vain—looked as if he was wishing that he had stayed at home and plowed corn. I remember that presently he put to vote the question as to whether the "dirty political rag" was to remain displayed and advanced, or banished. One of the Lincoln Center farmers—thinking no doubt that the crowd would be on Clarkson's side—shouted that certain sanguinary things would take place before that banner was removed. Why shouldn't the crowd be with the Governor? It always had been.

A Free-Silver Convert

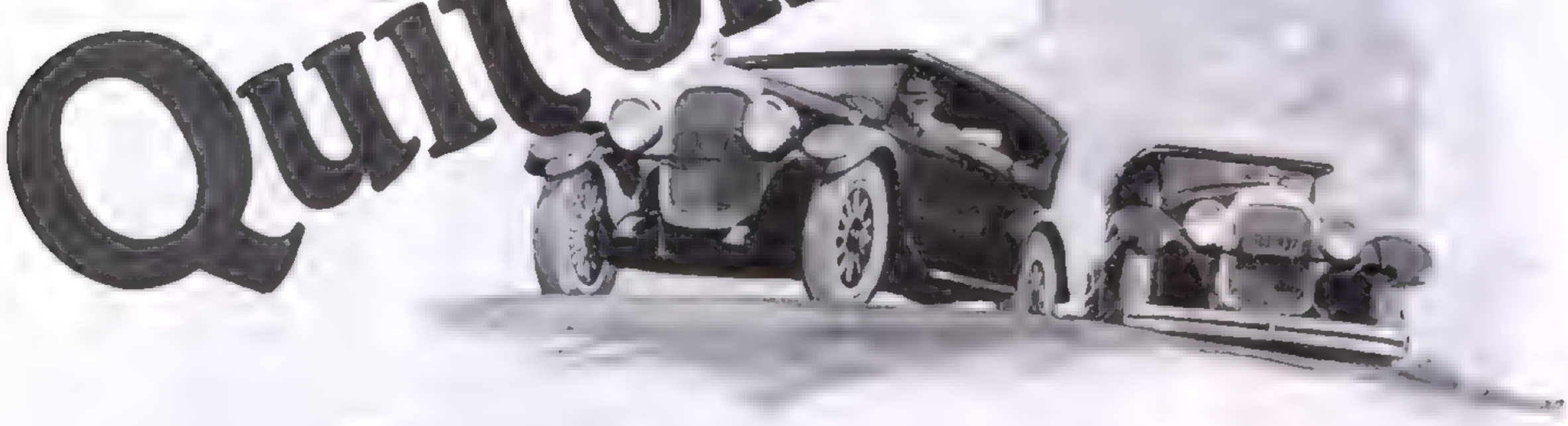
"All in favor of taking away the banner, please rise," said the chairman.

And then an astounding thing happened. Nobody rose—that is, only one man rose. On the call "Contrary, please rise," the whole assemblage came up like a wave, and the chairman announced that the banner would remain.

Radicalism had won. The Governor was beaten. Would he refuse to speak? No, he reversed his decision and spoke. Although it is only a little more than fifty years since that day, I have unaccountably forgotten what he said. My sneaking off to watch the boys shooting off firecrackers took my attention from the speech. The prodigal behavior of one town boy who set off a whole bunch of crackers at once impressed me with the fact that I was in a new world, where a nickel meant much less than out on the farm. I must therefore fail to pass as a reporter of the address. I know that Mr. Clarkson's position was a hard one, and I never heard much of him again in politics; but he was for many years the Father Clarkson of the Register who did a good work in the advocacy of better farming methods.

(Continued on Page 60)

Does Your Car Quit on the Hills?



Hills are the real test of an automobile engine. Does your engine falter on a long pull? Does it force you into second just as you near the top?

If your spark plugs have been in use for more than 10,000 miles, they are probably the trouble and should be changed.

No matter how well made a spark plug is, the stress of engine operation soon saps its efficiency. The spark loses intensity. Oil and gas are wasted. Power is lost. Pick-up is slower. There is actual danger of serious damage to the engine.

That is why you should replace your spark plugs at least once a year.

When you do put in new spark plugs, install dependable Champions. They give your car greater hill climbing ability. They give you more power and speed. They cost you nothing because they will save their cost in oil and gas in a very short time.

Champions are in use in seven out of every ten cars you see on the roads. Champion is the better spark plug—better because of its double-ribbed sillimanite core, its special electrodes and its two-piece construction which allows it to be cleaned.

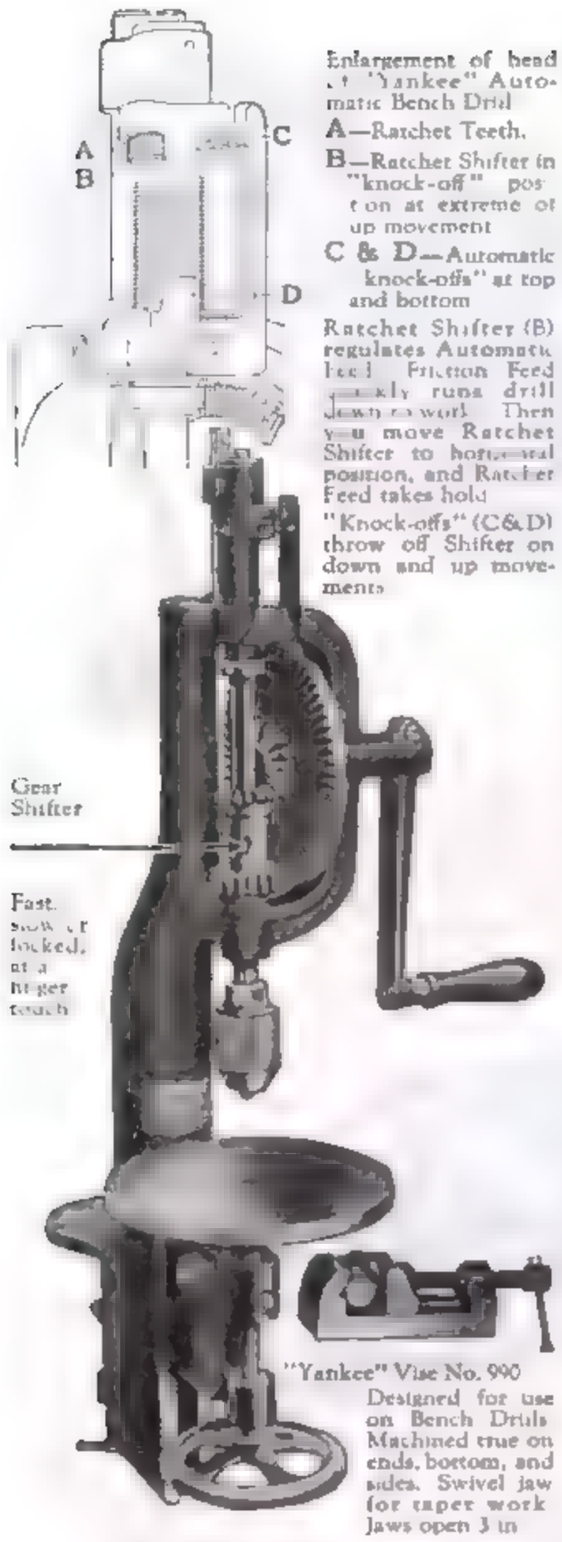
You can purchase Champions from more than 95,000 dealers. Champion X for Fords is 60 cents. Blue Box for all other cars, 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents.) The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. You will know the genuine by the double-ribbed sillimanite core.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Ltd. Windsor, Ont.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine



Enlargement of head of "Yankee" Automatic Bench Drill
A—Ratchet Teeth.
B—Ratchet Shifter in "knock-off" position at extreme of up movement
C & D—Automatic "knock-offs" at top and bottom
Ratchet Shifter (B) regulates Automatic Feed. Friction Feed quickly runs drill down to work. Then you move Ratchet Shifter to horizontal position, and Ratchet Feed takes hold
"Knock-offs" (C&D) throw off Shifter on down and up movements

"Yankee" Vise No. 990
Designed for use on Bench Drills. Machined true on ends, bottom, and sides. Swivel jaw for taper work. Jaws open 3 in.

Think of the drills you save

The Automatic Ratchet Feed on the "Yankee" Bench Drill gives an absolutely even pressure. Takes the place of hand-feeding. Saves drills and time. Just turn crank. Friction Feed runs drill down to work. Then Ratchet Feed operates.

"YANKEE" Automatic Bench Drill

Accident-proof! "Knock-offs" automatically throw Ratchet Shifter off Ratchet Feed at end of upward and downward movements, preventing jamming, stripping, or broken gear teeth.

No. 1005 (illustrated) Two speeds; 3 jaw chuck holds drills up to 3/8 in. Entire length, 28 in.

No. 1003. Single speed; 3 jaw chuck holds drills up to 3/8 in. Entire length, 18 3/4 in.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Ratchet Bit Brace
Ratchet Screw-drivers
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Ratchet Breast Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability

Dealers everywhere sell "Yankee" Tools

Get your copy of this FREE Tool Book

Shows and describes the tools that are the favorites of men who love good tools

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Make Better Mechanics

(Continued from Page 58)

The Anti-Monopoly Party, the first phase of our political revolt, came with the depression which reached its crisis in the panic of 1873, and bore down crushingly on all America for years. With us it was made worse by the failure of the wheat crop and the concomitant failure of the railways to give us transportation charges which we could pay on our heavy freight without great distress. The Anti-Monopolists put up a ticket in our county for a campaign or so and elected some county officers. And when the farmers began to make platforms they inevitably felt that they had to grapple with the currency question.

As for me, anyone who thinks that because I did not know how to break a five-dollar bill I was ignorant of the money question is greatly mistaken. I was a financial expert. There was then a journalistic skyrocket in the West named Pomeroy, who published and edited a paper called Pomeroy's Democrat, which gave me my command of the currency question—that and a weekly in Chicago edited by one S. F. Norton—but Brick Pomeroy was my guide, philosopher and friend. He was a fiatist. He made it perfectly clear that when the Government made a bit of paper money a "legal tender for all debts, public and private," it was good, no matter how much of it was issued. It could not depreciate.

If anyone called attention to the fact that our greenbacks had depreciated, Brick Pomeroy said of course they did. The "money power" had caused the greenbacks to be "stabbed in the back" by the statement printed upon the aforesaid back, that the money was not legal tender "for duties on imports and interest on the public debt." Of course such money would depreciate, said Brick; but the first issue of the war, which was a full legal tender for all debts—did they ever depreciate? Never!

Backing the Greenbackers

Some of the sound-money men used to find references to the French assignat and its depreciation. They pestiferously harped on the assignat and our old continental currency; but they never got very far then with me. I was the boy marvel of the neighborhood. I wonder how such men as William Doak, our local Republican leader, and as good a neighbor as ever was, could have been so patient with my fulminations. But such arguments as I have alluded to swept the country like a prairie fire. The Greenback Party was formed; and two years after Governor Clarkson's ineffectual stand against the banners at Hickory Grove his fears were justified by the political developments which made Peter Cooper a candidate of the Greenback ticket for the Presidency. Our family had shied from the Grange and, as far as I remember, took no interest in the Anti-Monopoly agitation; but we were supporters of Peter Cooper.

I think that even in my boy's mind I was conscious of the area of uncertainty occupied by the assignats and the continental bills, for I kept studying the currency question for years. By the time the sixteen-to-one agitation was in full swing, I had come to the conclusion that though most of their arguments had been bad, the sound-money men had been correct in their position. The gold standard was, in my opinion, as good as any, and there was an advantage in avoiding the change to silver. I was sure that a bimetallic standard was a logical and monetary absurdity. So I was a sound-money Democrat, and was a member of a revolting and contesting delegation to the Democratic State Convention one year.

I finally supported Bryan, prefacing my speeches with an explanation of my opposition to sixteen-to-one, but justifying my vote as a choice of evils. I have thus gradually modified my views on the money question, until I have adopted the composite gold standard theory of Prof. Irving Fisher. I believe Fisher is right. Anyhow, I have in some fifty years succeeded in improving the economic company I keep. I have shaken Brick Pomeroy and enlisted with the distinguished professor of economics of Yale University. Please give me credit for that.

A Choice of Ditches

I do not see how the Greenbackers can be logically condemned as lacking in intelligence. In all our history the United States had never had a currency system which had not been very bad indeed. The Greenbackers were no worse than had been their lawmakers for a century. Moreover, the system established at the end of their fight for fiat money was the one which we have just now condemned and thrown aside. They had had no education in sound money, and were forced to choose between the very faulty old national-bank system with currency based on government bonds, and one in which the bonds would have been converted directly into a circulating medium. They wanted a currency consisting of bills which were evidences of the Government's debt, instead of one in which similar bills were based on interest-bearing bonds held by banks issuing the bills. If they made a wrong choice, is it any wonder? There were two ditches into which to fall, and the blind were leading the blind; so we fell into the ditch on the left instead of into the one on the right.

Back of all the currency theories which we ignorantly discussed there lay a deeper and more significant fact. We had been for a decade and a half at least doing business with a depreciated currency. During that time we had been obliged, or inclined, or both, to go deeply into debt. The return to the gold standard meant a deflation which could not fail to make it from one and a half to three times as hard to pay off those debts as it would have been if the inflation had continued. Creditors, of course, knew this.

Debtors sort of felt it without knowing it, and their feeling was justified. Eight-cent eggs, ten-cent butter, corn so low that it was cheaper fuel than coal, and wheat down to forty-five cents a bushel merely expressed in figures the lessened purchasing power of products after the deflation. There were other factors entering into the equation; but the currency factor is obvious.

Traditionally, farmers have always swung in opinion toward cheaper money when caught in any such economic trap. They have not become articulate in the demand for a change in the standard since the World War, but they have complained bitterly of the deflation brought about by the Federal Reserve System in 1920.

When we were preparing for the Federal Farm Loan System we studied carefully the German Landschaften. The German farmers were mortgaged in many cases up to 80 per cent or more of the value of their farms. All these debts have now passed away. Their farms are said to be almost mortgage-free. There came a time when with their depreciated currency a farmer could sell a quarter of beef and pay off his debt. The French farmers are paying off their mortgages with the depreciated francs. So it has been wherever the money has depreciated. Depreciated money amounts to a partial or complete act of bankruptcy for debtors, and the farmers were in debt. It has been starvation for the creditors and those living on fixed salaries and investments; but all observers speak of the universal prosperity of the farmers in France, Germany and the other countries with depreciated currency. Their debts are gone, and what they produce is things. Things will always demand their value in any money.

I have seen the same phenomenon with depreciated rubles in Siberia. I had a friend who had been what amounts to an Assistant Attorney-General in Petrograd in the Czar's government, who was almost literally starving on the stipend earned by him in the government in the Far Eastern Republic in Vladivostok; while of the peasants who grew grain and cattle and wool many were debt-free for the first time in their history, and getting rubles by the million for their produce.

The Composite Gold Standard

In fact, beginning with the great outflow of gold from America in the age of Cortés and Pizarro, the gradually increasing economic freedom from age to age has in large part come from the constant inflation of the quantity of the money metals. For we might have enormous inflation with the single gold standard, if science could only discover how to convert other metals into gold—now no longer considered impossible—or if new discoveries or new methods should make gold more plentiful, as they have done so many times since 1492.

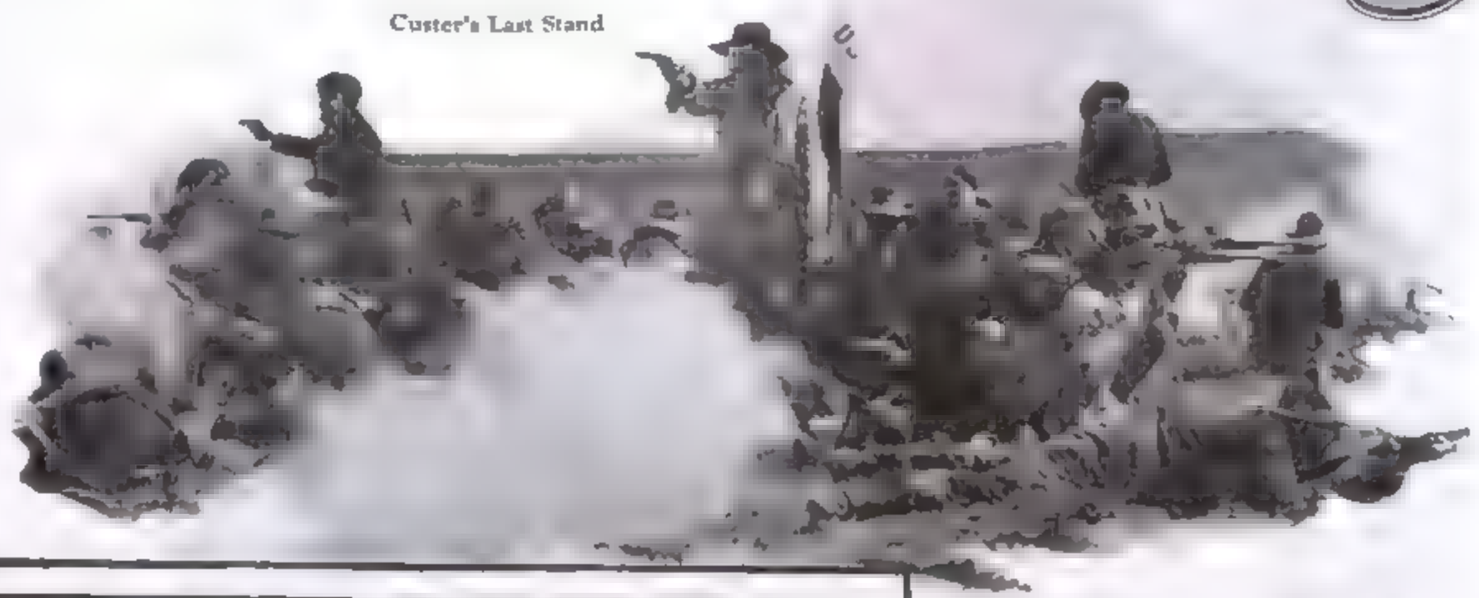
It is to provide against such things as this and against the fluctuations of gold in value that Professor Fisher has developed his composite gold standard. The agency, whatever it may be, which can play with the purchasing power of our money has the welfare of our people under control. We were wrong in our Greenback theory in the 70's, but the opposite wrong is equally destructive of prosperity. Inflation and deflation are evils of equal magnitude. We suffer from one or the other most of the time. Theoretically, it is possible to do away with both; and whatever is possible in such theory ought some day to be brought within the field of the practicable. Then such scenes as that in Hickory Grove would not occur.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Quick. The next will appear in an early issue.

News of First National Pictures

"The Half-Way Girl"

YES, it's lovely Doris Kenyon who is pictured below. And you will see two other favorites, Lloyd Hughes and Hobart Bosworth, in this adaptation from an original story by E. Lloyd Sheldon. It's tense melodrama with fast moving action in the Far East—and a burning ship is the setting of a splendid climactic scene. John Francis Dillon directed and Earl Hudson supervised the production.



Custer's Last Stand

"The Scarlet West"

CUSTER and his gallant band were wiped out in a day. A company that includes 2,000 reservation Indians spent three months on location reproducing that memorable scene.

It's a vivid drama of Western outpost days leading to the grim climax and massacre. Frank Carroll produced the picture with a cast including Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, Robert Edeson, Johnny Walker, Walter McGrail and Gaston Glass.

Colleen Moore (above) in "The Desert Flower"

EVE was made from Adam's rib—but many a man gets his backbone from a woman. In this, one of the most delightful pictures that ever brought laugh-tears to your eyes and warmth to your heart, you will enjoy novel comedy and a story so appealing that you will feel like cheering when "The Desert Flower" finally reforms her lover—played by Lloyd Hughes. Irving Cummings directed under June Mathis' supervision. Adapted from Don Mullally's stage success.

"The Lady Who Lied"

A DOCTOR, ready to betray his profession to score in love; a wife, denying love to save her lover; and the lover, courting death to shield this woman, are the three principal characters in Edwin Carewe's production portrayed above by Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli and Edward Earle.

Unusual, you'll say. Even more unusual is the manner in which this situation has been worked out through palpitating Paris, moonlit Venice and the scorching Sahara. The story was adapted from Robert Hichens' "Snake Bite."

"Just a Woman"

is proving its tremendous popularity everywhere. You'll enjoy this adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's play produced by M. C. Levee and directed by Irving Cummings. The cast includes Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle and Percy Marmont. It's a glorious drama of woman's power to achieve.

Beautiful Claire Windsor who plays the title rôle in "Just a Woman"

Barbara La Marr

in "The White Monkey"

A PICTURE of what Galsworthy, one of the greatest writers of them all, so well novelized—the joy-riding spirit of moderns who laugh at the old "Thou-shalt-nots." Who could symbolize such a spirit so enticingly as gorgeous Barbara La Marr? Thomas Holding and Henry Victor support. It's a Sawyer-Lubin production, directed by Phil Rosen, supervised by Arthur Sawyer.

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you – doctors and dentists affirm this.

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.

Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's. F 33

"after every meal" – the flavor lasts!

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

THAT LAW OF LESSER CONCESSIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

so nervous. At the short flight of steps leading to the door, he stopped a second time and thought longingly of a swiftly flowing stream in the Cascades where the trout would be biting; cursed himself for having started this absurd venture. Reluctantly he climbed the steps and knocked.

When the door was opened his first impulse was to remove his hat. He decided against this courtesy, believing it would delay the demonstration. Then he stood staring at the lady and tried vainly to recall the opening words of his selling talk. Finally in desperation he shoved the jar holder into her resisting hands.

"It's a rig for holding mason jars while you are taking the tops off," he said explosively. "Here," he continued, gaining headway, "it works like this." His hands performed the operation mechanically as he tried despairingly to think of the smoothly flowing patter he had memorized. One bit of Martha's advice flashed into his mind.

"Look them in the eyes," she had said. "Sometimes it gets them, and when it gets them, they're sold."

So he looked this lady squarely in the eyes, and she looked squarely back again. Immediately he felt an accursed tide of crimson creeping into his cheeks. He refused to lower his glance, but he felt he must say something, anything to relieve the growing tension.

"Maybe you have a jar of fruit you want opened," he suggested, as a saving straw; "or maybe you have one you haven't been able to open. You go and get one for me anyhow."

Obediently yet reluctantly she did as he told her to. A moment later she returned from her cellar with a dusty jar of fruit.

"It's a left-over from two years ago," she explained. "The top is on so tight I haven't been able to remove it. But I could have got it off easily enough if I had taken the trouble to cut the rubber ring," she added.

An inspired thought occurred to Frazer while she was speaking. He would convince her of the merit of the device by having her operate it herself.

"Set the jar inside this band," he said. "Now take the bottom lever in your left hand and the top lever in your right hand. That's the way! Just a slow steady pull. How's that? Easy, wasn't it?"

"Quite easy," the lady admitted.

Now to close the sale! Frazer wished he could remember just one of the various methods Martha had explained. Again he found himself staring blankly into the lady's eyes.

"One dollar, please," he said, thrusting out his hand. He was glad he hadn't forgotten the price.

She did not reply immediately, nor did she show any inclination to produce the dollar. Instead, she stood returning his intent gaze with considerable interest. Again he felt his cheeks turning red.

"One dollar," he said again. And then, because he felt something more was required—"Maybe you'd like to have me fasten it here on the kitchen table, where it will always be handy. Or perhaps you'd rather keep it in one of the drawers."

"I'll not use it often enough to want it on the table," she decided. Then, as if impelled by the silent command of his outthrust hand, she got her pocketbook and paid him.

"Thank you," he said fervently. There was relief as well as heartfelt sincerity expressed in that conventional phrase.

As soon as Frazer reached the street he took out a memorandum book and recorded all the details of the transaction. Martha had emphasized the importance of doing this so that each attempt could later be subjected to critical analysis. After he had completed the record, he walked for a block or two while he tried to figure the thing out. A sale his first attempt and he had made a boob of himself at that! He concluded if he could do that well when he had forgotten his selling talk, he would be a wonder after he really got going good. He went back to his hotel and spent the rest of the day practicing the selling talk. He'd hook the ladies like a string of trout the next day, that's what he'd do.

The next morning, when he made his first call he displayed neither hesitation nor agitation.

"Madam," he commenced fluently, "I am demonstrating a little labor-saving and temper-saving device that every woman should have in her kitchen. A device that will ——"

As he talked he tried to look into the lady's eyes, but his effort failed. She was gazing into space with an expression of bored resignation, and he knew that for some reason his talk wasn't even registering. When he finished the memorized speech he decided to make use of an expedient he had tried in making his first sale.

"If you have a mason jar you would like to have opened ——"

"I never use mason jars," she interrupted. "We buy everything in cans. Good day."

Out in front of the house, Frazer took time to make a record of this attempt, noting particularly her reason for not buying. Martha had said a good salesman should know and be able to anticipate any reasonable excuse that might be offered as a reason for not buying. Then he hurried to the next house. Martha had also stressed the value of speed—the more calls the more sales, according to the good old law of averages.

The lady at the next house didn't even give him time to deliver his talk.

"I have one just like it," she told him sweetly, without glancing at the sample he held. He knew she was prevaricating, but how could a fellow argue a point like that with a lady?

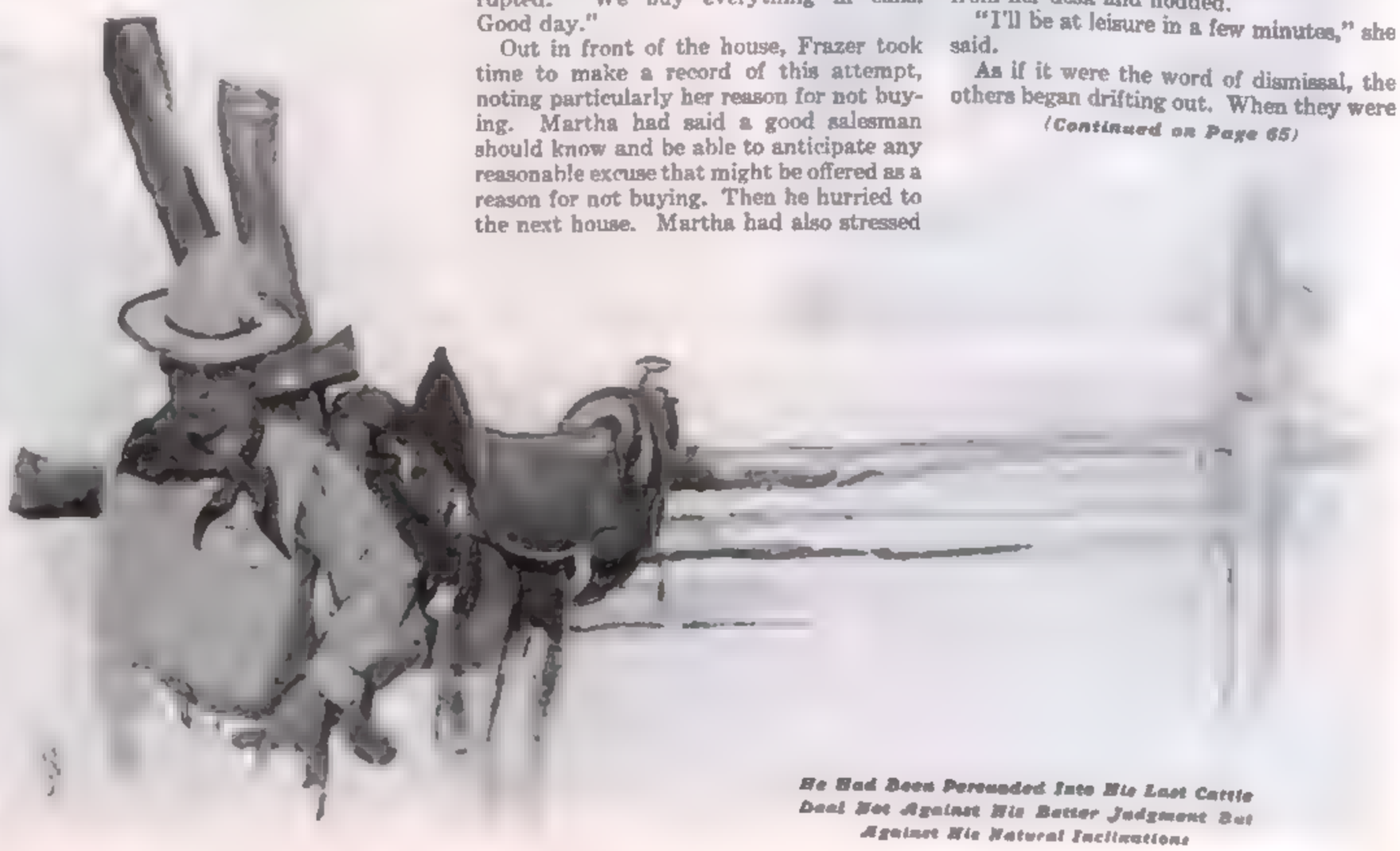
The lady at the third house didn't listen to his talk either. After a hasty glance at him and his sample, she unceremoniously slammed the door. Before long he began to skip houses; then wandered for blocks between calls. When he recorded his twentieth consecutive failure, he quit. He went into a corner drug store and eased himself down on a stool in front of the soda fountain and ordered a drink. He didn't want the drink. He wanted to rest his aching feet, and he wanted to think. He had already reached two definite conclusions. He was convinced his first sale had been an example of beginners' luck. And he was also convinced that women were no better than the law compelled them to be. Deceitful? He'd tell a cock-eyed world they were! There had been one, an innocent-appearing young thing, who had told him she was the hired girl, and that her mistress was out, and that she wasn't permitted to do any buying. A hired girl! Huh! He guessed he knew a hired girl when he saw one. And at another house the lady had told him she was just bathing her baby, and that she must rush right back to the little dear, and couldn't he call some other time. About that one, he didn't believe she ever had bathed a baby, much less ever had one of her own to bathe. He'd like to know how Martha would have anticipated an excuse like that.

For the rest of the day he loafed. From a window of his room he could see the snow-covered crest of Mount Hood above the city. He had often fished along a trout stream that had its source in that perpetual snow field. Leading up to a glade in which he had frequently camped was a trail where the pine needles made a soft carpet. . . . But he had promised Martha he would report at her office each afternoon. And he still wanted to find out if the law of lesser concessions really would work. She had said her office was always open until six. At five minutes before the hour he made his appearance. A number of her sales people were there, laughing, comparing notes, exchanging experiences. Martha looked up from her desk and nodded.

"I'll be at leisure in a few minutes," she said.

As if it were the word of dismissal, the others began drifting out. When they were

(Continued on Page 65)



He Had Been Persuaded Into His Last Cattle Deal Not Against His Better Judgment But Against His Natural Inclinations

Eveready Columbia Ignitor "A" Battery for all radio dry cell tubes 1½ volts
EVEREADY COLUMBIA IGNITOR DRY CELL
FOR RADIO, IGNITION AND ALL GENERAL PURPOSES
No. 766 22½-volt Large Horizontal Price $2.00
No. 772 45-volt Large Vertical Price
EVEREADY RADIO "B" BATTERY
EVEREADY RADIO "B" BATTERY

There is an Eveready Radio Battery for every radio use

NORTH, south, east, west; to city, village or farm; go where you will, to homes with the most elaborate radio equipment or to the home with a modest home-made receiving set; to the laboratory of the expert or the workshop of the amateur—everywhere, you will find Eveready Radio Batteries.

This nation-wide popularity, which grows in volume every day, can mean only one thing—listeners-in the country over, with many kinds of batteries from which to choose, find a preferable quality of reception and an extra span of life in Eveready Radio Batteries that spell economy.

In the Eveready Radio Battery family, anyone with any kind of radio set, will find just the battery for him—with power, punch and length of life that insure many hours of happy listening.

Ask for Eveready Radio Batteries—they last longer. There is an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY Radio Batteries

—they last longer

EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY AT 8 P. M.

Eastern Standard Time

For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group," broadcast through stations—

WEAF	New York	WFI	Philadelphia	WEAR	Cleveland	WCCO	Minneapolis, St. Paul
WJAR	Providence	WGR	Buffalo	WSAI	Cincinnati		
WEEI	Boston	WCAE	Pittsburgh	WWJ	Detroit	WOC	Davenport

KELLY
heavy-duty
CORD

A REAL heavy duty pneumatic tire, especially designed to stand the wear and tear of service on buses and other heavy motor vehicles where a well-balanced tire of high resiliency is desirable. Sturdy in construction, with reinforced sidewalls and a thick, rugged, non-skid tread, the Kelly Heavy Duty Cord is winning an enviable reputation for consistently high mileage and freedom from trouble.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES

(Continued from Page 62)

alone she looked up again and smiled in a friendly way.

"Well, what luck?" she asked.

"One sale," he replied.

"Fine! When I first started out I worked four days before I made a sale."

"Perhaps you didn't have anyone to coach you," he suggested.

"I'll say I didn't! And I didn't keep any record of my efforts. Have you your memorandum book with you? If you have, we'll look through it and see if we can determine in what way you've been slipping. That jar holder should be good for ten sales a day."

"I'm powerful hungry and a bit tired," Frazer said. "Suppose we go down to a restaurant. You can look through the book while we are eating."

Martha hesitated an instant. But she was hungry and tired herself.

"All right," she decided, "we'll see if we can analyze your work while we're eating."

Frazer smiled. Another little concession on her part! The next time she dined with him he'd see to it that he had seats reserved for some good show.

As she analyzed the record of his work she seemed decidedly puzzled over her findings. He had not told her about the selling talk he had so carefully prepared and memorized, thinking that she might consider that he was trying to strut his stuff; and it did not occur to him that the talk might have been one of the causes of his lack of success.

"You have been failing in the very first essential," she told him. "Your records show that for some reason or other you fail right at the beginning of each attempt to secure the undivided attention of the prospective buyers."

She delivered quite a lecture on this point and told of a number of ways by which attention could be instantly secured. Then she recapitulated some of the other facts she had stated on the occasion of their first interview, dwelling particularly on the importance of making a great many calls each day. She was frankly dissatisfied with him because he had made only twenty-one attempts during the first two days.

The next morning he started out again, intent on securing the attention of each prospective buyer before he delivered his selling talk. At two that afternoon, with a total of forty-three consecutive failures recorded, he quit again. T'ell with the old jar holder! T'ell with Martha! T'ell with the law of lesser concessions! He was going fishing!

Years earlier, while camping near the headwaters of the Santiam, he had discovered an old deer trail that traversed a height of ground above the river. This old trail, walled on either side by thick underbrush and wild berry brambles, hidden from the sun by the branches of towering pine and fir, dim and cool and silent, had led to a hidden, cliff-rimmed lake. In discovering that unnamed body of water he had found an ideal camp—a place where there were no mosquitoes, no women and lots of fish. Now he had but one desire. He wanted to get back to the seclusion of that little lake.

The next day he unpacked his outfit in a sheltered cove at the edge of the lake. After he had fished for an hour or two, he realized that somehow the place did not seem as restful as he had anticipated. On previous occasions he had been able to loll for hours at a time just gazing across the lake's placid surface or watching the lazying clouds that hover above the horizon of high mountains. Now, contrary to his desire, his thoughts kept reverting first to one woman and then to another who had refused to buy the jar holder. He couldn't rid his mind of a lingering sense of humiliation caused by his absolute failure as a salesman.

At last he began studying his memorandum book in an effort to discover the reason for his failure. By comparing the details of those forty-three unsuccessful attempts with the details of the one successful effort, he concluded that the one circumstance in which they differed was the selling talk. That being the case, according to the rule of logic Martha had called the method of difference, the selling talk had been the cause of his failure. This thought persisted in his mind until, after several days, urged by an instinctive, irresistible desire to make good, he wended his way back to the city.

When he called at Martha's office again he was careful to reach there just at closing time. She greeted him with an amused smile.

"I thought you had faded from the picture," she said.

"Oh, no," he assured her, as if surprised that she should think such a thing. "I've been away from the city on some personal business. But as I said the first day I talked to you, I don't quit easy." Then he told her about the selling talk he had composed and memorized. "You said I would have to work out my own ballyhoo," he reminded her. "Evidently the one I composed isn't very scientific, because according to my analysis it has been the cause of my failure."

"Let's hear your talk," she suggested.

Before he was half through she stopped him.

"Heavens, man," she exclaimed, "that would give a woman time to think of a dozen plausible reasons for not buying! And you must keep in mind the fact that every woman you call on will instinctively try to avoid buying."

"Then what, for instance," Frazer asked, "would be the proper sort of talk?"

"You'll have to work it out for yourself," Martha told him. "At one house you'll make some comment that gets a favorable reaction from the prospective buyer. Right then you have something that should be incorporated in your talk. At another house you'll make some other statement that gets across, and there's something more to be added."

"You warned me this was going to be hard," Frazer said sadly. "Why, it will take a couple of weeks just to get a proper line of talk doped out!"

Martha nodded.

"It would ordinarily," she agreed. "But perhaps by working together on this we can think of a number of selling suggestions that will serve as a nucleus for you to start with."

After the new talk had been outlined, Frazer glanced at his watch with simulated astonishment.

"Ten minutes past seven!" he exclaimed. "Time for us to go and eat this very minute."

"It is about time," Martha agreed.

An hour later, as they rose from the table, Frazer spoke of a famous singer who was appearing that week in Portland.

"I have two fairly good seats for tonight," he said. "If you would enjoy hearing her ——"

"Oh, I'd love to go," Martha told him.

Frazer's eyes twinkled. Good little old law! It was working for him all the time.

The next morning, when he resumed his house-to-house canvass, his efforts were more leisurely than before. He was less concerned with the final outcome of each attempt to sell the jar holder than he was in noting the reactions to his various selling suggestions. Late that afternoon he recorded his sixty-sixth consecutive failure, and as he went wearily around to the sixty-seventh back door he felt he was about ready to call it a day. With each successive failure his faith in Martha's teachings and his confidence in himself had decreased.

"Madam," he said, when the lady came to that sixty-seventh back door, "I am demonstrating a little labor-saving and temper-saving device ——"

He stopped, aware that he had unconsciously begun to recite his discarded talk. While he was trying to think of some expedient by which he could immediately regain her attention, a movement within the house caused him to glance through the open door into the dining room. There, gazing pensively out of a window, was a young woman from his home range. He knew if she should turn and recognize him she would not be satisfied until she had wrung from him a confession regarding the work he was engaged in. He hated to think of the kidding he would have to endure from the fellows to whom she would take delight in telling the story. His first impulse was to turn and run. But he was no man to run even from a woman. However, he was willing to compromise with the impulse. If he couldn't run he could hide. Between the door where he stood and the dining-room door was a tall kitchen cabinet. Paying no heed to the startled expression in the eyes of the sixty-seventh lady, he thrust the jar holder into her hands. Then he stepped hastily into the kitchen and leaned against the wall at the end of the cabinet.

"It's a do-jigger for holding mason jars while you are taking the tops off," he told her, speaking very softly. He paused and drew a long breath. Then unconsciously he resorted to an expedient he had made use of on the occasion of his first sale. "I want you to try it," he said. "If you'll get a jar of fruit I'll show you how it works."

Instead of responding, the lady stood looking at him curiously. Frazer began to blush. But he held his ground.

"If you haven't a jar of fruit, a jar of vegetables will do," he suggested.

Rather reluctantly the lady went and got a jar of fruit. Frazer placed it in the holder.

"Now take the lower lever in your left hand," he instructed, still speaking as softly as possible, "and pull the top lever toward you with your right hand. There you are! Easy, wasn't it?"

The lady agreed. Then Frazer began to wonder what he should say next; and as he tried to think of the proper thing, he gazed earnestly, pathetically, into her eyes. She gazed curiously into his. His cheeks began to turn red again. He took another deep breath and held out his hand.

"It will cost you one dollar," he said.

She did not respond to this suggestion, but continued to gaze into his unwavering, pleading eyes. After a seemingly interminable space of time, he made use of another expedient he had used when making his first sale.

"Shall I fasten it here on the kitchen cabinet? Or would you rather keep it in one of the drawers?"

"Why, I believe you might as well fasten it right there," she decided.

Frazer clamped the holder to the edge of the cabinet. Then he put out his hand again and waggled it coaxingly.

"One dollar, please."

When she gave him the money he thanked her and immediately bolted out of the kitchen and down the back steps. He had no doubt that she thought he was a bit crazy, but that fact didn't worry him. Even that he had escaped unseen by the girl from his home range did not elate him particularly. The important thing was that he had made another sale.

He walked slowly down the street, pondering the fact; stopped after a time and recorded the event in his memorandum book. He was at once impressed by the similarity of the details of this and his first sale; decided that if he could apply the right rule of logic he might be able to discover the secret of his success. He went absently out to the curb and sat down while he worked on the problem.

A policeman, strolling along his beat, watched Frazer's erratic actions with suspicion. He approached and paused beside him.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "What are you sitting here for?"

Frazer glanced up and nodded, amiable but preoccupied.

"It's a problem that can be solved according to Mill," he explained. "I'm trying to decide if it is that first canon, the method of agreement, that applies ——"

"A problem that can be solved according to mill?" the officer interrupted. "What kind of mill? And where do you get that cannon stuff? Lemme see your satchel. What's in it—bombs or literature?"

Frazer did not hear this last question. His mind had concentrated on his problem again. With impersonal approval he realized his old one-cylinder bean was beginning to spark occasionally. Then he became aware of the officer again. That gentleman had taken one of the jar holders out of the satchel and was poking him in the ribs with it.

"Say, what are you?" inquired the minion of the law. "Just a peddler?"

"Just that," said Frazer, taking a sudden pride in his new profession.

"Then will you tell me what this doodad is?"

The officer was studying the jar holder with lively curiosity. Frazer looked up at him craftily. He wondered what excuses a man would be likely to offer as reasons for not buying.

"Are you a married man?" he asked.

If the officer wasn't married, he might be persuaded to buy one of the jar holders for his girl; and if he was married, he might be persuaded to buy one for his wife.

"Yeh, I'm married. Why do you ask?"

"Have you ever had to help your wife take the top off a mason jar?"

"Have I? Say, just the other day I almost peeled the hide off my hand doing just that little thing."

Frazer rose and looked the officer squarely in the eyes. Thank heaven, he had never met a man who could make him blush.

"Here is a little device that will save your wife a lot of trouble," he said, at the same time slipping a tightly sealed empty mason jar into the holder. He placed the jar and holder in the officer's hands. "Take the bottom lever in your left hand," he commanded, "and the top lever in your right hand. That's the way. Now a steady pull. There you are! Easy, wasn't it? Why, that rig will be worth its price to your wife every time she has occasion to open a jar of fruit.

"It's a device every woman wants the moment she sees it," he continued enthusiastically, forgetting that sixty-six women had refused to want it in spite of his best efforts to persuade them. "And the cost is only one dollar." He mentioned the price as if he hated to admit the amount was so small.

But the officer had a different idea of the size of a dollar. He stood apparently studying the holder, but Frazer knew he was trying to think of some plausible reason for not buying. He immediately made a suggestion which he believed might furnish a motive for spending the required amount.

"All women want one the minute they see it," he repeated, still unaware of his deviation from the exact truth. "And have you ever noticed how much it pleases a good housekeeper to have her husband bring home some little gift for making her work easier?"

The officer nodded, evidently recalling some past occasion when he had thus pleased his wife. But still he hesitated, wavering between his affection for his wife and the instinctive promptings of economy. Frazer began to fear that economy would win the decision. Speaking rapidly, he began to review each of the desirable features of the jar holder. Unconsciously the officer conceded each of these lesser points. When the summary was finished he still hesitated. Then Frazer resorted to a trick he had learned in his horse-trading days. He made the final decision a matter of nerve and price.

"Of course," he said casually, as if confiding a trade secret that had no personal bearing, "when I try to sell this household necessity to men, I find there are some who seem to think they haven't any right to spend a dollar without first asking the wife's permission—I suppose you've met that kind yourself. And then there are others who don't mind spending money on themselves, but when they come to loosening up for the sake of making their wives' work easier—but in your work you must meet quite a few of that kind too."

"Yeh, I meet 'em," the officer admitted, unconsciously weakening in his desire to keep his dollar.

(Continued on Page 68)

1 Ton Truck Chassis	$1095
1½ Ton Truck Chassis	$1280
Bus Chassis	$1600
Street Car Type Bus (Model 210)	$3840 Complete
Sedan Bus	$3560 Complete

f. o. b. Detroit

Interior, Graham Brothers Standard Street Car Type Bus

GRAHAM

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

From Rail to Rubber

A mighty new link has been welded inseparably into the world's transportation system.

The Motor Bus!

It spans the gap between city railways and suburban homes, between metropolitan depots and isolated towns.

Keen visioned railroad and street car heads have welcomed the Motor Bus as an indispensable aid and ally. It is the connecting link that permits extension of their service to the remotest sections.

The light, fleet and sturdy Graham Brothers Bus especially, impresses them. Powered by Dodge Brothers Engine and built by a manufacturer of acknowledged leadership and responsibility, it may always be relied upon to match the most punctilious schedules.

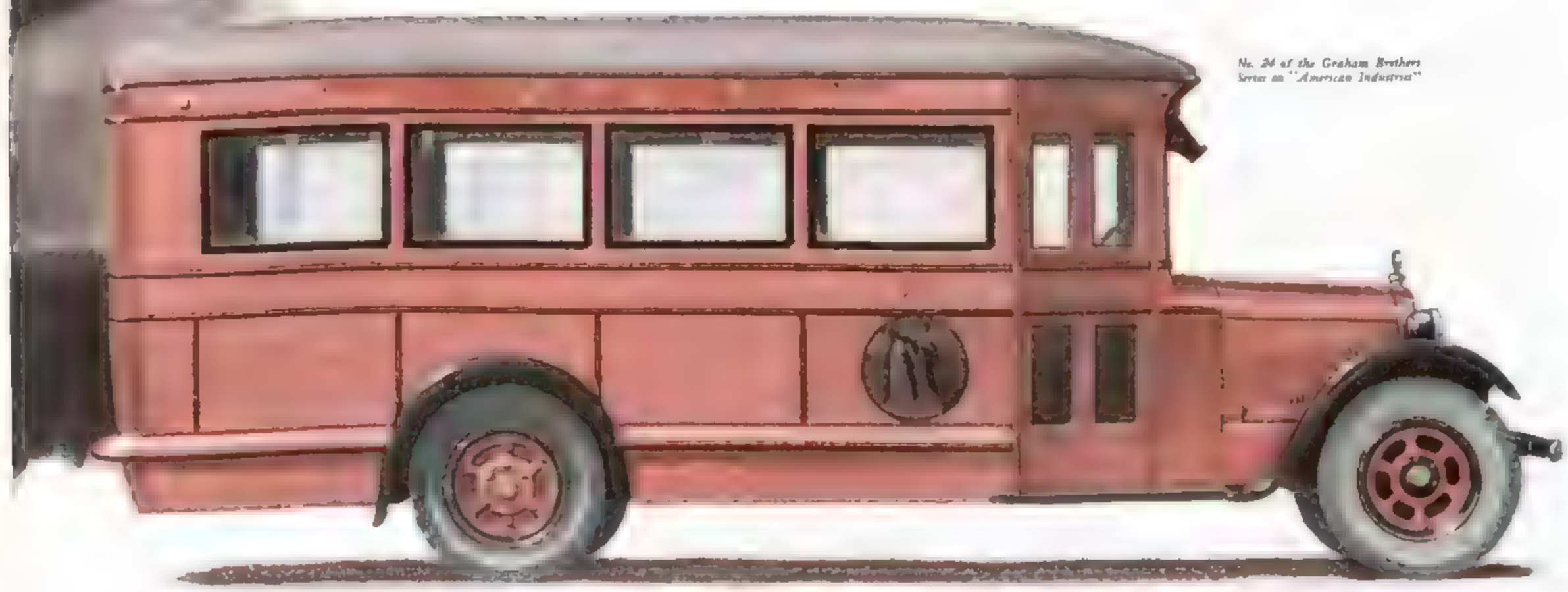
Graham Brothers Busses are roomy, comfortable and easily handled. They are *dependable*, long-lived and low in upkeep cost. Available in several attractive types and sizes—at prices made low by large production.

GRAHAM BROTHERS

Detroit — Evansville — Stockton

A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC

GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO, ONTARIO



No. 24 of the Graham Brothers Series on "American Industries"

One of a fleet of 80 Graham Brothers Street Car Type Busses model 202, in the service of the Department of Street Railways, City of Detroit

BROTHERS TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 65

Frazer immediately assumed that the sale was closed and held out his hand as if he expected to collect at once. At the same time he suggested another matter of relatively small importance.

"I suppose you are figuring on how to get it home," he said. "I'll deliver it for you if you want me to."

The officer considered this matter for a moment.

"I'll carry it with me," he decided. "I can leave it at a store near the end of my beat." He handed Frazer a dollar; then reverted to his first curiosity.

"Not meaning any offense," he said pleasantly, "but what was the idea—sitting out here on the curb?"

"I've been working on a problem," Frazer explained. "A few minutes ago I got my first real hunch about how to solve it, so I sat down here to figure it out before the idea got away from me."

The officer nodded.

"My old woman's father used to be like that," he said sympathetically. But still his curiosity was unappeased. "Had you just as soon tell me what kind of mill you were talking about—and what kind of cannons?"

"Not a mill," Frazer explained patiently. "A man—John Stuart Mill. He formulated some canons, some rules of logic ——"

"You are getting too deep for me now," the officer said. "How does it happen, with such an education as you must have, that you are doing nothing but peddling?"

Frazer refused to let this slur on his new profession pass unrebuked.

"I'm making a study of salesmanship," he said with dignity. "I find that house-to-house work is a highly instructive phase of the subject."

"It may be all of that," the officer agreed. "But you certainly can't be learning very much when you are handling an article that just naturally sells itself. Why don't you take on something that requires a little effort?"

"Sells itself!" Frazer exploded. Then by heroic effort he restrained his emotions. "I was afraid I might get discouraged and quit if I started out with anything difficult," he explained apologetically.

"Well, good luck to you," the officer said in parting. "I must be toddling along."

With grieved reproachful stare, Frazer watched him go.

"An article that just naturally sells itself!" he muttered. "You big fathead, you must think you bought that because you wanted to!" Then he saw the officer's comment in a more favorable light. If the man believed the purchase had been made of his own volition, surely the salesman's part in the transaction could be considered as the epitome of salesmanship.

Frazer was in high spirits when he returned to Martha's office that afternoon. Twice while he was relating the story of his success he emphasized certain points in his narrative by reaching across the desk and patting her arm. He did this so naturally, so evidently without thought of what he was doing, that Martha did not take offense. Another little concession on her part!

However, Frazer's apparently impulsive actions were deliberate and premeditated. He was beginning to have a lot of faith in the effectiveness of that law of lesser concessions.

During the next few days he experienced his first thrill of real achievement. Within a week he was averaging five sales a day. By the end of the second week he had doubled this average. Later he was able to increase this average to twelve sales—one for every five to six calls that he made. His profit was about six dollars a day. When he became convinced that this was the maximum he could expect to make with the jar holder, he began to look for something else to sell—something that would allow a larger margin of profit. He finally decided to try the knife sharpener that Martha had demonstrated for his benefit the first time he called at her office.

His success was reasonably satisfactory; but no matter how hard he worked, he could not sell more than five or six of them a day. The high price proved the great obstacle. One day while working in a neighborhood he had learned to designate as a home-folks district, a woman interrupted his demonstration almost immediately.

"I have a knife sharpener," she said. "And mine won't wear out here," she added, indicating the metal shaft on his machine where most of the wear occurred. "Another thing, mine has an automatic adjustment for keeping it in perfect alignment."

"May I see that machine of yours?" Frazer asked. He had already come across a dozen different kinds of sharpeners, but none such as she had described.

She invited him into the kitchen, evidently taking a personal pride in her machine. Frazer studied its construction carefully. In appearance and mechanical perfection it was far superior to the one he was selling.

"May I ask how much it cost you?" he said.

"My husband says it cost him nearly a thousand dollars," she answered. "He owns a machine shop," she continued, explaining. "And one day when I was complaining about a sharpener I was using at that time, he said he believed he could invent one that would suit me. There it is," she concluded proudly.

"Does he distribute them himself, or does he sell through some wholesale house?" Frazer asked.

She said he had stopped trying to sell them; that he had disposed of a few locally, but that the demand had been so limited he had refused to waste any more time with them.

Frazer thanked her for the information. Then he went back to the street and walked for a few blocks, doing some intensive figuring.

An idea with unusual possibilities had occurred to him. He decided to go and talk to the inventor of that sharpener.

He wasted no time with formalities when he met the gentleman.

"Mr. Kessler," he said, "I want to buy a few of your knife sharpeners."

Kessler looked puzzled for an instant, then beamed.

"Come with me," he invited. "I have some I'll be glad to sell. They are back in the stock room."

"No need to show them to me," Frazer said. "Your wife made as good a demonstration as anyone could. How many of them have you on hand?"

"About one hundred."

"How much will you sell the lot for?"

Kessler hesitated, trying to remember his costs. He turned to one of his office men.

"Here is a gentleman who wants to buy those knife sharpeners. How much shall we charge him?"

The accountant smiled.

"If we should try to charge him as much as they have cost us, he wouldn't want them," he said, opening one of his books. "Here we are: Including labor, stocks, dies and material, and deducting the cash received from the sale of the few that have been disposed of, the account owes us nine hundred eight dollars and fourteen cents. We have one hundred seventeen of the machines on hand. To break even, we would have to charge nearly eight dollars apiece for them."

"That is reasonable enough," Frazer decided promptly, "providing you will include the patent rights and the stocks and dies."

"'Tain't reasonable enough," Kessler objected. "That rig is a pet of mine. Some day, if I connect with the right jobbing house, I'll be able to make some money out of it."

"Pshaw!" the accountant exclaimed. "You've been trying for more than a year to connect with the right jobbing house and they've all turned it down. Better take this gentleman's money before he changes his mind."

Kessler was obdurate.

"If they are worth that much to him, they are worth more to us." Then he addressed Frazer. "You are not offering to buy them without having a fairly good idea of how you'll come out on the deal. I'm willing to sell you the machines we have on hand at any reasonable price. But I'll not sell the patent rights. Now with that understanding, if you want to put your cards on the table, I'll deal fairly with you."

"All right, I'll tell you the whole story," Frazer said. "I'm a house-to-house salesman. Lately I've been handling a sharpening device similar to yours, but not so good mechanically; although yours is a much less expensive machine to manufacture than the one I've been handling. Mine retails for two-fifty. If yours could be manufactured to retail for one dollar, it would be a sensation as a house-to-house proposition. In all events, I want to buy the ones you have on hand and try my luck with them."

"I don't believe we could manufacture cheaply enough to retail our machine for one dollar and still leave a margin of profit for the jobbers and salesmen," Kessler said thoughtfully.

"We could if we went in for quantity production," the accountant assured him.

"I'll be talking quantity if the women will buy them," Frazer said. "I'd expect to distribute a million of them, maybe more."

"That's quantity," Kessler said. "Come on back to the stock room and I'll dig out the ones we have on hand."

Frazer did not tell Martha of this new deal of his. But that afternoon when he returned to the office he took a box of flowers with him.

"What are we celebrating now?" she asked.

"I'll answer that question in about a month," he evaded. Then he looked at his watch. It was already a few minutes past six, and the rest of Martha's sales people had made their reports and gone.

"Any engagement this evening?" he asked.

"Dinner and a show—with you," she answered.

Frazer smiled down at her and patted her shoulder.

"Fine!" he said. "And I'm hungry, so let's be on our way."

One morning about a month later, just before Martha was ready to start for the office, there came a knock at the rear door of her apartment.

"A gentleman to see you," her housekeeper called.

When Martha saw who was at the door she spoke in an undertone to the housekeeper.

"You may wait in the dining room," she said. She believed it must be a decidedly important matter that brought Frazer to her door that early in the morning.

Frazer lifted his hat gravely, as to a stranger.

"Good morning, madam," he said. "May I fasten this little machine here on your kitchen table for a moment? Thank you." Without waiting for her answer, he stepped into the kitchen and clamped one of his new sharpeners to the edge of her table. "Now have you a loaf of bread in the house?" he asked.

"There's not a bit of bread," Martha said apologetically. "Would a biscuit do as well?"

"Nope," said Frazer. "But I have some bread of my own that will do." He unwrapped a package he had been holding under one arm. "I never use my own loaf if I can borrow one," he explained. "Now have you an ordinary kitchen knife that I may use—the kind usually called a butcher knife?"

Martha got one for him.

Frazer took the knife and went across the room to the gas stove and deliberately dulled the blade by drawing it back and forth on one of the pipes.

"I'm doing this," he said, "not because the knife was too sharp but to convince you it can be made duller than usual. My object is to show you that a dull knife tears instead of cutting. To show just what I mean, I'll ask you to take the knife and try to cut a slice of bread for me."

Martha, more or less mystified by the whole proceeding, did as he asked her to. When she saw the ragged, uneven slice of bread that fell away from the loaf, she nodded, beginning to understand the purpose of his demonstration.

"Now," he said, "I'll ask you to draw the blade back and forth in this little machine. That's the way. Now please cut another slice and notice that this time the knife will cut the bread instead of tearing it." A smooth, crumbless slice fell away from the loaf as Martha obeyed his instructions. "Do you see the difference?" he asked. "The difference is apparent because the knife is now properly sharpened."

Martha did see the difference.

"Oh, I have another knife I'd like to sharpen," she exclaimed.

"Of course you have," Frazer agreed. "In every home there are knives that need sharpening. When the job is done by a professional knife and scissor grinder he charges twenty-five cents for each blade. Sharpening four blades costs one dollar. That, madam, is the price of this machine—just one dollar." He held out his hand—a silent suggestion that he was waiting for the money. "And the machine is guaranteed to last a lifetime. Shall I leave it here on the kitchen table? Or would you rather have it fastened on one of your pantry shelves where it will be out of the way?"

"I believe I'd rather have it on one of the pantry shelves," Martha decided. Then she stepped into an adjoining room and a moment later returned with a silver dollar.

"Thank you," Frazer said, and he put the coin triumphantly in his pocket.

Martha did not realize she had just been a party to a selling demonstration that almost every woman in the country was to witness during the next two years. But she did know that for one dollar she had purchased a sharpening device that was far superior to anything of its kind she had ever seen. Then she became aware that Frazer was smiling at her.

"There'll be a million ladies buy those little do-flickers in the near future," he told her. "Our share of every dollar will be seven and one-half cents." It didn't occur to Martha to ask why he had said "our share." Somehow he had managed to take possession of her hands—and the rest of his story was interesting enough so that she didn't mind at all.

"When we've sold our first half million," he continued, "we'll be able to afford a little vacation. You'll need it, too, because you'll have to handle most of this selling campaign. You see," he explained, "since you taught me the operation of the law of lesser concessions, I've been cultivating the friendship of the manager of a bond house here. Just as soon as you can spare me from this job, I'm going to take a whirl at selling bonds. After a year or two of that, I hope to be ready to enter some bigger field."

By this time he had lifted her hands to his shoulders and his hands were resting at her waist.

"But I'll help you for a while," he continued. "There'll be plenty to keep us both busy, training our selling crews, lining up jobbers and all that sort of thing."

One arm was across her shoulders now and her head was resting on his breast.

"But as I said, just as soon as we've sold our first half million we are going to start on our honeymoon trip. I know of a dandy little lake in the Cascades—a lake where there are lots of fish, no mosquitoes and no—no— no inconveniences of any kind."

He had not asked, "Will you marry me, fair lady?" Not even "When will you?" What was the use, when a fellow understood the operation of that remarkable law?

Martha, of her own accord, raised her lips to his.

"Tommy, boy," she said, sighing ecstatically, "you've certainly learned the proper way of closing with a lady."

© M. A. Co.

Now Pure Thread Silk—at $1.00 the pair

A new Allen-A Silk Stocking of amazing value

Allen A
Hosiery
For Men, Women and Children
Underwear
For Men and Boys Only

Now in the better shops and hosiery departments, look for this new, amazingly low-priced, Allen-A silk stocking. For more than two generations the mark of Allen-A has been a symbol of correctly styled and faithful wearing hosiery. The popular price of this special introductory number means no sacrifice of these qualities.

Here are new hosiery values for the careful shopper. Tear out the memorandum below. Ask for these feature styles *by number*. If your regular dealer does not carry them, just write us direct. We'll see that you're supplied. THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

Pacific Coast prices slightly higher

No. 3635 — $1.00 *the pair*
Medium weight pure thread Japan silk stocking, back seamed. Lisle tops, toes, heels and soles. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. All shades.

No. 3765 — $1.65 *the pair*
Medium weight pure thread silk, genuine full-fashioned. Lisle tops, toes, heels and soles. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. All popular shades.

No. 3610 — $1.00 *the pair*
Sem-Chiffon hose of pure thread silk. Dip-dyed, unadulterated. Mock fashioned, lisle garter top, and ruby reinforced with finest lisle at points of wear. All popular shades.

BANKERS, TOO, these Exclusive

"Eyes on work—fingers on keys." No constant swinging of head and eyes back and forth from data to machine; eye-strain, mental fatigue eliminated, column selection automatic

ARE NOW PROFITING by Dalton Features . . .

SPEED . . . SIMPLICITY . . . VISIBILITY

. . . found only in the New Dalton "MULTIPLEX" *Bank Ledger Posting and Statement Machine*

SPEED

Speed, simplicity, visibility—for more than 20 years, these important Dalton advantages in mechanical figuring have been available to commercial houses of the world.

Now, to banks is offered this same trinity of Dalton advantages—speed, simplicity, visibility—in a Ledger Posting and Statement Machine that represents the climax of Dalton's achievement in the mechanical figuring field.

This new "MULTIPLEX" Bank Ledger Posting Machine has the scientifically correct 10-key "touch method" keyboard which distinguishes all Dalton models.

One hand covers the keyboard while the other is free to turn checks.

"Eyes on work—fingers on keys." No constant swinging of head and eyes back and forth from data to machine; eye-strain, mental fatigue eliminated. Column selection is automatic.

No limit to Dalton speed. From 25 to 80 per cent more work in a given time than with ordinary figuring equipment.

The Dalton is so simple as to be instantly operable by anyone. So simplified, too, is its construction that little mechanical service is ever needed.

SIMPLICITY

Then visibility. All figures are in plain view and within easy range of the operator's line of vision.

In addition to all these are posting advantages never before available to banks. This new Dalton automatically posts checks, deposits and balances in proper columns, at the same time, *checks its own work*, thereby proving whether or not all items have been correctly posted. Overdraft balances, including the date, are automatically printed in RED, thereby making it practically impossible to mistake them for credit balances. Position of paper carriage facilitates injection and removal of sheets. Improved automatic carriage return eliminates vibration, making this new model exceedingly quiet in operation.

Of course this machine has the versatility for which all Daltons are famed. It can be converted instantly into a straight adding-calculating machine capable of that comprehensive figure service found only in the New Dalton Direct Subtracting "MULTIPLEX" series—addition and subtraction at the same time, "MULTIPLEX" multiplications, addition of two sets of figures in the same column, etc.

VISIBILITY

The New Dalton "MULTIPLEX" Bank Ledger Posting and Statement Machine is readily adaptable to any posting system—it can be used alone or in conjunction with other equipment. Phone the nearby Dalton Sales Agent for a demonstration in your own office, on your own work. And ask to see "THE MEASURING ROD," an understandable presentation of mechanical and operative facts that enables the banker or business man to make his own comparison of the relative merits of the various adding-calculating machines.

All these automatic features

① Automatic printing of dates; ② automatic subtraction of all checks, and automatic addition of all deposits; ③ automatic extension and printing of balances; ④ automatic selection of columns; ⑤ automatic paper injector and ejector; ⑥ automatic paper carriage return; ⑦ automatic printing of overdrafts in RED.

Write for descriptive booklet

It explains in detail, operation and application of this newest Dalton machine.

THE DALTON ADDING MACHINE SALES COMPANY, *Cincinnati, Ohio,* U.S.A.

Agents for Canada: The United Typewriter Co., Toronto and Branches

Sales Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World

Dalton

ADDING-CALCULATING · BOOKKEEPING
STATEMENT AND "CASH REGISTER" MACHINES

42" FACE
SCREW TAKE UP
42" FACE
G.T.M. SPECIFIED
GOODYEAR CONVEYOR BELT
OF THE
FRANCE STONE COMPANY
CRUSHED LIMESTONE CONVEYOR AT PLANT NO. 3
MIDDLEPOINT, OHIO
LENGTH 892' 434' C/C 36" 8 PLY
3/16" x 1/8" REINFORCED TOP COVER 1/16" PULLEY SIDE COVER
BELT WEIGHT 6½ TONS OPERATED BY 90 H.P. MOTOR
406 F.P.M.

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped conveyor in Middlepoint Plant No. 3 of France Stone Company, Toledo, O.; with insert photograph of the crushed limestone conveyor

Copyright 1925 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. (Inc.)

Their Eighteen Plants—and the G. T. M.

Suppose you had the job of belting three hundred and seventy-five drives—elevators, conveyors, transmissions—in eighteen different plants. You might solve the problem of lower belt cost and better performance by living through all the 40-year experience of the France Stone Company, Toledo, Ohio. Or you might do now what they did four years ago, call in the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

All that region around Toledo is full of plants that quarry and process stone. The G. T. M. stationed there has lived with that business for many a year, applying his expert knowledge of belts to his practical understanding of stone manufacture. When the France Stone Company asked him to go over their belting needs with their plant superintendents, he was able to respond with something more than "just another belt."

A Goodyear Belt for the big main drive in the Kenton, Ohio, plant was the first recommendation the G. T. M. made to the Company. He made that recommendation not by guess but by facts—measurements of center-to-center distances, pulley dimensions, loads and service conditions. The belt made good on the specification.

Today 90% of the belts in the eighteen plants of the France Stone Company are G. T. M.-specified belts, put there by Goodyear Plant Analysis and on the tested value of Goodyear Belt economy. *No Goodyear belt has ever yet failed in a France Stone Company plant.* "And now," says the Purchasing Agent, Mr. Joe O. Lavenberg, "as fast as other belt equipment gives out, it is replaced by Goodyear."

"Here's an example of Goodyear Belt performance," adds Mr. Lavenberg. "Eight hundred and ninety-two feet of 36-inch, 8-ply Goodyear Conveyor Belt at our Middlepoint, Ohio, plant, conveys sharp, heavy, abrasive crushed blue limestone up a 21-degree incline from the primary crusher to the mill screens. This belt is in its third season and shows no signs of wear.

"We are convinced that the G. T. M. plan of plant analysis is the correct means of belt application, as it has enabled us to effect a very satisfactory saving in belt costs over the past four years."

You want those advantages of economical, trouble-free, profitable belting in your own plant, don't you? The testimony of leading users in every industry confirms the wisdom of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan. Make use of it in your business, for a single drive or the entire plant. For records in your industry, or for further information about the G. T. M. and Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

WHAT PRICE SUNSHINE?

(Continued from Page 7)

1816, "the year without a summer," but every 270 to 275 years comes a coincidence of adverse weather conditions all over the world. The period 1926–1927 will be the sixth 271-year cycle from the great famine of Diocletian in the years 299–300 A.D. It will be forty-eight sun-spot cycles from the great obscuration of the sun in 1372, which event was recorded by Chinese historians.

All of which represents only the setting forth of a few of the facts in the complete story. What the reader must bear in mind is that the predictions of coming cold weather do not mean a time of constant low temperatures. Even a "year without a summer" would only mean frosts or freezing weather for perhaps just a few days in each of the warm months. Between these unseasonable cold spells there might be periods so warm that new heat records would be established. At any rate, this entire matter is intensely interesting, and the forecasts are of great importance to everyone, if true. I have been amazed at the accuracy of the predictions to date, and in view of the great advantages that would result to life and industry from the development of a practical system of long-range weather forecasting, it does appear that the least we can do is to lend our encouragement to this new line of scientific research.

Some Light on Light

Now all this bears direct relation to the radiations that come to us from the sun, and it provides us with a proper background for a more detailed consideration of sunlight and the part it actually plays in our own lives. It is not sufficient merely to show that we owe our existence on this planet entirely to the radiative powers of the sun, or that it is the light from the gaseous hydrogen, sodium, iron, magnesium and other elements composing the sun that really connects us with the rest of the universe. What we must understand beyond a shadow of doubt is that the certain result of cutting off sunlight is sure to be racial degeneration and disease.

We know that plants live because of the light of the sun and not its heat. Ages ago people discovered that it is the early morning hours that are valuable. Later on it was disclosed to the satisfaction of the scientists that light is bactericidal. Recently investigators found that pigmentation of the skin probably transforms the ultra-violet rays into red rays, making it possible for them to penetrate the body, or at least some such action occurs to alter the actinic rays which beat down upon a tanned skin. When a person unaccustomed to sunlight exposure is painted with picric acid and placed in the sun, he does not blister. But we have yet to learn whether this is caused by the yellow pigment absorbing the ultra-violet rays or comes as a result of the acid rendering an antiseptic action. Hundreds of such questions are pressing for answer.

We know that sunlight is absorbed by the blood. If its value to the body were due merely to the warming of the blood, and not to chemical reactions that take place, why would it not be equally beneficial for us to warm our blood by taking hot baths or by remaining in warm rooms? Too many of us get most of our exercise by jumping at conclusions. We follow lines of reasoning that are about as logical as the little boy's deduction concerning the composition of water.

"What are you doing with that water, sir?" the little boy asked his teacher.

"Analyzing it, my lad."

"Analyzing it? What's that?"

"Finding out what it contains."

"Well, what does it contain?"

"Two-thirds hydrogen and one-third oxygen."

"Gee," said the little boy, "then there ain't no water in it at all, is there?"

The truth is that no substitutes for sunlight provide the physical benefits that come to us from exposing our bodies directly to the sun's rays.

Before going any farther, let us get into our minds the simplifying thought that the radiations coming to us from the sun represent the keys of a piano keyboard. The light rays we see and of which we are conscious may be likened to the keys we can span with one hand in the central part of the keyboard. Above these waves of visible light we pass through the actinic, or ultra-violet, rays with their marked influence upon photographic plates and upon living things; while if we continue some octaves farther, we reach the Röntgen rays, that are now being employed in many places to kill malignant cells and fungi that prey on the human body. In the other direction from the middle octave or light waves, we come to the infra-red and heat rays, and then eventually to the electrical waves of wireless telegraphy, where the wave lengths extend to several miles.

Beneficial Invisible Rays

Therefore the radiations that come to us from the sun which we call light are only an insignificant part of the notes of the great ether-wave organ. There are many octaves of waves yet to be discovered, and even those that we have been able to identify are not fully understood. In the exercise of ordinary vision, more than 500,000,000,000 light waves strike the eye every second. The waves of violet light are only one-half as long as the waves of red light. When the waves are longer than those in red or shorter than those in violet, the light transmitted cannot be detected by the human eye.

What we must banish is the common notion that sunlight consists of only a few visible radiations that bring us warmth and light. Instead we must understand that it enriches human blood in calcium, phosphorus, iron and probably iodine. It increases the number of white blood cells and the number of platelets, thereby rendering the individual more or less immune to disease. The belief that the efficacy of sunlight is principally confined to such ailments as rickets and tuberculosis is wholly fallacious. The dermatologist has discovered the value of sunlight in the treatment of nearly all cutaneous affections. It is also an effective remedy in many cases of digestive disorders and rheumatic conditions. The annual curves of both the phosphorus and the calcium content of the blood of infants in New York City follow the monthly height of the sun. This discovery provides an answer to the question why no new cases of rickets occur in New York in midsummer and why the maximum number occur in March.

Administering Doses of Sunshine

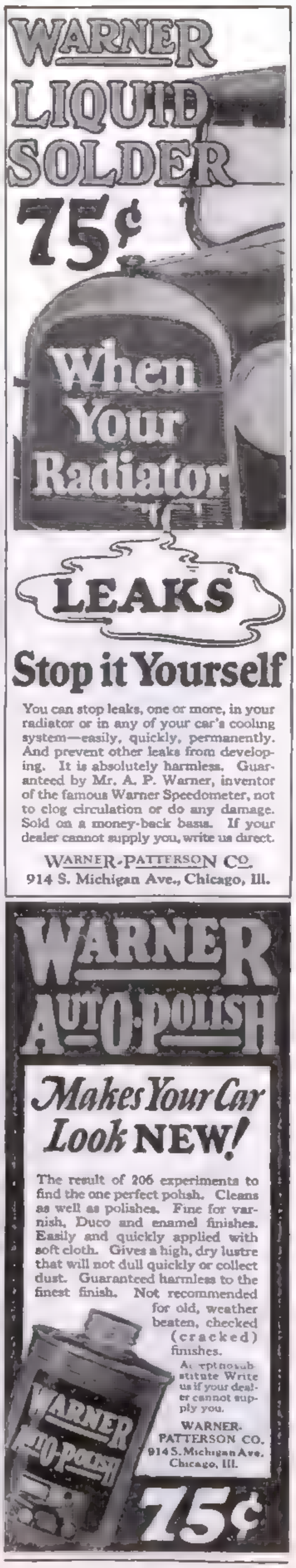
The most convincing evidence of the value of sunlight in the treatment of disease has been supplied by Doctor Rollier in his now famous sunlight clinics in Switzerland. Rollier turned his chief attention to the greatest enemy of mankind—tuberculosis, and in the few years that have intervened since he commenced his work the results obtained have proved beyond doubt that nothing equals sunlight as a healing agent for sick bodies. Doctor Rollier starts his treatment by exposing the feet of the new patient for five minutes two or three times the first day. This dose of sunlight is increased gradually until, after a fortnight has passed, the entire body is exposed for from three to six hours daily.

Doctor Rollier looks upon the skin as the natural clothing of the body and views it as the most versatile and wonderful organ of the human system. It has an unequaled set of sensory nerves, is waterproof from without inward, is microbe-proof when not punctured and has the power to absorb sunlight.

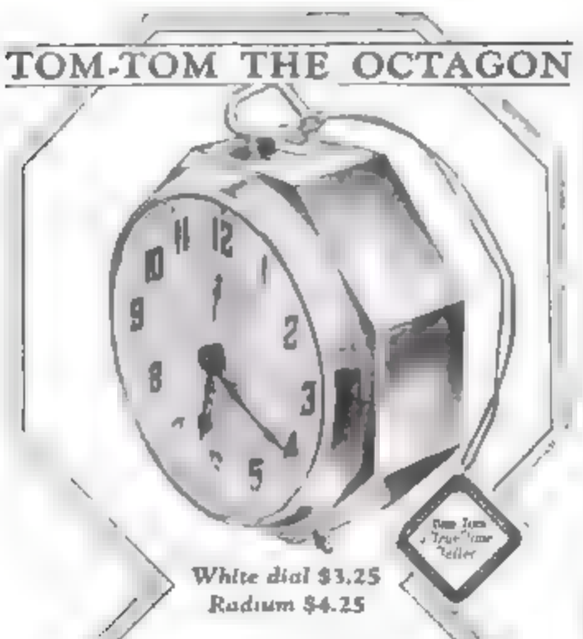
The notion that a practically nude person, with pigmented and properly functioning skin, is not sufficiently clothed, soon leaves one at the big clinic at Leysin. The patients develop the condition of trained athletes, and even those who go there so weakened from disease that they are unable to engage in any form of physical exercise find that the rays of the sun serve as a masseur, keeping the muscles firm and well developed. If we had a few Rolliers in the United States, there would be a material change in our American ideas of decency, such as those that require women to wear full-length stockings with their bathing suits at many of our beaches. If we had sunlight doctors possessed of his experience and technic, we should not find people trying to practice heliotherapy by first exposing the chests of consumptives, bringing on fever and ill effects that make sunlight appear useless.

Slowly but surely this new knowledge about solar radiations will spread throughout the earth. In time we shall realize that

Pinnacles National Monument Part in Monterey and Part in San Benito County, California


WARNER
LIQUID
SOLDER
75¢
When
Your
Radiator
LEAKS
Stop it Yourself
You can stop leaks, one or more, in your radiator or in any of your car's cooling system—easily, quickly, permanently. And prevent other leaks from developing. It is absolutely harmless. Guaranteed by Mr. A. P. Warner, inventor of the famous Warner Speedometer, not to clog circulation or do any damage. Sold on a money-back basis. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WARNER
AUTO-POLISH
Makes Your Car Look NEW!
The result of 206 experiments to find the one perfect polish. Cleans as well as polishes. Fine for varnish, Duco and enamel finishes. Easily and quickly applied with soft cloth. Gives a high, dry lustre that will not dull quickly or collect dust. Guaranteed harmless to the finest finish. Not recommended for old, weather beaten, checked (cracked) finishes.
Accept no substitute Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
75¢

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON



White dial $3.25
Radium $4.25

When Tom-Tom wakes you, *you stay awake*

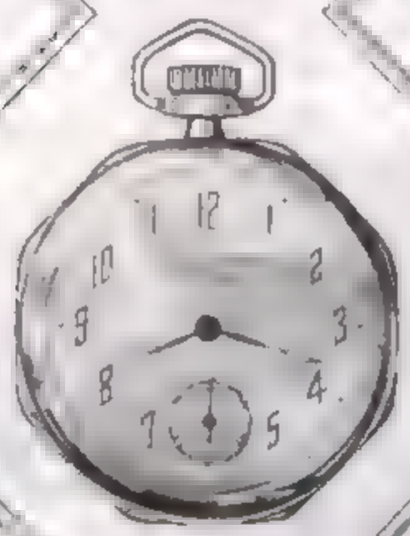
HOW Tom-Tom the alarm clock hates hypocrisy! If you want to be a sleepy head, say so, and don't set Tom-Tom to call you. He'll let you sleep the clock around and whisper his ticks while you do it. But say to him, "Call me at six," and at six he'll wake the welkin. Bamm! And if you're not out on the floor, choking him off, it's Bamm, Bamm again. Twelve times at the most, till you're absolutely awake.

You can depend upon Tom-Tom's summons. You can depend upon his accuracy 30 hours at a stretch. You can depend upon his faithfulness and good looks always. Tom-Tom's case is highly polished and *octagon* shaped. Those eight sides make a handsome play of light all around his distinctive convex glass front. Cubist numerals. Special top-ring. Get your dealer to show you Tom-Tom.

Look also at Tidy-Tot, the smaller alarmer, and Tip-Top, the very small wrist watch. Look at the new pocket watch, Tip-Top. All are *octagon* True Time Tellers.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Tip-Top pocket watch
White dial $1.75
Radium $2.75



every sanatorium should also be a solarium. It will dawn upon us that as the cellar-grown plant cannot produce chlorophyll, neither can a cellar-grown child have sufficient hæmoglobin. Some of the drugs we now use are really wonderful in their effective onslaught upon parasitic cells, but only too often they kill the healthy living cells as well; and in many instances it is more or less a question of which will die first, the disease or the patient.

The blind faith placed in drugs by some of our medical fraternity is little less extreme than that of a native physician who was called in to cure a man who was sick. He had, he claimed, a medicine that would positively restore the sick man to health again. The patient, however, became much worse as a result of the treatment.

"Medicine no good!" cried the friends of the sick man angrily.

"Medicine all right; patient no good," said the doctor complacently.

There is no way of measuring the immense benefits that would result to mankind through an increased understanding of the use of sunlight. Rollier found that when the sunlight fails to appear, as frequently happens at Leysin, his patients are injured, and they do not start again on their rapid advance to health until the sun's rays return. People who live largely in sunlight do not require so much food as those who spend their time in the shade. When radiant energy is passing directly into the body by way of the skin, there is so much less need to burn up fats or carbohydrates in order to keep the blood warm. For this reason we must all recognize that light is a food substitute that can be made to afford material relief to our digestive mechanism.

Long and Short Rays

Much time and study have been given to the problem of manufacturing artificial sunshine. After years of research, it has been found possible to duplicate certain processes of Nature through the use of ultra-violet light of high intensity. Just as sunshine increases the white corpuscles in the blood, building up the body's resistance to infection, a similar result can be obtained with artificial light. One chemist has succeeded in converting carbon dioxide and water into sugars, which is identical with the process that takes place when the rays of the sun act on a living plant. Other investigators have made the important discovery that the value of artificial light, like the value of sunlight, depends upon our utilizing exactly the right amount of radiations. Just as too much or too little sunlight is injurious to plant life, so the same thing is true of the application of light rays to the human body. A person exposed to artificial light for the proper length of time during sleep will awaken greatly refreshed. If the exposure to the radiations is continued too long, the subject awakens afflicted with dizziness and nausea.

Practically all the light waves that lie just beyond the limit of visibility possess the power to kill germs. But the information available concerning these radiations is about as extensive as the Z column in a dictionary and as interesting as last year's telephone book. The short waves from a mercury-vapor arc in a quartz lamp are sufficiently effective to destroy germs with an exposure of only one second. But here again it was found that with a low intensity the bacteria, instead of being killed, were actually stimulated.

Ultra-violet rays are so destructive to practically all living organisms that complete blindness is a certain result of even a brief exposure of the human eye to these rays. On the other hand, when properly administered, the short violet waves will cure many diseases of the skin and body. Infra-red rays, which are longer in wave length and which belong to the heat portion of the spectrum, are even less understood than the waves of violet light. These red rays have high penetrating power in living tissue and will pass through glass, mica and many other transparent materials that completely obstruct the transmission of the short vibrations of ultra-violet light. One result of the development of wireless and radio broadcasting has been the disclosure of much new knowledge about infra-red rays, especially those of great length.

But in the light of all the knowledge that we now possess, several truths stand out as of fundamental importance. First is the fact that Nature's sunlight prescription is a wise one which human minds will have difficulty in improving. We may manufacture artificial sunlight and devote much time and study to developing a proper technic for its application, but nothing ever will surpass for general use the beneficial results obtained from the intelligent utilization of the plain unadulterated light that comes to us from the sun. It is no one's patent and is free to all who want it.

The only thing necessary is that we make some reasonable effort to discover and observe the primary principles of heliotherapy. It is no less foolish to overexpose oneself to the rays of the sun than it is to be forever afraid of the effects of a sunlight bath. Most of us would be far better off if we went bareheaded the greater part of the time, and wore sunshine clothing. Research has disclosed that certain materials will allow sunlight to pass through, while other fabrics obstruct a large percentage of valuable rays. An investigation of two similar samples of mercerized cotton goods, one black and the other white, proved conclusively that through the black material light would not cure rickets, but through the white it would.

Of greatest value of all would be solariums at our beaches, in our homes and on top of some of our city buildings, where people might expose their bodies to unobstructed sunshine. At one of the Florida coast resorts the top of the casino is given over to the men bathers for such a use, and many who have taken advantage of this privilege place a higher value on these sun baths than on any of the other benefits that Florida affords.

We may well question the correctness of the common notion that clothes are a compensation for the denudation of the human skin. In the light of recent research it appears that our nude skin provides us with a great advantage over the typical hairy mammal. When we bare our skin to sunlight the reaction is unique and satisfactory. The diseases of the human body that sunlight will cure do not respond favorably to such treatment when rabbits and other hairy animals likewise infected are exposed to the sun's rays. Surely we are exercising real neglect when we fail to take advantage of the opportunity for sunlight absorption that a hairless body provides.

The Sunlight Prescription

Now in all this there lies the danger that we may forget that the light of the sun is our benefactor though its heat may become our enemy. We must endeavor to use the hours of the day that give us the light rather than the heat. Those of us who seek the sun must keep in mind the one important rule—hasten slowly. We must recognize that the nature of the method we adopt in our treatment must be determined by the way in which we respond to the light. The person who is benefited by sunlight quickly is nearly always the one who turns brown quickly. People who freckle only must move carefully. Red-haired people are more or less refractory to sun treatments, and time and patience must be exercised in bringing about pigmentation of their skins.

In order to get the maximum benefit from sunlight, the important thing is to discover what is the proper dosage for each individual. Many things, like food and water, are essential to life; but great damage may result from excessive eating and drinking. Similar harm may come from a too enthusiastic pursuit of sunshine, especially if one fails to protect the head and eyes from an overdosage of sunlight during the heat and glare hours of the day. The chief argument favoring daylight saving is the fact that the very best time to benefit from the light of the sun is in the early morning when the heat is not so great.

And here let me mention that sunlight and cold appear to be a much more ideal combination than sunlight and heat. In other words, there is no advantage in going to California or Florida for sunlight if one lives in a northerly climate where there is a fair percentage of clear days. Even the seeming virtue of a high altitude probably involves the coolness of the air as much as it does the higher proportion of ultra-violet waves. One of the world's greatest authorities on sunlight, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, an Englishman who has studied its effects on people in many parts of the world, is of the opinion that no place is more suited for sunshine clinics and sun-cure treatments than Canada. Here there is not only high altitude but cool air.

Doubtless as we pursue our studies on the subject it will be found that different people require different dosages of actinic rays. As most everyone knows, the atmospheric ocean that lies around and above us is not only essential as a source of oxygen supply for our lungs but serves as a screen to shield us from the high-pitched radiations that come from the sun. The higher up in the air we go, the more rarefied is the atmosphere and the more abundant are the ultra-violet waves in sunlight. Some folks may need a lot of these short rays and the best place for them to go would be to high altitudes. Only continuous research will settle such questions.

Our City Smoke Screens

One fact is clear: The natural light that comes to us from the sun has been filtered and treated to suit the needs of the average person. But in developing a great age of industrialism we have built up an unnatural environment necessitating that we depart from the paths of normality. Just as a rarefied atmosphere would make sunlight dangerous, so has the pollution of the air with smoke and dust provided us with a situation that is equally serious from the other extreme. The products of combustion that fill the air over our towns and cities render the air opaque to those very waves of light which are most necessary to the healthy existence of plant and animal life. It is mostly the short actinic rays of highest antiseptic value that are cut off from us by smoke and dust.

Official observations in several cities have disclosed that from one-half to seven-eighths of the sun's power is prevented by smoke from reaching the congested sections of these cities. In Cincinnati, on a recent clear day, more than 10 per cent of the sunlight was cut off in passing through the last

(Continued on Page 76)

They told us to build tires to go farther than tires ever before carried motor cars —tires that would hold their original air to the end.

Beating the High Cost of Tires

THE whole country is taking note of a remarkable commercial development.

Cheapness and quality continuously battle for patronage.

One of the most important battlefields witnesses the conflict in terms of tires.

On the side of quality—tires at low cost per *mile* rather than low cost per *wheel*—is a Nationally Organized Hardware Trade Undertaking.

With their saving on distribution, the great Hardware Wholesalers of the country empowered us to build tires as they should be built—

They told us to build tires to go farther than tires ever before carried motor cars—tires that would hold their original air to the end.

Branded *Mansfield*, these tires have been performing in a manner to amaze people—and get talked about.

Rubber prices advanced sharply —tire prices slightly, but enough to emphasize the importance of selection in tire buying.

Twice as many motor car owners as ever before in a like period are buying Mansfields and reducing their tire *costs* in the face of higher prices.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords* *Regular Cords* *Fabric Tires*

Tire Manufacturers Extraordinary to the Hardware Trade

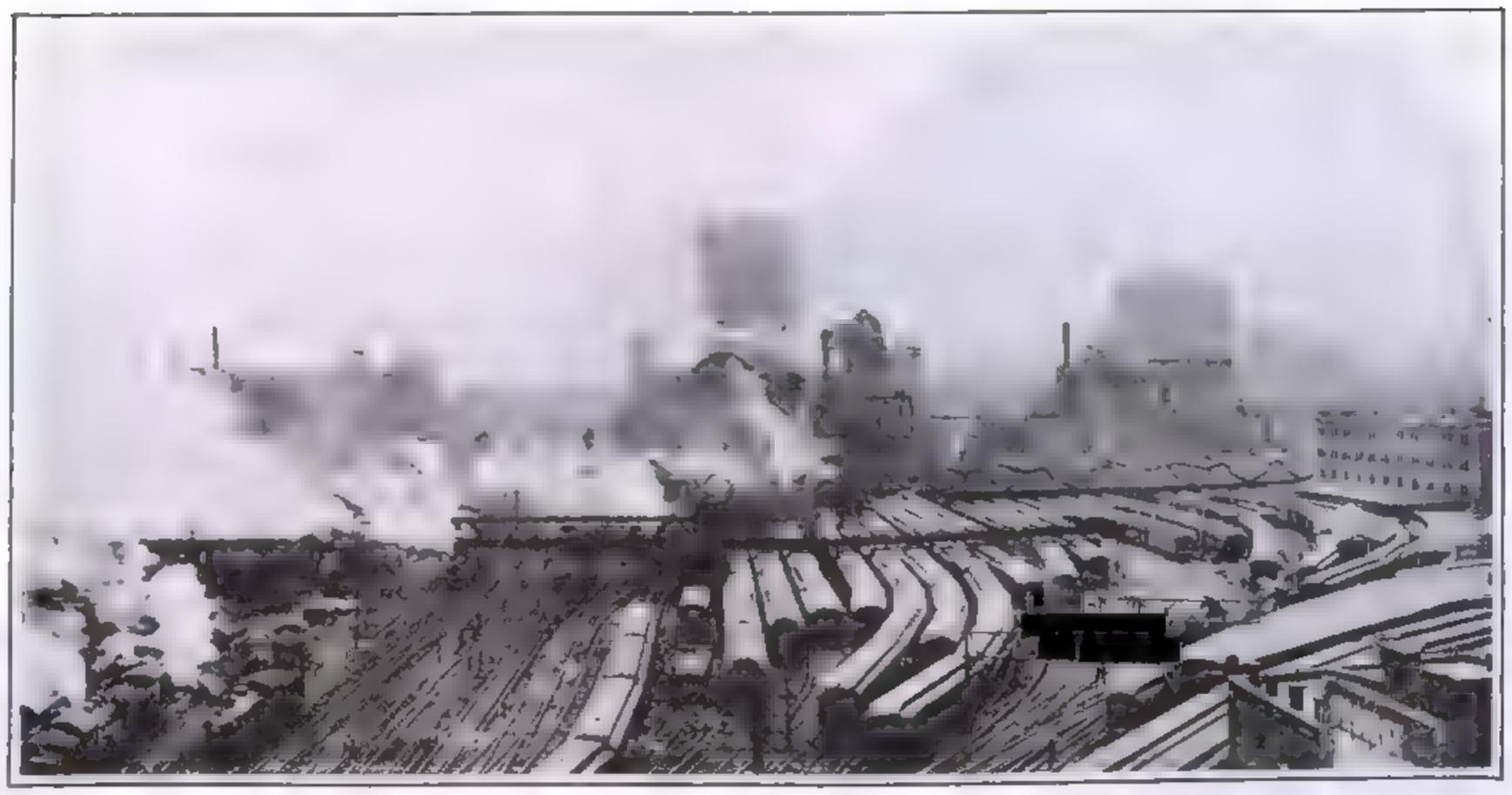
MANSFIELD

Hardware Stores Garages Motor Car Dealers Accessory Dealers

(Continued from Page 74)

150 feet of murky atmosphere. In another city, burning only soft coal, 1500 pounds of soot fell on every square of 20 blocks in the industrial section during a recent fog lasting three days.

A survey in a coal-burning town, where the frequent white mists turn into smoke fogs, disclosed that the deaths from respiratory diseases rose during a period of dark foggy weather from 35 to 233. At the same time in a group of smaller towns near by, where the mists were but little polluted, the deaths rose from thirty-one to only ninety-three. Even the people who live in the suburbs of cities are seriously affected by smoke, because their body resistance is lowered when they come from a warm and sunny country district into the heavier and colder atmosphere of a foggy area. Furthermore, it must not be overlooked that the evils of smoke often extend far into the country. One investigation disclosed that there was a 35 per cent loss of sunshine in a residential suburban community situated eight miles from a large coal-burning city. Aviators reported that the smoke cloud from this same city at times extended forty miles into the country.



Grand Central Yards, New York City, in 1906, Before Electrification

Abating the Smoke Nuisance

In many American cities the residents have become so accustomed to a murky atmosphere that they have resigned themselves to a condition of partial sunshine even on days that are cloudless. They have lost all ability to estimate the character or intensity of the light rays they are getting. The story is told of a minister living in a dreary industrial center who tried to convert a visiting Parsi.

"You're a cultured chap," said the minister. "You've traveled, you speak six languages, you are well read; yet—ha-ha—and yet you worship the sun."

The Parsi glanced out of the window at the smoke fog.

"Ah," he said, "but you've no idea what a splendid thing the sun is. Wait till you see it."

A noted health official recently remarked that the sun is the greatest physician in the world.

"In Chicago," commented a local humorist, "the trouble is to get an appointment." And Chicago is far from being alone in this respect.

Smoke means ruined gardens and parks. It means a blocking up of the pores of trees and plants by carbon and the eventual destruction of these plants through poisoning with sulphuric acid. It means that the city dweller will be inclined to a sedentary life and indoor pleasures, instead of seeking the sunlight. It means a laxity in habits of cleanliness and a lowering of human efficiency due to mental depression. It means an increase of millions of dollars in laundry bills and of tens of millions through the destruction of property. It means an immense waste of valuable elements that cannot be replenished, and that might be saved and utilized in building up great basic industries. It means closed windows and darkened homes, with chief attention given to preserving the color in carpets rather than in the cheeks of children.

In our enthusiastic pursuit of modern medical science, we have almost entirely lost sight of the restorative powers of Nature. In building up our twentieth-century industrialism, we have listened to the demand for unrestricted freedom of the individual in our supreme effort to create an unlimited supply of material wealth. The fact is that much of the current talk about the sacredness of personal liberty is a lot of bunk. Each day that passes now represents a further advance of the rights of the community over the rights of the citizen. A few years ago mine owners and industrial managements assumed that they had a perfect right to pump sulphur water and liquid wastes of all kinds into our rivers and lakes without giving any thought to the public consequences of such a practice.

The big smelting companies continued to pour acid fumes from the stacks of their plants over surrounding farms until the courts found it necessary to restrain them.

The manufacturer and the householder agree that smoke is a prime nuisance. But each says, "I can't afford smokeless combustion." The steel makers of Sheffield insist that the enforcement of smoke abatement measures would ruin their business. The New York Central Railroad Company some years ago looked with fear and trembling upon the efforts of the citizens of the nation's chief metropolis to force the abandonment of coal-burning locomotives within municipal limits. Now Park Avenue, that was once a highway for puffing engines, is the country's most fashionable residential thoroughfare, and the increase in realty values from electrification has totaled probably a hundred times the cost of smoke abatement.

Even greater benefits will result from smokeless combustion in both industrial and house-heating practices. While Sheffield looks upon smoke as a necessity, the Germans in Essen are making steel without smoke.

The reason that so little progress has been made in doing away with the smoke evil is because most of our smoke-abatement societies here and abroad have been long on enthusiasm and short on technical knowledge. The time has come for new methods and a new approach to the problem. We need more research and less prosecution, more helpful cooperation and less ignorant propaganda. Most people are consumers of fuel; and whether in industry or the home, they find no pleasure in creating a nuisance. The menace of the industrial stack is being rapidly removed. The chief source of atmospheric pollution in our country today is the household chimney, and the only way that this evil can be successfully eliminated is to handle the matter as a community problem and not an individual affair.

There is not the least doubt that smoke-abatement measures can be operated successfully in all our cities and towns, not only without imposing a hardship upon anyone but with great economy to all.

Here in the United States there should be no occasion for our having to follow any such policy of regulation. If the problem is wisely handled and the proper engineering skill exercised, the manufacture of smoke will be stopped, not only because of its damage to health and property but because from the standpoint of pure economy the burning of an unrefined fuel will be impossible.

Park Avenue, New York City, After Electrification Brought an Abatement of the Smoke Nuisance

Double-Crossing the Microbes

Nothing is so irresistible as an idea whose time has come. The first revolution that completely changed life came with the invention of the steam engine, and as a result humanity was condemned to a dirty civilization. Now our new knowledge of sunlight is to be the vital factor in a second great revolution of ideas and practices that will bring us a clean civilization. Where can anyone be found who is opposed to letting the rays of the sun into our crowded cities? Surely it is better to mold our environment than merely to adapt ourselves to it.

Unfortunately, many of us preach one thing and practice another. We praise sunshine and then manufacture smoke to shut it out. We get behind a movement, but so far behind we are of no use. We go in for sun worship in the same way that a friend of mine practices safety first.

"What precautions do you take against microbes?" I asked.

"First, I boil the water."

"Yes; and then?"

"Then I sterilize it."

"That's right; and what then?"

"Then I drink nothing but ale."

Such a policy is about as effective as a horse doctor in Detroit is useful.

What we must get straight in our minds is the truth that it is not the cold that kills, but the darkness of our winters. Sunlight is the chief agent of health and life. Never until we have come to understand its profound influence upon our bodies will that great army of people who are unable to follow the sun south cease to fall victims to the unnecessary diseases of darkness.

FULL Havana Filler

Actual size of Robt Burns PANATELA

Remember the finest cigar you ever smoked?

Sometime — somewhere — you probably smoked a cigar that tasted so sweet, so mild, so mellow that you've just dreamed of finding another like it.

It had a fine Havana filler—that's certain. But Havana, probably, from one of those wonderful years when Nature surpasses herself.

Just such tobacco is now being used in Robt Burns . . . from the sweetest-tasting crop since 1915.

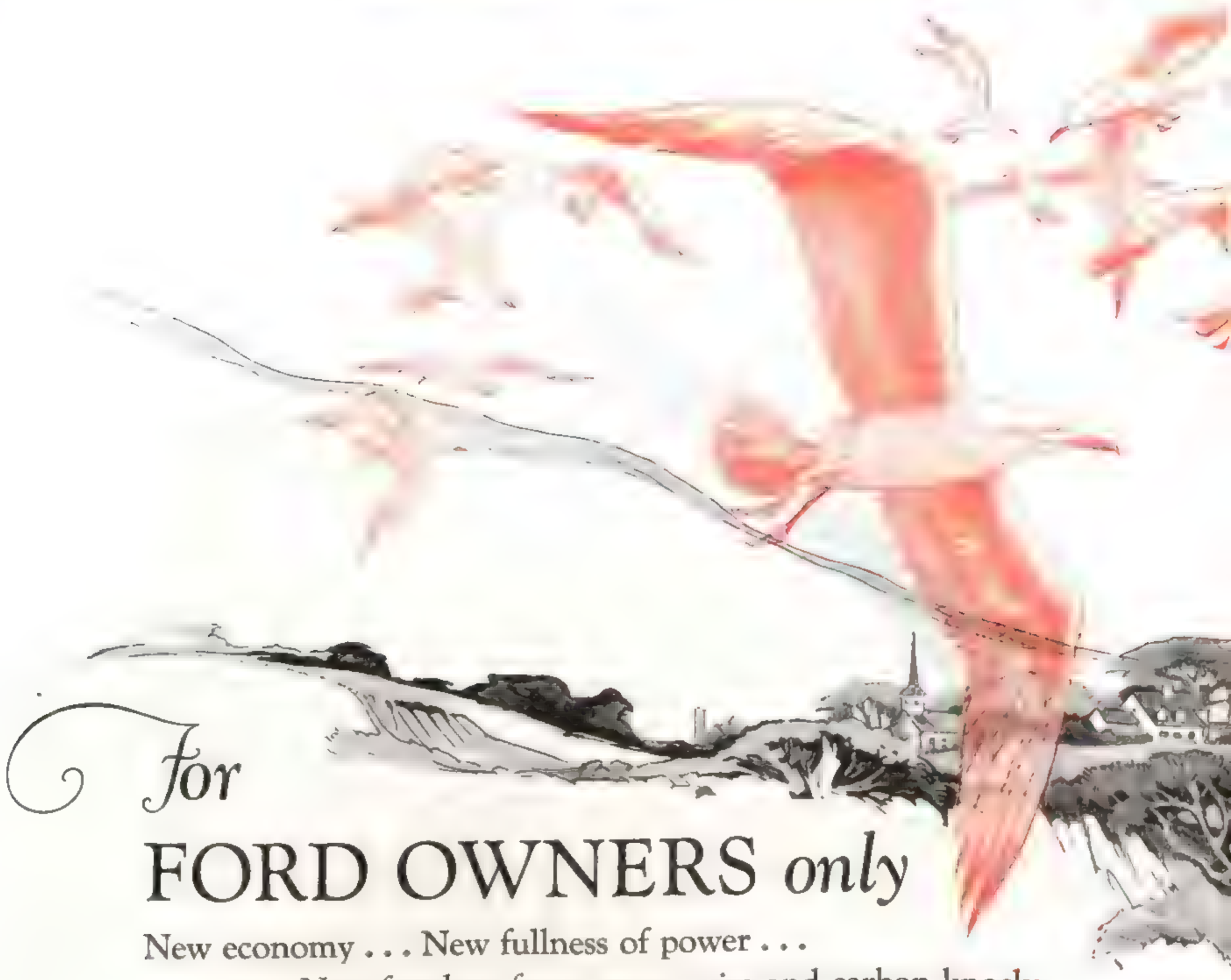
You can now set your cigar expectations as high as you like. The FULL Havana filler of Robt Burns is sure to satisfy.

Robt Burns

PANATELA	PERFECTO	INVINCIBLE *(foil-wrapped)*	STAPLES
10¢	2 *for* 25¢	15¢	10¢

General Cigar Co., INC

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar



For

FORD OWNERS *only*

New economy . . . New fullness of power . . .
New freedom from wear, noise and carbon knocks

OUT of the myriad claims made on behalf of various oils for Ford engine lubrication, three facts mark a clear line of separation between Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" and all substitutes.

1. Gargoyle Mobiloil has a background of 59 years of intensive specialization in lubrication—an unequaled record in that field.

2. Many years of specialized study of Ford engines and actual tests under all operating conditions make Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" unique in its ability to increase Ford long life.

3. Like the Ford car itself, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is used the world over—for economy, for full power, for the assurance of longest quiet mileage.

The following paragraphs explain.

The Ford Lubricating System. Moving parts and frictional surfaces in your Ford engine are lubricated by a mist of oil. The rotating flywheel acts as a pump. The swift dip of connecting rods splashes oil upward to cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, piston pins. As it splashes, the oil must break up into a fine mist in order to coat effectively every moving part.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a light, free-flowing oil. It circulates swiftly. As it splashes it atomizes into a clinging mist. It reaches and coats every moving surface.

The Ford Connecting Rod Bearings are so constructed that oil grooves are formed between the cap and rod. There are no oil holes or dippers. This construction also demands a free-flowing, free-atomizing oil. Otherwise the oil may not distribute thoroughly over the entire bearing surface.

The character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is such that it distributes perfectly to these bearing surfaces. Heavier oils of different character cannot po give equal protection.

The Ford Planetary Transmissio whirls in the same oil which lubr the rest of the engine. Sleeves and ings fit closely. This condition, re quires light oil which constantly every exposed surface. Oil of heavie or different character invites drag transmission which results in less increase in gasoline consumption, an ened response to acceleration.

The Ford Clutch is of the multip type and is lubricated by the oil. Heavy oils cannot be used i clutch without creating a decided ance to free motion. With such the car tends to creep forward wh engine is started. Both the starting and the battery are unduly strained ping and interference with smoo

VACUUM O

...itive action of the clutch may occur. ...argoyle Mobiloil "E" assures quick ... positive engagement of the clutch. ...re is no slipping. There is no dragging ...en the clutch is released.

...e Ford Piston Assembly. Ford pis... and ring construction makes for ...ost effective oil sealing against escape ...ower or fuel. Engine speed is rela... high. The time in which blow-by of ... or power might occur is extremely ... A light oil, therefore, will effec... seal the pistons. Heavier oils pro... unnecessary friction drag on both ...ns and flywheel. This reduces power. ...argoyle Mobiloil "E" is scientifically ...ct for Ford piston and ring conditions.

...d Carbon Deposit. Carbon accumu... ...on interferes with the action of valves ... spark plugs. If excessive, a distinct ...k is heard. Oil reaches the combus... ...chambers in minute quantities. Great-est freedom from carbon comes only when the oil burns quickly and completely.

In burning, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" leaves only a light, dry dust—nearly all of which is expelled through the exhaust.

Ford Crankcase Oil Temperature.

Due to thermo-siphon cooling system and operation of Ford brake and transmission bands in the engine oil, the temperature of the crankcase oil even in normal operation is relatively high. Your oil must not thin out unduly even when continued driving in low speed is necessary.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is made from specially selected crudes and refined in such a way that its ability to stand up under heat is unique.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard. To accept less than Mobiloil for your Ford is to accept less than Mobiloil protection and less than Mobiloil economy. The best oil is always the cheapest!

How to Buy

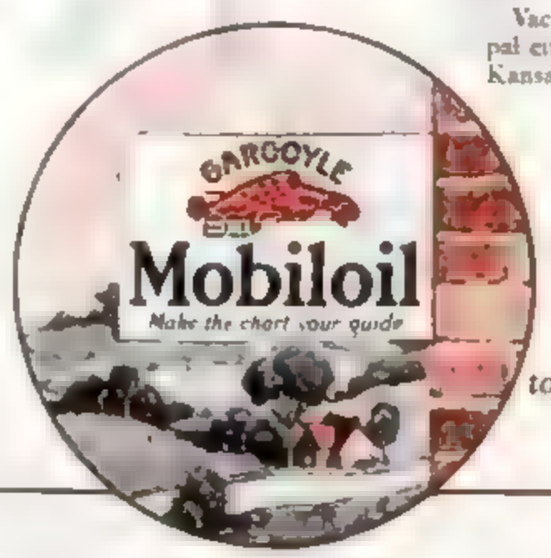
From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with the convenient faucets.

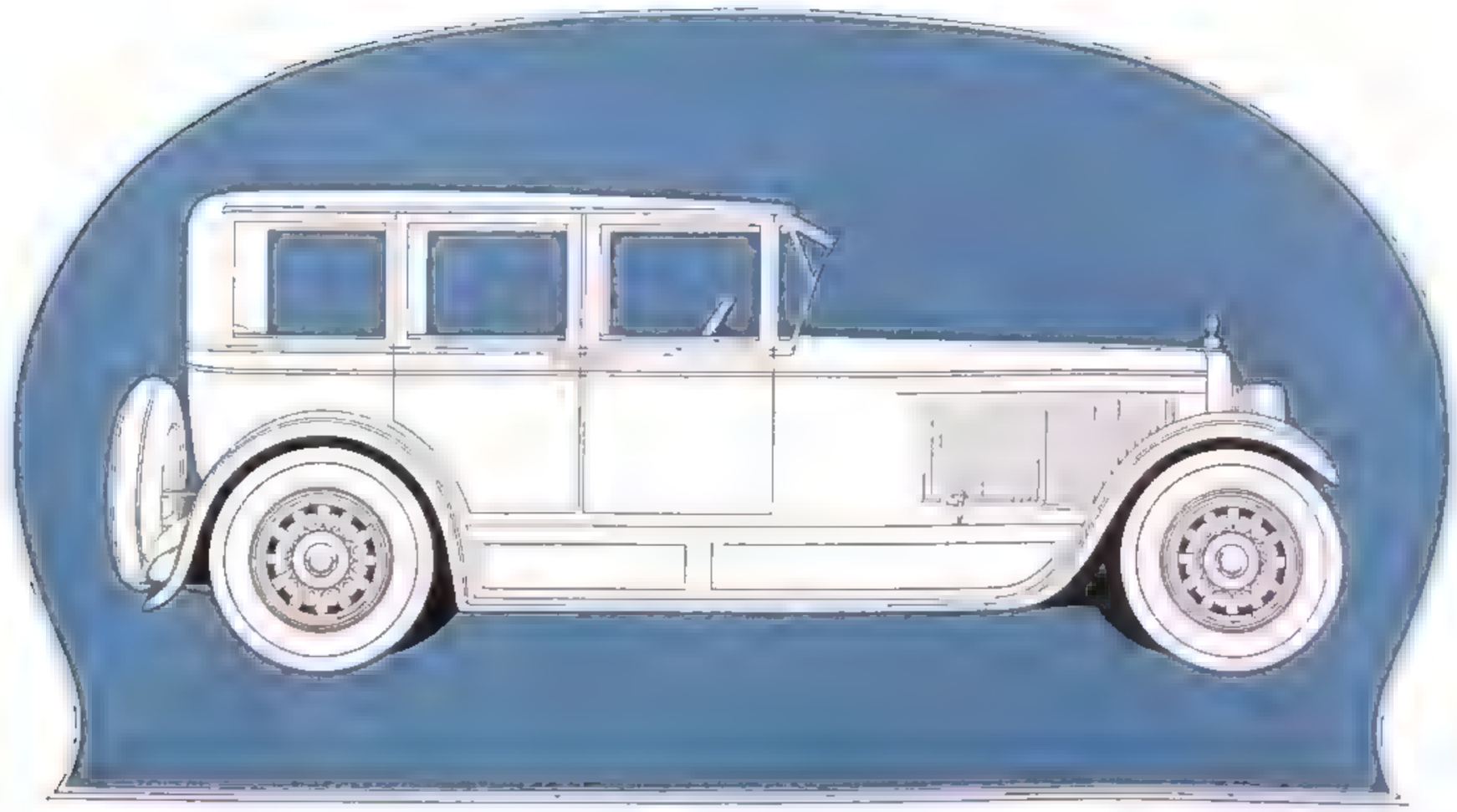
All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.



The Guide to Ford Economy

COMPANY



Here's where I'd like to be

There is a place out west among the mountains where no one worries much.

A place where the sky comes down to the valley and the mountains climb to the sky.

It's a million miles from nowhere and you can't get there in a lower berth.

But you can start from Portland, Maine, or Kalamazoo, and drive in a wonderful car over a marvelous road.

Go there in a Great Line Eight as far as the road will take you. Then if you want an idea of how small the world really can be, get a western horse with a Mexican saddle—and climb.

Here's hoping you're with somebody you like.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

JORDAN

All day long across the sage brush—land and land everlasting—chasms, crags, and peaks. Aspiration, inspiration—bounding life and air like the wine of youth. That's God's country.

JACKSON AND HIS BELOVED RACHEL

(Continued from Page 25)

defects of their qualities; but Andrew Jackson was as upright a patriot, as honest a man, as fearless a gentleman as ever any nation had in public life. His memory will remain forever a precious national heritage, and his public career should be studied and emulated by every public man who desires to be in good faith a servant of the whole people of the United States. . . . Andrew Jackson was a great national figure. His career will stand ever more and more as a source of inspiration to boy and man in this republic—a soldier, a statesman, a patriot devoted with a single mind to the welfare of his whole country."

Living or dead, Andrew Jackson has always been able to take care of himself. The writer who deludes himself by thinking that this fiery Cæsar of the wilderness needs any defense is merely carrying historical coal to a plethoric Newcastle. And yet more books, biographies, articles, pamphlets, editorials, plain criticisms and plain lies have been written about him than about any other President.

But even the dead Jackson is born of destiny. Nothing overcame him in life. Nor has death stopped the Americanism of its first great spirit. Fame—achievements such as Jackson's are not the chance products of haphazard laws from without, but of immutable laws from within. Honors come, not from the gods but from ourselves, and immortality is the crown not of our death but of our birth.

A Gentleman

That awful, mysterious, unknown force which Jackson and his church called predestination, and which others call God, carrying unscathed its chosen through the perils of life, seems even more potent in preserving their fame in death.

We must remember that the world has room in its busy mind for only one picture of its hero, and, like a story, always the climax.

Which Lincoln lives? The rail-splitting, half-illiterate, agnostic Lincoln of his struggling unhappy young days, or the great, wise Lincoln of the days of Gettysburg and its immortal speech?

Which Grant do we remember? The indifferent farmer of Hardscrabble, the tanbark proprietor of Galena, where he was utterly resigned to his fate, or the great general who found his life work at Shiloh and Vicksburg?

Which Jackson shall we have—the high-spirited, rollicking, sport-loving orphan of fifteen to seventeen, who never had a suit of store clothes until he inherited a small patrimony after his mother died, seeking life and adventure in the aristocratic old town of Charleston, aping the manners and dress of the young bloods there, with some drinking, a bit of swaggering, some oaths to proclaim his manhood, and the ambition of his life to meet some villain on the field of honor and own the fastest race horse in the world, or the cool, steel-couraged winner of battles, savage or Briton; the iron-fisted general who maintained discipline and order and won his battles by shooting traitors and deserters, as well as the enemy; the wise, unflinching, stubborn Puritan-moraled old man of the White House, in his fierce fight for the two great things forever settled by this, the first President of the plain common folks of all America—no autocracy of wealth, no dissolving of the Union?

No life story of this man has ever been written, good as are some of his biographies. No life story of this man will ever be written until his soul goes into the soul of the writer. Unfortunately for history, the Thackerays do not write biographies; and by a strange rule of their craft's dry ethics, historians seem to think it womanly to write of the sweeter, finer things of the soul.

This has made the majority of the stories of Andrew Jackson's life but partisan political histories of his times. They stand today mere dried mullein stalks in a garden where there should be some roses.

The Hermitage itself is ample rebuttal of all the petty talk emanating from Jackson's political enemies of his lack of culture and

PHOTO. BY GILES, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

The Hermitage, the Home of Andrew Jackson. It Was First Built in 1819, Damaged by Fire in 1834 and Rebuilt With the Same Walls in 1835

breeding. A man's home is part of his character. It is the effect of the cause that is within him. The trees, the flowers, the pictures of hills and river, the grass beneath his feet, the grain that gave him bone—these all go into the man.

He lived and died there on this royal sweep of several thousand acres lying between the Cumberland and the Stone. Seeing it and remembering his Scotch pedigree from Northern Ireland—his grandfather hanged for rebellion, his father forced to leave—we may understand why love of home and country, that thing which must be preserved, burned as a holy fire in his soul. He destroyed the savage for it that it might be the heritage of a greater race; he slew the British for it that it might be the great republic of all the ages; and he killed him who would have profaned it as religiously as he killed the others. It meant nothing to him whether nullification started in New England or in South Carolina. His victorious guns at New Orleans blocked the former; and when John C. Calhoun proclaimed it later, he might as well have attempted to place his red flag on the horns of the great bull of the valley.

In the simplicity of his home we see the rugged brave purity of his soul. The wall paper on its hall tells the story of Ulysses and Telemachus. The books in his library are few, but they are great and they are well thumbed. Its furniture, paintings, decorations, arrangement prove the fine qualities of his and the finer qualities of the soul of his wife, Rachel Jackson.

There are things in the air where he lived and died that mere historians do not know: No unseemly word, no impure anecdote—that baneful slip of so many of our great men—no sacrilege or obscenity ever came from his lips.

There is a side to Andrew Jackson yet unwritten—the tender husband and lover side; the citizen, farmer, friend and neighbor side; the country gentleman of the Hermitage; the little church he built so near their home for his wife, afterward for his own; his strong, earnest, religious side. These have not been touched.

They say he was illiterate, these foolish people of beautiful spelling and sparse ideas, because he did not always spell by a standard. This would bar Shakspere and put old Chaucer in a literary insane asylum. This would bar nearly all the great men and women of Jackson's day.

In an age of unstandardized spelling his words fell like lightning from a sky of storm. His ideas were always thunderbolts. Some of his words stand out as rugged as lonely oaks marking a landscape of smaller things. Some are like sentinel pines on a mountain top and not to be duplicated. If he had not been able to spell at all, he would have spoken great things in silence.

He was pure in a day of impurity, brave in a day of bluster, a farsighted statesman in a wilderness whose vision is the principal heritage of the republic today, and a gentleman of his word always.

When we get down to the bed rock of this man's soul, and his success, sifted and panned out from granite to gold, we arrive at one unquestioned historic truth—that he owed his success in life, attaining more heights in office and honor than were ever attained by any other citizen of the republic, because he was possessed of a most commanding courage and dignity. The secret of his fame, at last, is not altogether his great generalship but also his gentlemanship.

And why should he not have been a gentleman? A late genealogical record of his pedigree from the records of Carrickfergus, Ireland, shows him to have been descended on both sides from the old Scottish kings. In politics, surely Daniel Webster held no brief for him but when the election of 1825 was thrown into the House of Representatives, Webster wrote this to his brother, Fletcher Webster:

"The caucus has hurt nobody but its friends, so far as I can see. Mr. Adams' chances seem to increase and he and General Jackson are likely to be the competitors at last. General Jackson's manners are more Presidential than that of any of the candidates. He is grave, mild and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly. And there we have the ladies again!"

This also confirms what Webster is reported to have said of an interview with Thomas Jefferson, in which Jefferson said: "Jackson has the finest manners of any of the senators not even excepting John Quincy Adams."

Young Andrew

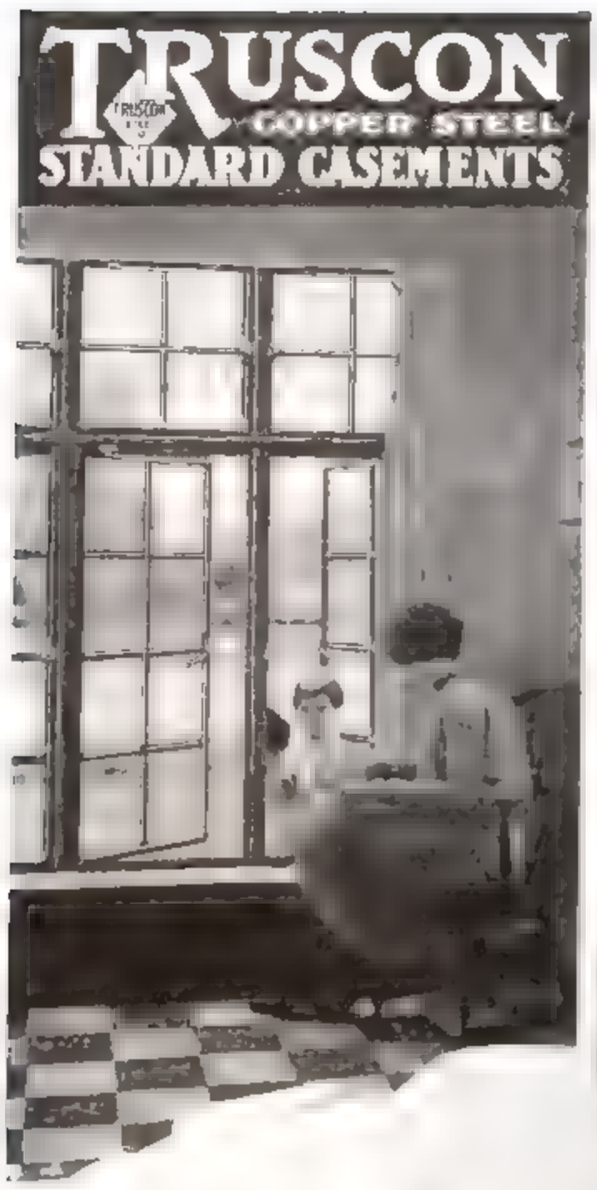
In the fall of 1788 there rode into Nashville a tall, slender, courteous young man who walked with the fine-breasted courage of a gamecock and had the blue-gray eyes of the eagle; a topknot of shaggy half-red hair, a long, serious face, and thin tight lips that seldom laughed and never joked. He was serious—deadly serious and deadly courteous; chivalry, romance and lofty ideals were written all over him. He was bold, aggressive. Men instinctively loved or hated him. Women adored him. He was always their Sir Galahad.

It was a perilous job he had in this frontier town, and up to this time it seems to have been looking and longing for just such a young Andrew Jackson. The criminal and disorderly had united for their own purposes, and those who would not pay their debts had also united and hired the only two lawyers in town. Debts were not collectible. These two classes of people hated and feared him—those who wanted to destroy the laws and those who would not pay their debts.

It is typical of the opposition he hammered down throughout his long strenuous life, from savage to secession, from Briton to Biddle.

In a few weeks the young prosecuting attorney had the lawbreakers and criminals either in jail or seeking taller timber farther west. When they tried to run him out of town, naturally there was some street fighting—but Jackson stayed! In a few months he was on one or the other side of the many lawsuits always following the inaccuracy of land titles or the haphazard trading of the pioneer. He took his fees often in land and soon had a prince's estate, now a rich blue-grass paradise.

All the irrelevant hearsay gossip of this young man's carousing, dissipation, horse racing and town bullying, emanating from what Mr. Roosevelt called back-door historians—the chief of whom was an Englishman named James Parton, who published a three-volume history of Andrew Jackson in 1860—is thrown out of court in the face



Windows *that Open to Outdoors and Health*

The real charm of your home—its healthfulness and comfort—depends largely on the windows. Truscon Copper Steel Casements add a tone of distinction and cheerfulness throughout the home. These wide-swinging casements invite in the health and joy of the outdoors. They catch the slightest breeze and banish the discomfort of stuffy rooms.

Truscon Casements give double the ventilation of ordinary windows; are fireproof, weathertight and durable; never warp, stick or need repairs. Their design, workmanship and hardware are of the very highest quality. The price of Truscon Copper Steel Casements is very low, making them economical for any sized home.

Make your home more attractive and healthful by installing Truscon Casements. Double the daylight and can be more than doubled

No matter when you plan to build write now for Casement Catalog and Home Builder's Encyclopedia. Use the Coupon.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Warehouses & Offices in Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere
Foreign Div. New York Canada Walkerville, Ont.

☐ Send Free Casement Window Catalog
☐ Send Free Home Builder's Encyclopedia

Name _____

Address _____ S.E.P. 7-25

of such astounding facts as these: Jackson was twenty-one years old in 1788, when he reached Nashville. In ten years he was the first citizen of the state and besides holding the strenuous office of United States prosecuting attorney, had been delegate to the convention which organized the state—and it was he who gave it its name—first representative in Congress from the state at large; United States senator from Tennessee, and now judge of the Superior Court of Law and Equity.

It is scarcely possible that a dissolute brawling young blade would have had time to win and so effectively to fill all of them. He was a judge of the Superior Court for six years—1798–1804. It is nonsense for Parton and others to say he knew no law. The tradition and the records are in our archives and courts today. His judgments were greatly respected, whether of law or equity. In all cases they carried great common sense and absolute justice.

Then followed in rather astounding succession: Major general of Tennessee militia—the highest military office in the state, beating the redoubtable old Indian fighter and King's Mountain fighter, John Sevier, for this office. With this he conquered the powerful Creek nation and won so brilliant a war that a great English general said if he had done nothing else it would have ranked him among the great generals of the world; then major general in the United States Army, in which he did what had never been done before in its history—utterly routed an English army of far greater force; then governor of Florida, United States senator again, and finally President.

It is a characteristic fact that this strenuous, serious and hard-working man actually resigned all these offices except the Presidency as soon as he had finished the job for which he was selected. The late Judge John Allison, scholar and historian, claims that Jackson resigned more offices than any other citizen ever held.

The Interior of the Hermitage Church

Hit-or-Miss Historians

He drank some, as did most gentlemen of his day. But he was as careful of his drinking as he was of his debts and his honor. He loved and raced blooded horses. It was an honorable sport, coming in a long line of unbroken inheritance from the pastures of England and Scotland. But there was no gambling on them such as destroyed the sport later. Gentlemen then bred and raced their horses for stakes and purses, not for petty gambling. We must judge the past by its environments. The race horse of that day was the automobile of today, and the competition to create the fastest and the best, with courage and bottom to go the long hard trails, was almost as great.

He had one bloody fight with the Bentons, in which he was entirely to blame. He made his friend William Carroll's quarrel his own, which was the only mitigating circumstance, and came near losing his own life and very near to killing the best friend he had in his after life—Thomas H. Benton.

He sent three challenges in all—in an age when men fought quickly for their own honor or for that of a woman. Two of these were for slander of a woman—a rare, wonderful woman who stood out from the common crowd as noted for beauty, grace, charm, kindness and goodness as he was for courage and courtesy.

PHOTOS BY W.K.E.D. NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

The First Hermitage, Built in 1804. Jackson Was Living Here When He Won the Battle of New Orleans

And she was unquestionably the only woman who ever came into his life.

Some of the statements of historians who have written of Rachel Jackson are so untrue that in justice to her memory they should be exposed. At her home where she lived and died, among her kindred, the state's best citizens, steeped in the true traditions of her, and with forty years' research, we believe that these neighbors, friends and kindred know more of Rachel Jackson than historians who never saw her.

Let us in justice show the falsity of some of these. Take Parton, from whom most of it emanated. Naturally, and without any effort to misrepresent, others have copied him.

Parton quotes freely in his book from one Vincent Nolte, who wrote in 1854 his Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres. It is he who has the ridiculous story of Jackson and his wife dancing a hoedown at the great reception given to them at New Orleans, and the uncomplimentary descriptions of the dowdiness of the conqueror's wife. Parton gives this credence in the body of his book; but in the first volume of his history under the head of the list of publications from which he acknowledges assistance, he mentions Nolte's book among many others with this frank and naïve statement:

"The author of this book served in the Battle of New Orleans. His book, which abounds in curious and not ill-told anecdotes, has but one fault: You cannot believe a word it says. That is, not implicitly. The author exaggerates and perverts. The desire of telling a good story is at all times too much for his sense of truth."

There is no desire here to humiliate the ghost of poor Nolte. But to this might be added the possible motive: Jackson caught both Nolte and his brother in overreaching against the Government in regard to the price of cotton bales used in defense of the city. He jailed one and came near jailing the author of this book.

A Precocious Child

The gross lack of historical honesty in publishing such a story in the body of his book as true, and failing to attach the footnote as to its unreliability, is evidence that Parton himself had the same gift of telling a good story at the expense of truth as had infected Nolte

Parton himself adds fuel to this smudge fire by quoting just as inaccurate a statement by a middle-aged lady—who would not permit her name to be used but who takes up several pages of his history. She states, in 1858—at the time Parton collected this material—that she was the daughter of an officer of General Jackson's division and the wife of another officer "whose commission bears Old Hickory's signature." It is she who wrote this perverted statement as to Rachel Jackson's appearance at a reception at the old Nashville Inn to which Parton again gives credence and passes it on to young and unsophisticated historians:

"Side by side with him stands a coarse-looking stout little woman whom you might easily mistake for his washerwoman were it not for the marked attention he pays her and the love and admiration she manifests for him. Her eyes are bright and express great kindness of heart; her face is rather broad, her features plain . . ."

This precocious, anonymous child of less than nine years proceeds to fill four of Parton's pages and to analyze characters, causes and events that could only have come from a learned psychologist. Her remark, "I recall very distinctly how the ladies of the Jackson party hovered near her at all times apparently to save her from doing or saying anything which might be discreditable to their idol," is very easy of explanation. It perhaps did not occur to

(Continued on Page 84)

No danger—in buying a Used Car now

Studebaker Dealers Guarantee Protection —in this way:

HERE is the story of a remarkable pledge—adopted by a leading group of automobile dealers for the protection of used car buyers

—a pledge that completely eliminates all guesswork and gamble

—that ends "purchaser's risk" and gives you *unused transportation* at amazingly low cost.

It is a scientifically developed plan perfected by leading Studebaker dealers throughout the country

—dealers of high commercial standing, who believe used cars should be sold in a businesslike way.

Unused transportation— the basis of this plan

This plan is unique in the used car field.

It enables you to buy fine used cars with the same confidence and safety you enjoy when purchasing a new Studebaker.

It enables you to *know* exactly what you are getting. And it eliminates the doubts and fears of the average person considering a used car.

Under this plan you do not buy a "used car." Instead you buy its *unused transportation.*

Mileage records of Studebaker cars in service today show 125,000 miles is common service. Some show 400,000 miles and more.

In Birmingham, Ala., for example, one Studebaker Big Six has been driven 401,518 miles. At Phoenix, Ariz., another has gone 316,000 miles, frequently on gruelling mountain trips.

In the city of Springfield, Ohio, 45 Studebakers used in bus service have each traveled over 100,000 miles.

One owner in Indianapolis is driving a Studebaker that is ten years old, and has only spent sixty cents for repairs during the past two years.

These are but a few examples that show the tremendous reserve mileage built into Studebaker cars—mileage that it is impossible to exhaust in a few years of service.

Thus when a dealer offers you a Certified Studebaker, you are not buying a used car in the accepted sense of the word. You are buying thousands of miles of "unused transportation." You gain the joys of fine car motoring—at amazingly low cost.

Look for this pledge —it guarantees protection

If you are considering the purchase of a used car, go to the Studebaker dealer who displays this pledge in his showroom.

You can buy from him with confidence, for he is a man of reliable business standing—a man of integrity—who looks upon the used car as a legitimate article of merchandise and sells it in a businesslike way.

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

3 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

The public can deal in confidence and safety only with the dealer whose policy is "one price only—the same price to all." For, to sell cars on this basis, every one of them must be honestly priced to begin with.

4 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used.

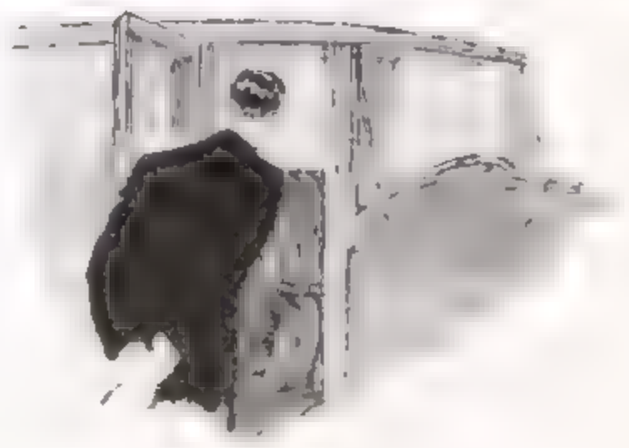
It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

Not only to the public, but also to The Studebaker Corporation of America, whose cars we sell, we pledge adherence to the above policy in selling used cars.

Your Studebaker Dealer

Look for this pledge

in Studebaker showrooms. It is your guarantee of satisfaction when buying a Used Car



THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 82)

this child that the real reason her husband and her lady friends hovered near her was that at this time Mrs. Jackson was more than sixty years old, had a weak heart, and, indeed, a short time thereafter was shocked to death by innocently hearing of herself just such unkind remarks as were printed there. We will add that this lady wrote anonymously, and it is just as well that she remain anonymous.

The campaign of 1828 was remarkable as the most unscrupulous, vile and slanderous ever waged against a man and his wife. Mrs. Jackson seemed to be running for Vice President without knowing it. The Adams and Clay crowd, forming "the corrupt barter-and-trade cabal"—which Jackson and his friends always believed was the corrupt combination which snatched from him the Presidency four years before—stopped at nothing to defeat him. Jackson was accused of everything from seduction to murder; and his wife, the most beloved woman of the Cumberland, because of the irregularity of their first marriage, was held up to scorn. The brilliant Randolph left the bitter sting of his tongue for posterity when he called this cabal "the union of the Puritan and the blackleg."

In this campaign Mrs. Jackson found her husband in tears.

"I can defend you," he said, "I can defend myself; but"—pointing to a paper in his hands—"here they are defaming my dead mother."

Jackson's Election

VINDICATIONS, like history, repeat themselves. It may be interesting to know that in the state archives of Tennessee, records show that in 1828 a public meeting of the friends of Jackson and his wife was called at Nashville to refute these slanderous lies. It was the greatest gathering of indignant citizens that ever rallied to defend the honor of a great neighbor and his good wife.

It took them fully six months to collect all the evidence. When finished and published it was not so deep as a well or so wide as a church door, but it was enough. It was composed of Tennessee's most distinguished citizens. John Overton, the chairman, George W. Campbell, W. L. Brown, Robert Whyte and John Catron had all occupied seats on the bench of the highest court in the state, and Catron was afterward on the Supreme Court bench of the United States. Robert C. Foster and George W. Campbell were afterward distinguished senators.

"It successfully and triumphantly defended General Jackson's character against the charges of inhumanity and bloodthirsty disposition," wrote Major Lewis, the secretary, "in having had six militiamen shot during the last war with England, and of being concerned with Colonel Burr in his designs against the United States. Nor was it less successful in defending Mrs. Jackson against the attacks upon her by those demons in human shape."

But it was left for an obscure editor of an obscure paper to fire the small paragraph that went around the country and turned, in a blaze of patriotism, the election overwhelmingly for Jackson. Answering the murder charges against Jackson, he naïvely said.

"Cool and Deliberate Murder—Jackson coolly and deliberately put to death upwards of 1500 British troops, on the 8th of January, 1815, on the plains below New Orleans, for no other reason than that they wished to sup in the city that night."

In the latter part of her life Mrs. Jackson suffered greatly with phthisis, and by the advice of her physician sometimes smoked a pipe for relief in the night when she could not sleep. The stem of her pipe was a long clean cane with a small clay bowl attached. She did not smoke for pleasure but because of illness.

Col. John Donelson, father of Rachel, was the Jason that brought the first Argonaut to the Middle Basin of Tennessee. It stretched then from the Cumberland Plateau to the Chickasaw Bluffs on the Mississippi. He was the admiral of the good boat Adventure which was launched on the upper branch of the Holston at old Fort Patrick Henry in East Tennessee, where now is the growing city of Kingsport. More than two hundred immigrants were on the Adventure and accompanying boats, seeking their fortune in an uncompassed wilderness.

They set sail in December, 1779, but it was not until nearly May of the next year that they reached their destination, after floating a thousand miles down the whole length of the Tennessee, up the Ohio to the Cumberland and thence to the bluffs where now is Nashville.

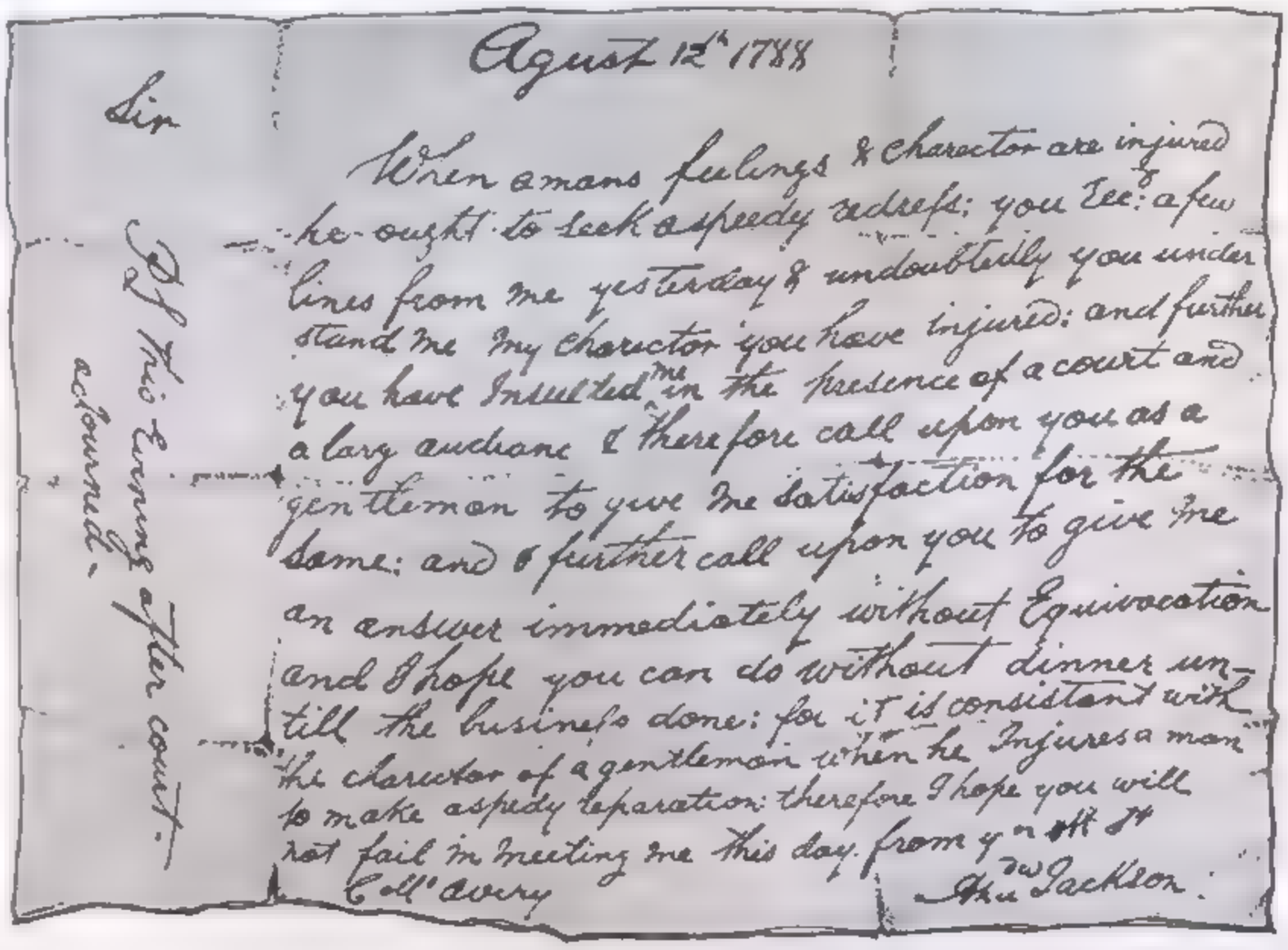
It was a journey where death lay in every bend of the river. By day and night they were sniped by savages. It was bitter cold, and smallpox broke out among them. The Indians, massacring some of these, contracted the disease and afterward died by the thousands. Rachel, thirteen years old, often held the helm while her father used his rifle. She was the comeliest, most daring, most popular girl on the boat.

Colonel Donelson was a well-educated man and Rachel was a well-bred girl. Her father was the only son of a father of the same name, who came from London to America in 1716, settled on the Delaware and married Catherine Davis. Her brother, Samuel Davis, was a noted preacher and one of the first presidents of Princeton. Rachel's father was born in 1720, married Rachel Stockley, of Virginia, and moved there when the local government appointed him surveyor of Pittsylvania County. As a girl she visited with him both Mount Vernon and Monticello, and in after life often told interesting reminiscences of colonial customs and usages—the appearance, manners and customs of the grand dames of that day. She was taught to play on the piano, a rare accomplishment of that day. Jackson himself played on the flute, and on a visit to Philadelphia after his marriage bought his wife a piano, said to have been owned by Martha Custis, on which she often played, accompanied by him on the flute.

Colonel Donelson was elected colonel of a colonial regiment in Pittsylvania County. He served also in the House of Burgesses. He was an intimate friend of Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry. They were often guests at his home. Rachel was brought up in this atmosphere and had the schooling of a girl of her age.

Those who knew Rachel Donelson never tired, in their day, telling of her beauty, her goodness, her sweetness and natural charm. She is described as being a brunette, with olive complexion and high coloring, black eyes that danced and sparkled with fun; vivacious, kindly. Lips that were true carnelian. A rare wilderness beauty.

After Colonel Donelson's death her mother moved to Kentucky to be safe from the Indians. She rented a house from the Widow Robards and Rachel soon married her handsome dashing young son Lewis.



Agust 12th 1788

Sir

When a mans fulings & character are injured he ought to seek a speedy redress; you see a few lines from me yesterday & undoubtedly you understand me my character you have injured: and further you have Insulted me in the presence of a court and a lary and have therefore call upon you as a gentleman to give me satisfaction for the same: and I further call upon you to give me an answer immediately without Equivocation and I hope you can do without dinner until the busines done: for it is consistant with the character of a gentleman when he Injures a man to make aspedy reparation: therefore I hope you will not fail in meeting me this day from y[r] Ob[t] St

Tho[s] Jackson.

Col[o] Avery

Sir

I Was This Evening after court.

Jackson, a Young Lawyer, Was Ridiculed and Abused by Col. Waightstill Avery, Before the Court and Jury. Jackson Immediately Wrote Him This Challenge on the Flyleaf of a Law Book and Later Forced Him to Fight. Friends Interceded, and Though Shots Were Fired Neither, it Is Said, Shot to Kill

About 1750, William Robards, a well-to-do Welshman, emigrated to America and settled in Goochland County, Virginia. He married Sallie Hull, related to the Mosby, Lee, Imboden and Carter families. Two of their sons were colonial captains. When the war closed they emigrated to Kentucky, buying with their military scrip land in Mercer County. Their sisters were noted for beauty and social tact and made brilliant marriages, the eldest marrying Thomas Davis, first congressman from Kentucky; the second, Governor Floyd, territorial governor; the third, John Jouett, ancestor of the artist and Admiral Jouett; and the youngest, William Buckner, ancestor of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. The mother of these girls, proud and high-spirited, was considered the most influential personage in the Blue Grass region. Rachel Donelson's beauty, wit and vivacity attracted many suitors and her marriage to Lewis Robards, sanctioned by mother and sisters, followed an ardent wooing. That she should have been welcomed to such a household is proof positive of her many attractions. Robards was handsome, well educated, polished in manner and conversation, but high-tempered and jealous; and, to Rachel, he proved a tyrannical husband, jealous of male and female attentions to his wife. It was not a happy marriage. It was a failure. It is not necessary to go into it. There was no scandal, no moral reproach on either side.

Mrs. Donelson moved back to Tennessee with Robards and Rachel. She had a commanding brick home twelve miles from Nashville. Young Andrew Jackson and young John Overton boarded there and had their law office in her yard. Young Robards' jealousy flamed anew. He accused his wife of being in love with Jackson.

The latter overheard it and, expostulating with the young husband, made matters worse. Robards moved back to Kentucky. Overton and Jackson sought board elsewhere. Rachel, on her husband's interceding through Overton, went back to Kentucky and lived with him again. She soon returned. She would never see him again.

Robards applied to the legislature of Virginia—Kentucky being a territory of that state—and on December 20, 1790, that legislature passed an act permitting Robards to go into the courts to obtain a divorce from his wife. The misinterpretation of this act caused all the heartbreaks of after years. The papers asserted that the act granted a complete divorce. An inspection of the act shows that it was not ordered printed until in 1808 and not really printed until 1828. All the letters from Kentucky said the act was final. Rachel received one from her mother-in-law, who still held her affection for the Tennessee girl, in which that excellent lady thought the act was final. Overton himself, afterward Supreme Court justice, considered it final. The delay of publication in those days may have prevented Jackson himself from reading the act.

The Dickinson Duel

IN THE summer of 1791, while Rachel was visiting the family of Col. Thomas Marston Greene, of Natchez, Mississippi, Jackson married her. The young couple returned to Tennessee and went to live at Jackson's home, Hunter's Hill.

Robards waited three years before he went before the courts and got his decree. In it he showed the only yellow in the whole affair—he took his decree on the statutory act instead of desertion, as he should have done three years before.

Jackson remarried his wife January 17, 1794. Then he bought two deadly rifled dueling pistols. With one of these he killed Charles Dickinson. It is a long story and not pleasant in the telling. Politics—the desire of his political enemies to get him out of the way—was, as much as anything, behind it. He overshadowed all around him. Sometimes he was ruthless in it. Young Dickinson, of a distinguished Baltimore family, who had moved to Tennessee and married the daughter of Major Joseph Erwin, was selected to do the work. He was considered the best shot in the Southwest. Before him Jackson had not one chance in ten. Neither Dickinson nor his friends thought the young Baltimore blade was in any danger at all. Many things led up to it; among others, a horse race that never came off. Major Erwin, Dickinson's father-in-law, and Jackson had matched their horses, Plough Boy and Truxton, for a four-mile race, a two-thousand-dollar purse, eight hundred dollars forfeit, play or pay. On the day of the race Erwin paid the forfeit and withdrew his horse. Jackson later caned Dickinson's friend, "Mr. T. Swann, late of Va.," as he signed himself, for meddling in it, carrying tales to Dickinson and Erwin and lying.

Dickinson, in his cups at the old Nashville Inn, denounced Jackson as a coward and poltroon, and in pure malice, sent this unforgivable shaft with it: "He lived two years with his wife before he was married to her." There was much correspondence and Dickinson left for Natchez, where he spent the winter and spring practicing for the duel. On his return, the last week of May,

(Continued on Page 89)

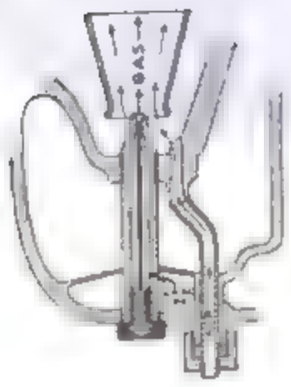
An incredible story

This new easy way to purify Gasoline ends the common cause of

1. Excessive carbon
2. Pitted valves—loss of power
3. Oil dilution
4. Hard starting
5. Stalling on the road

30 Days Free Proof

on your car—that the Gas-Co-Lator stops these troubles



TINY specks of dirt and bubbles of water lodge in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. This is the cause of most of the usual carburetor trouble. It is also the cause of excessive use of the choke which results in serious engine trouble.

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, you can now end the chief cause of carbon, pitted valves, oil dilution, hard starting and loss of power in your engine in a few minutes time. It is now made amazingly simple. We expect you to doubt this. So we offer you 30 days free proof, on your car, at our risk. Over 300,000 motorists have made this test. And it costs you nothing to try.

Most of your engine troubles come from faulty carburetion—whether you realize it or not. And 90% of so-called carburetor troubles *are not the fault of your carburetor.* It's nothing but dirt and water in gasoline.

Just ask any repair man!

What happens

Even if all gasoline were absolutely clean before it entered your tank you would still have this trouble. For chemical action loosens tiny particles from the lining of your own tank and fuel system. Water condenses from the air inside your tank.

Just a tiny speck of dirt or a bubble of water will lodge in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your engine coughs and sputters. You use the choke. That allows raw gasoline to enter the cylinders. Part of it forms carbon. It pits your valves. Part seeps past pistons to dilute your crank case oil. A waste of oil and gasoline too. Often the beginning of serious bearing and cylinder wear.

Why screens fail

Wire screens in your gasoline line and carburetor do not protect. They catch only the coarser particles. They often clog up and stop the flow of gasoline. And they cannot keep water out. You need filtration.

Now for the first time you can have it. Filter every drop of gasoline automatically, as you drive. This new device is called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. It is made and guaranteed by the makers of the famous Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. (Now in use on over 7,000,000 cars.)

Filtered through chamois as you drive

With the Gas-Co-Lator your gasoline is filtered *upward* through selected chamois skin—just before entering your vacuum tank. A heavy, heat proof, glass trap bowl catches every particle of dirt and every drop of water. Finer than any screen—but it cannot clog. Nothing but pure, clean gasoline reaches your carburetor. No more stalling on the road.

Your own dealer

Get the Gas-Co-Lator through your regular dealer. Put it on your car for 30 days trial at our risk. (It is easily installed without cutting or drilling.) Note how much easier your car starts—how much smoother it runs.

You'll soon see why. Just ten days collection of dirt and water in the trap bowl will amaze you.

Costs nothing

And remember, you make this test at our risk. Your dealer will refund the full purchase price (only $5.00; *higher west of Rockies and in Canada*) if the Gas-Co-Lator fails to do all we claim. No questions or red tape. You are the sole judge. It costs you nothing if it fails to satisfy you. THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO., 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ont.

EVEN if gasoline enters your tank absolutely clean, it collects dirt while in your car. Chemical action loosens tiny particles from the lining of your own tank. Water condenses from the air in your tank. You soon have bits of fibre that slough from pulling hose.

ALEMITE Gas-co-lator

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off."

FILTERS YOUR GAS—AS YOU DRIVE

THE Gas-Co-Lator removes every drop of water as well as the tiny particles of dust, by passing it upward through chamois skin.

© T B M Co

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

Free

THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . H.S. Firestone

The Mark of Quality

Between You and Unknown Roads

Ahead—unseen and unknown, lie roads, both good and bad, your car must travel under the heat of summer sun.

Safety as well as comfort depend on the tires you choose. And from both standpoints your logical decision is Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons.

There is a safety lesson for every motorist in the example of the great racing drivers, whose very lives are dependent on tire-performance. Over a period of years, these "aces" of road and track have driven to victory on tires built by the Firestone Gum-Dipping Process.

In the International 500-mile Sweepstakes, on May 30th, 1925, at Indianapolis, Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons carried Peter De Paolo to victory at an average speed of 101.13 miles per hour—a new world's record.

In the construction of Full-Size Balloons—the easiest riding tires ever built—this extra process is no less vital. It puts the extra strength into the thinner side-walls needed to withstand the extra flexing strain.

Gum-Dipping insulates every fiber of every cord with rubber, minimizing destructive friction, and giving greater mileage and added economy.

Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords give a cushioning protection that carries you over bumpy, cut-up roads with amazing comfort. You will always be thankful for their sure-footedness, their smooth riding and their long wear. See your nearest Firestone dealer, he will equip your car quickly and at low cost.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

FACTORIES: AKRON, OHIO HAMILTON, ONT.

FULL-SIZE GUM-DIPPED

BALLOONS

Firestone

Veedol Forzol not only ends Ford chatter

~it gives you eight economies in operation

IT IS ONE THING to make a lubricating oil that will stop Ford transmission band chatter. But that is only part of the oil's job.

It is an entirely different matter to make an oil which, *in addition*, will correctly lubricate the Ford engine and assure truly economical operation with a minimum of motor trouble and repair bills.

There is one oil, made for Fords exclusively, which does a *complete* lubrication job in the Ford. It stops chatter—and lubricates the engine perfectly. Veedol Forzol is that oil.

The new economy oil made for Fords exclusively

Veedol Forzol was created by Tide Water engineers to lubricate the Ford—and no other car. Veedol Forzol is not merely a light grade of engine oil. It is a different *kind* of oil, especially designed for the Ford system of lubrication, in which both the engine and the transmission bands must be lubricated by the same oil. *One* oil must do both jobs.

With Veedol Forzol in your crankcase, you immediately notice a difference in the operation of your Ford. The engine runs smoothly, quietly, powerfully. There is no trace of transmission band chatter when you start, stop and reverse.

The proof of Veedol Forzol's quality is the results it is giving hosts of Ford owners everywhere. These results are known as the "Eight Economies" of Veedol Forzol.

The Eight Economies of Veedol Forzol

1—10% to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Forzol saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% has been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Forzol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Costly and destructive chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10% to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10% to 25% less carbon—Veedol Forzol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Forzol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Forzol, you coast down the slightest grades.

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel, Veedol Forzol maintains its lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Forzol.

8—Fewer repairs—Because Veedol Forzol masters the lubricating problem of the Ford power plant, it gives a new freedom from repairs.

Next time you see the orange and black sign stop to have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol

If you buy Veedol Forzol today you will eliminate chatter in your Ford and also get the benefit of Veedol Forzol's seven additional economies. Have your crankcase drained and refilled with Veedol Forzol. Thousands of Veedol Forzol dealers displaying the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign or any one of several thousand authorized Ford Agents will gladly render this service.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Seattle.

(Continued from Page 84)

Jackson challenged him. But it was not until after Dickinson had sent to the local paper a scurrilous letter intended to force Jackson to fight, Jackson sent his friend Overton to read it before publication.

Overton read it and said, "You cannot avoid it, general; you have got to fight."

It was the old story of the cavalier and Cromwell. Dickinson was the cavalier. He believed, not in God but in Dickinson. He was cocksure and incorrigible in it. On the way to the dueling grounds on Red River, in Logan County, Kentucky, a day's long ride from Nashville, when he stopped at the inn he shot strings in two for Jackson to see as he came by; he shot the red out of the ace of hearts at twenty-four feet, and to the landlord he said, "Show this to Jackson when he passes. I will shoot his heart out like that."

Jackson overruled both his second and his surgeon when he said his only chance, since Dickinson was the quickest and surest, was to let him shoot first in the hope that, being in haste, he might miss. The truth is, when Jackson kissed his wife good-by, she, who never doubted but that her husband would be victorious—for was he not, in her eyes, God's predestined, and could any harm ever befall him?—had said to him, "If possible, spare him for his wife and his unborn babe."

"If he had missed me," Jackson said afterward to his second, Gen. Thomas Overton, "I intended to shoot into the air; but when I felt his ball plow through my ribs, I would have killed him if he had shot me through the heart."

That is what Dickinson nearly did. Instantly, at the word, he fired. Overton saw the dust fly from Jackson's coat over his heart, saw him swerve, and then—like the hickory he was—steady himself to erectness. Dickinson, in dismay, stepped back from the peg his right foot was on.

"My God, have I missed the damned scoundrel?"

By the law of the *code duello*, Overton should have shot him promptly. He had stepped back a yard or two from his mark. Instead, with drawn pistol, he forced Dickinson to the mark again. Jackson calmly, deliberately took aim, and then a thing happened that dovetails into the mysterious. At the touch of the hair trigger, the rifle pistol that had never failed him stopped on the half cock. Did the same power that said Jackson should be spared for nobler things try to save Dickinson also?

Grimly, deliberately, the wounded general recocked his pistol. Grimly, deliberately he fired. Dickinson collapsed, shot through the body just under the ribs.

Rachel's Gentle Influence

Jackson walked from the field, his left boot already half full of blood; the only man in all the annals of dueling who stood up before a dead-sure shot at eight yards, permitting him to shoot first. When he reached his horse he staggered a little.

"Are you shot badly?" asked his surgeon, trying to unbutton his coat.

"Oh, he pinked me a little," he said, with dry humor.

Nor would he let them see his wound until he had ridden several miles to a little inn that the dying Dickinson might not know he had been touched. But that afternoon he sent the dying Dickinson a bottle of wine!

Jackson was badly wounded. The old wound never entirely healed. One inch farther to the left and there would have been no victorious Creek War, no brilliant and decisive Battle of New Orleans, no United States of America perhaps—only a little group of quarreling republics.

That night his beloved Rachel took her bloody husband in her arms and kissed him. Then she prayed for Dickinson's wife and babe.

From that day Rachel Jackson became not only his wife but his religion. She tamed his fiery soul. He joined her little church at the Hermitage.

Was there ever woman like her? Was there ever such love among the great of history? One that had taken blood and sacrifice to seal, and so sweeter for the pain it carried. Was this a common, ignorant, dowdy woman, this queen of our wilderness Cæsar, through whose beauty of form and soul held through life and death the idolatrous love of her great husband?

The truth is it was the wise guiding but gentle hand of Rachel Jackson, her sane advice, her farseeing vision, that made Andrew Jackson what he ultimately was; turning the fiery militia general into the cool, courteous gentleman of her parlor; the impetuous owner of race horses into the dignified judge of the Superior Court; the tempestuous leader of fighting, swearing men, into the senator from Tennessee; the tired and shabbily uniformed major general of the armies of his country into that chivalrous, fascinating hero of New Orleans whom the fine women of their fine society acclaimed a prince; a duelist into a Christian, a humble elder in her little church. His own words should be sufficient:

"We lived together, happy husband, loving wife for nearly forty years. When I entered my room it seemed hallowed by a divine presence. I never heard her say a word that could sully an angel's lips or knew her to commit any act her Maker could have condemned. What I have accomplished I owe to her. Had I always taken her advice, deeds I now regret would never have been committed. She made earth a paradise for me. Without her there could be no heaven."

Letters of Two Lovers

I cannot refrain from presenting two letters of these lovers—married twenty-two years—which probably have not had historical or magazine reproduction before. They were copied carefully by Mrs. Emma Look Scott, a Tennessee historian, several years ago, from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Amy Jackson, widow of Andrew Jackson III, from whom she had inherited them. Some of the spelling in the words of Mrs. Jackson's were standardized in the editing and a few of Jackson's; also punctuation; but no word was otherwise changed or any substituted. Jackson wrote his letter at one o'clock, on the head of a barrel, with a tallow candle for a light, on a bitter January night, 1813, when, having personally raised a force of more than two thousand Tennesseeans in the dark days of a war which had so far gone against his country, he literally forced theirs and his services on the weak and dilatory Government at Washington, and now was embarking down the river in flatboats to Natchez, Mississippi. With these troops, two years later, he stopped Kean's advance in New Orleans in a night attack that has no equal in history.

"*My Love:* I have this evening since dark received your affectionate letter by Dinwiddie. I was down at the boat receiving the arms just arrived, and did not get up until dark, when I found the old man waiting for me. He has carefully handed me your miniature. I shall wear it near my bosom; but this was useless for without your miniature my recollection never fails me of your likeness.

"The sensibility of our beloved son has charmed me. I have no doubt from the sweetness of his disposition, from his good sense as evidenced for his age, he will take care of us both in our declining years. From our fondness toward him, his return of affection to us, I have every hope, if he should be spared to manhood, that he will, with a careful education, realize all our wishes. Kiss him for his papa and give him the nuts and ginger cake sent him by Dinwiddie.

"I thank you for your prayers. I thank you for your determined resolution to bear our separation with fortitude. We part but for a few days—for a few fleeting weeks when the protecting hand of Providence, if it is His will, will restore us to each other's arms. In storms, in battles, amidst the raging billows, His protecting hand can save. In the peaceful shade; in calm; in palaces, His avenging hand can destroy.

"Then let us not repine—His will be done—our country calls—the god of battle cries aloud for vengeance—we are the means in His hands to punish the infamous Britons for their sacrilegious deeds. We trust in the righteousness of our cause and the god of battle will protect us. Hence, then, dispel any gloomy ideas that our separation may occasion, bear it with Christian cheerfulness and resignation. I shall write to you often, and I shall always be happy to hear from you. If I can get the arms on board tomorrow I shall sail early on Monday morning. My fatigue has been great, but when I get afloat they will be measurably over compared to what they have been. My expense has been great—surpassing anything I had any idea of.

"It is now 1 o'clock in the morning—the candle nearly out, and I must go to bed. May the angelic hosts that reward and protect virtue and innocence and preserve the good be with you until I return, is the sincere supplication of your affectionate husband. "ANDREW JACKSON."

He wrote her again from the mouth of the Cumberland, and this is her reply:

"*My Dear Husband:* Your letter of the 18th of January from the mouth of the Cumberland river came safe to hand. It was everything to me. I rejoiced. I was happy to hear you were in health. It was my nightly prayer to Almighty God. My thoughts are forever on thee. Where'er I go, where'er I turn, my thoughts, my fears, my doubts distress me. Then a little hope revives again and that keeps me alive. Were it not for that, I must sink; I should die in my present situation. But my blessed Redeemer is making intercession with the Father for us to meet again, to restore you to my bosom, where every vein, every pulse beats high for your health, your safety, and all your wishes crowned. Do not, my beloved husband, let the love of country, fame and honor, make you forget you have one. Without you, I would think them all empty shadows. You will say this is not the language of a patriot, but it is the language of a faithful wife; one I know you esteem and love sincerely, but Oh! how many pangs, how many heart-rending sighs has your absence cost me. My time passes heavily and I am not in good health, but I hope to see you once more on this globe, and after this frail life ends, be with you in happier climes, where I shall experience no more painful separation, and I shall be at rest. I feel a foretaste of the joys that are to the virtuous souls.

"Our little Andrew is well; the most affectionate little darling on earth. Often does he ask me in bed not to cry, papa will come again and I feel my cheeks to know if I am shedding tears. On Thursday last, he said, 'Mama, let's go to Nashville and see if he's there.' I told him where you had gone. He said, 'Don't cry, sweet mama.' You can't think how that supported me in my trials. I wish I were with you—vain wish. Pray, my dear, write me often. It's a cordial—it's a balm to my mind in my lonesome hours. I treasure them up as a miser his gold. I could write more to your satisfaction, could I refrain from tears, but you know how to make allowances for me.

"The stock wants there master's eye; all your household regrets your absence; all wishing and praying for your return.

"May the Almighty God of heaven shower down his blessings. His mercy on you, assist you in the ways of life, in the ways of righteousness, be your shield in time of danger, support you in the paths of wisdom—the ways thereof in peace afar. Think of me your dearest friend on earth.

"RACHEL JACKSON."

"Mr. A. Jackson."

The triumphant vindication of Jackson and his wife, as a result of this election, set all Tennessee ablaze. As for her, she did not care for it—"For Mr. Jackson's sake I am glad; for my own I never wished it."

Besides, she was getting old; she was tired, she was ill.

"If I could only live here the rest of my life in peace with him!" she sighed.

But it was not to be. Beautiful gowns had been ordered for her. Her women friends, knowing she was ill and tired, formed themselves into a committee to see that the mistress of the White House should enter it a queen in attire as in character.

Nashville itself was to give a great ball in their honor on the night of December twenty-third, the anniversary of Jackson's night battle fourteen years before, when, with that audacity which Foch says only the great generals have, he attacked at night on an open plain a greater force of veteran soldiers with his half-armed Indian fighters from Tennessee and Kentucky and stopped the victorious march of Pakenham's army. He won in fact the greater battle that night.

It was a bright December morning when she rode into town for her last fittings. Her great coach carried her swiftly in. She tried to be interested for his sake. But she was old—sixty-one—few pioneer women reached that age. They succumbed to childbearing, to monotonous, killing drudgery, to hard work, to medicines that were not, to physicians that bled and knew little. Her life had been long—long in what she had seen and suffered.

She had seen the bloody body of her brave father brought home, murdered as he returned from Kentucky for corn. She had seen her neighbors murdered, their children scalped, her girl friends seized and carried off by savages for a fate worse than the scalping knife. She had been the innocent victim of an ill-mated love—a deserted bride in the wilderness.

She had found her own great lover only to see him ride home one day bloody, having staked his life for her honor. She had seen him march into the wilderness so wounded that he was scarce able to sit his horse, and in the pangs of her farewell was the small chance of his returning alive.

But she had met the emergency. It was he who had told her that in his absence no one could have managed his thousands of acres with slaves and servants with greater efficiency and skill. Very proudly, too, she knew that among all the great she had entertained, Lafayette, Madison and other great men of the United States, all had gone away revived and cheered by her kindly heart. She had seen him go again to the war and come back with the greatest battle glory of the century. She had prayed that he might stay—how he wished to stay! -but again the call of his country, and again he marched to the Florida wars. Again he had returned to stay, but again it was duty and the call of his country.

The Shaft of Scandal

And now the supreme honor was his. How she loved him! How she worshiped him! He who had taken her from the cabin of calumny and made her the first lady of the land.

She was old, she was ill, but for his sake she would go through it. . . . At noon she went to the parlors of the old Nashville Inn to rest. From out of its double doors she heard her name. Startled, amazed, she heard it all—the gossip of the campaign, the pamphlet written in her defense, the infamy and lies she had never dreamed of.

For the second time she realized that her husband had fought to the death for her honor. The brave sweet heart that had no fear of savage or scalping knife, or injustice, privations, sorrows, died under the shaft of that scandal. . . .

He buried her in the garden, a broken-hearted old man. The light of his soul was out. The White House was to him an empty place in which he would do his great duty as he saw it and come speedily back to her. . . .

The heart that never had quailed before savage or Briton, that Dickinson could not shoot out, broke before that grave.

Buy Tested Batteries *from this* Cabinet

This is Mister Ray-O-Lite

Your Guide to Guaranteed Batteries. You'll find him on every French product and on this French Ray-O-Lite Test Cabinet which thousands of dealers have installed for your convenience and protection.

THIS French Ray-O-Lite Cabinet insures satisfactory performance of French Batteries. Our laboratories build many hours of bright light into French Batteries. The Testers [illustrated below] in the Cabinet are provided to make certain that you *receive* that full measure of dependable light-service. Every battery, every lamp must prove that its strength is up to the high French standards before you take it away.

For your own protection, buy at stores displaying French Ray-O-Lites in this Cabinet and satisfy yourself that batteries and lamps are full powered at the time of purchase. Stores which safeguard your interests by installing the Ray-O-Lite Cabinet are good places to trade. Patronize them.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
Madison, Wisconsin

ATLANTA DALLAS DENVER KANSAS CITY CHICAGO
NEW YORK MINNEAPOLIS

This Test Guarantees Full Powered Batteries

This shows one of the battery test blocks of the French Ray-O-Lite Cabinet. It gives positive, visible proof of battery strength. It is a quick, convenient method by which you can assure yourself that the battery is fresh and full powered.

FRENCH RAY-O-LITES AND BATTERIES

French Ray-O-Vacs Improve Summer Radio Reception

TRADE MARK

WHEN static crashes and signals weaken, the extra power built into French Radio Batteries will improve reception on any set and make summer radio enjoyable.

There are many technical points and intricate manufacturing processes making French Radio Batteries the best that present day skill and knowledge can build; but the final and only positive proof is the length and quality of service you get in your radio set. We are anxious for you to make such a test of service.

Refurnish your set now with French Radio Batteries and keep a record of their service. You will fill many summer hours with satisfactory use of your set and the record will convince you that French Batteries are, indeed, Radio's Best Batteries.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
Madison, Wisconsin

ATLANTA DALLAS DENVER KANSAS CITY CHICAGO
NEW YORK MINNEAPOLIS

French Ray-O-Vac No. 9303
The most compact and substantial vertical battery for multiple tube sets using more than 45 milliamperes at 22½ and 45 volt taps. Size 3 1/16" x 4 1/16" x 7 1/16".

French Ray-O-Vac No. 5151BP
Recommended only for sets where battery compartment is too small for a larger size B
Size 4 1/16" x 2 3/8" x 2 1/2".

French Ray-O-Vac No. 2303
For vertical type sets requiring a large battery in small space where current is recommended. Size 6 1/16" x 7 1/8". 45 volt with 22½ volt tap.

French Ray-O-Vac No. 2151
Advertisement text illegible and will vary depending on sets using the recommended current. Size 4" x 4 1/2" x 7 1/16".

French Ray-O-Vac No. 2153
Various type with same current as No. 2151, but 22½ volt
Size 4 1/16" x 4 1/2" x 7 1/16"

French Ray-O-Vac No. 231R
This 4½ volt "C" battery is made adjustable to 1½ and 3 volts.
Size 4" x 1 1/2" x 2 1/8".

French Ray-O-Vac No. 1211
For "A" Circuits 2½ volts single cell. Also 3 and 3 cell units

French Ray-O-Vac No. 4151
A small size 22½ volt "B" for very light use only.
Size 3 1/16" x 2 1/2" x 2 1/2"

French Ray-O-Vac No. 1153
Vertical type "B" for use where space is limited but where current needed is greater than smaller sizes can give. Size 5 1/2" x 3 3/4" x 2 3/8".

French Ray-O-Vac No. 2301
On sets requiring over 14 milliamperes, this 45 volt battery will give a great many hours. Voltages may be 8, 10½, 21, 22½ and 45. Size 6 3/8" x 6 1/8" x 3 1/2"

French Ray-O-Vac No. 9151
Extra size batteries with 3 cell units giving twice the life of same 22½ volt types. For use on heavy duty sets.
Size 6 1/8" x 4 1/2" x 4 1/8"

Advertising Department,
French Battery Company,
Madison, Wisconsin.

Please send me your free book—Radio Trouble-finder and up-to-the-minute list of Broadcasting Stations, logging record, etc.

Name

Address

Town State

FRENCH RAY-O-VAC
Radio's Best Batteries

They've Grown Up Together

SINCE the Ford's early days, MILWAUKEE Timers have played a vital part in keeping millions of these sturdy automobiles in top-notch running condition.

By improving the ignition of the marvelous Ford motor, the MILWAUKEE Timer makes it easier starting, smoother running, speedier and more powerful.

Just as the design of the Ford motor has never been vitally changed, so also the MILWAUKEE with its Ford-type roller-brush—the kind that Ford experts recommend — has remained basically the same.

The new MILWAUKEE Timer, with its short-proof case of handsome Bakelite, is known to millions of Ford owners for its hotter, fatter, sure-firing sparks, its long life and all-around dependability. Put a MILWAUKEE Timer on your Ford today. Get it from your garage, auto supply or hardware dealer.

Standard Price $2 (In Canada $2.75)

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORD

SPANISH ACRES

(Continued from Page 32)

The croupier lowered his hands and twirled his wheel. He reflected upon the caliber of those who had gone down in the affray, any one of them accounted among the deadliest gun fighters of his day.

"You-all are real apt at self-defense," he commented; "right at the head of your class."

Hollister looked about him, studying the patrons.

"It seems sheepmen ain't welcome hereabouts," he said. "We'll sift on back home. Any of you boys too bad hurt to make it, riding easy, after patching yourselves up a bit?"

It seemed not.

"Only Crippen, of course, and Morton," one man reported, entering from the rear. "Webber come out and shot Morton. Then I got Webber."

Another man stepped through the front entrance.

"Wharton wants to see you out front," he informed Hollister in an undertone.

Hollister, acting upon this summons, joined Wharton in the shelter of a doorway.

"There's a coot over in that little adobe hut yonder—a short, fat-like party. It was him that fired first from that window. Then I shelled him back under cover," Wharton informed.

"That will be Sloane, and I want him," Hollister said. "You hold him there. I've got some business in Coulard's office that'll take maybe ten minutes. I'll go in the back way so no one will know I'm inside it. Then I'll come out from the back and circle up to the blank side wall of that 'dobe hut of Judge Sloane's."

He invaded Coulard's office by way of the rear entrance. The door of the safe stood ajar. He ignored the sack of gold and the packets of currency, turning his attention to the sheafs of papers that were pigeonholed in the open-faced compartments. Swiftly, one after another, he thumbed them over. Not one note did he find that was signed by Art Langford and made out to either Coulard or Slaven—no sign of a deed from Langford. Eventually, however, he found a deed, dated upon that day, which conveyed the Bar Z Bell from Slaven to Coulard. This in itself was sufficient evidence of the existence, somewhere, of a deed from Langford to Slaven. This one document he slipped into his pocket. Two minutes later he stood at the blank-walled side of Sloane's domicile and peered round its corner near the open window from which Sloane had fired. The sound of wheezy breathing reached his ears.

"Come on out, Sloane," he ordered.

The leaky breathing ended in a husky exhalation, but there was no other reply.

"Sloane, you can either come on out this second or I'll order this joint riddled and have done with it," Hollister announced. "Time is short. Take your choice."

"What do you want with me?" Sloane protested weakly.

"Nothing—only to talk with you," said Hollister. "Come on out. No one is going to hurt you."

Sloane came forth hesitantly, like some apprehensive rodent emerging from its burrow.

"Now," said Hollister, when he had moved Sloane into a moonlit space, "where's Slaven?"

"He was outside here just as you-all went into Coulard's door. He made off somewhere."

"Where would he go?" Hollister demanded.

Judge Sloane expressed his inability to hazard a guess, there were so many places to go.

"Take me to the courthouse," Hollister ordered. "There's something there that I want to see."

Sloane led the way and in a very few minutes, at Hollister's insistence, he had opened the new books in the register of deeds' office and exhibited a fresh entry, recording a deed that conveyed the Bar Z Bell from Langford to Slaven.

"Now, Sloane, you don't want to hang, but that's a contingency that's creeping up on you. Coulard, Webber and Moss are no more. Slaven is hiding out somewhere and we'll soon smoke him out. There's some things I want to know. Where is the deed from Langford to Slaven, and the notes or whatever other paper that's supposed to show why he parted with the Bar Z Bell?" As he spoke he was cutting the page containing the entry from the book. He folded it and placed it with the other paper in his pocket. "I aim to collect that assortment and turn them over to Langford."

"Langford!" Sloane blurted.

His voice was husky and he stared glassily at his interlocutor.

"Who else?" Hollister returned.

"Langford's dead," Sloane stated hoarsely. "He was buried this morning."

He broke off, backing hastily away from Hollister as that individual blazed forth:

"What did he die of? Now you speak right out in meeting and spill this whole thing. You tell me the truth and you get off free. Answer every question straight out. Don't stop and study."

Judge Sloane was not of the same stern fiber that had characterized his erstwhile associates. Under Hollister's questioning, he spoke, in an effort to save his skin at the expense of anything else whatsoever. Occasionally he lied, plausibly but not convincingly, and each time Hollister cut him short and extracted the truth. For the first time Hollister learned of the event of the preceding night. Only an hour before, he had chuckled as he pictured Langford's chagrin when he marshaled his men to the capture of the deserted stronghold on the hill.

"It was when the girl said what she did that Coulard got apprehensive and urged Slaven to lay low until they found out what sort of temper the boys was in when they come back. If she'd tell them anything that put 'em in a nasty frame o' mind, Slaven had better stay out of these parts for a spell till folks sort of forgot," Sloane concluded.

This was the first that Hollister had heard to the effect that Sarah Lee had returned. Eventually, under Hollister's swift, ruthless interrogation, Sloane, perspiring profusely, his hands working spasmodically, protested that Coulard and Slaven did not confide many details to him, a statement in which Hollister placed full credence. Sloane asserted that most of his surmises came from piecing together chance remarks, since Slaven, Webber and Coulard, though not confiding in him, nevertheless were prone to be somewhat unguarded in their utterances when in his presence. Just what the girl had meant, just how much she knew, where she was headed and with what purpose in mind, were necessarily matters for disquieting conjecture; and Sloane had heard some discussion of it between the others. Sand Crawl had been mentioned as a likely spot for some purpose, and the Mescalano Trail. Later, toward nightfall, he had seen Slaven filling two skin water bags, but he had failed to leave town before Hollister's men arrived. That, Sloane protested, was all that he was able to relate.

Hollister, convinced of the relative truth of this contention, departed with Sloane and headed back for the Nugget.

"Sloane," he said, "I'm as good as my word. It was Slaven, not you, that shot at Slack's back from across the corner, as far as we're concerned, and as long as you're convinced that we acted only in self-defense throughout. You swear to that if it ever comes up. You're in the clear for just as long as you stay on the right side of the road. I'll put you in charge of the town to set a guard on Coulard's office and close the safe right while I'm watching you. When the boys get back from my place, you give it to them straight. You'll be sitting here, an exponent of law and order, when the law comes in, which will be right sudden. I've sent to Fort Ciradua for intervention now."

These arrangements completed, he inquired after such of his men as were hurt. Finding the injuries mostly superficial, none of them dangerous, he drew Whetzel aside.

"You take charge and help to ease the boys back out home. You can't travel fast with some that's shot pretty severe. Head east first, and well into Spanish Acres before turning south, so you won't meet that crew coming back. I'm going out after Slaven. When you get back, bring Wharton and come to Sand Crawl."

Ten minutes thereafter he rode out of Rolavi Wells on a fresh horse which he had procured at the barn, leaving his own tired animal to be led home by one of his men. It would, he knew, be a suicidal undertaking to follow Slaven with the hope of overtaking him. Slaven, certain to discover the fact that he was followed, would simply drop behind some convenient ridge and bushwhack his pursuer.

Hollister headed almost due south. By holding this course clear to the cañon of the Rio Tasao he would just miss the western extremity of Sand Crawl. Then, skirting its rims to the east, he would come out at the head of the Mescalano Trail. Far better that he should be waiting for Slaven than to find Slaven waiting for him, he reflected. It lacked an hour of midnight, but an eighty-mile ride lay ahead. Hour after hour, he held on at a moderate gait that covered the miles but exerted not too great a strain on the horse.

Eventually the animal showed a tendency to slacken its gait, yet exhibited no symptom of excessive fatigue. Hollister looked at his watch. It showed four o'clock.

"We're way off ahead of him by now. He won't be riding hard, but saving his horse," Hollister surmised. "I'll save you up a bit too."

He slackened the gait to a shuffling trot.

"If only I was riding through Spanish Acres now instead of off west here, I could change mounts every hour at some Tasao hogan."

A crimson streak appeared in the east, then gray dawn shifted across the desert. Mustangs spurted ahead of him. Then a band of horses, showing no great fear, galloped a short distance and wheeled to face him.

"A bunch of broke horses," he said. "I wonder now if you've got one good spurt left in you so's I could maybe dab my twine onto one of those chaps."

He headed for the horses and they whirled and fled, one of them kicking up its heels in an excess of spirits. He pulled in behind them, unbuckling his rope strap. After one short spurt, the horses settled down to a steady gait, evidencing no very frantic desire to outdistance him. The good mount beneath him let out another lap of speed and drew up close on their heels. Hollister singled out a big bay gelding, swung his loop as his horse darted forward, made his cast and watched the noose settle squarely about the neck of the gelding. Five minutes later he was whirling across the country on an animal that was anxious to go.

"Won't do any harm to travel," Hollister concluded. "Slaven might have done the same thing, and caught up a fresh horse on the range somewhere."

When the sun was three hours high he reached the head of the Mescalano Trail, where it pitched down into the cañon of the Rio Tasao.

XXI

THE crest of the slight ridge afforded an excellent view of the country just ahead. The landscape, for a hundred yards in the

(Continued on Page 95)

For pronounced Personality and Character
in your handwriting, try this new Parker

Duofold Oblique

Guaranteed, like the five other Duofold Points, for 25 Years
Each way you hold it gives a Separate Effect

And each Effect a Hand that Fascinates

PARKER now introduces in the handsome Duofold Pen a point that produces a style in handwriting full of new interest and charm. A style of pronounced personality and character—just a bit bolder and heavier.

Held one way, this point makes slender down-strokes, accented by wide, shaded curves at top and bottom. Held another, it writes with the opposite effect—letters thin-curved, with wide, shaded sides.

We call this point the Duofold Oblique. And a smoother, softer-writing point has never been created.

This point makes the Sixth you can get in Parker Pens—Extra Fine and Fine for figures and close writing; Medium, Broad, and Stub for the more general uses; and now the Oblique—for a freer effect than all others.

The kind of writing you do and how you hold your pen make a big difference in the kind of point that your hand will respond to and delight in. Whichever it is, you can get it in any Parker Duofold at $5 or $7, depending on the size.

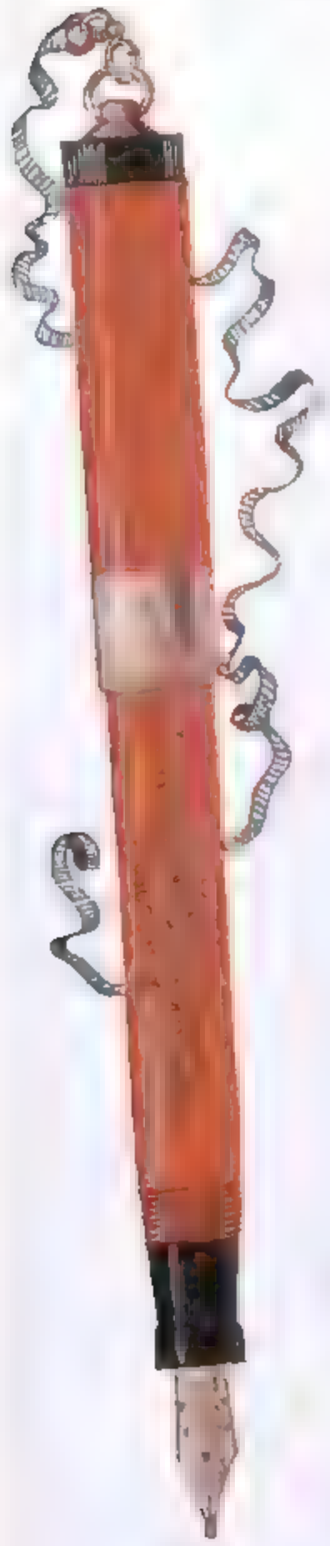
These are points—every one—that are guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear. And only the most exceptional skill could produce a Fine or an Extra-Fine point that would fulfill this guarantee.

They're points you can lend without fear or apology—for no style of writing can distort them.

And each point is set in a shapely, balanced barrel that gives your hand free swing. A black-tipped, lacquered barrel that's handsome to own and hard to mislay.

In a test not long ago, 8 men out of 10 picked this Parker blindfolded, from 11 new pens of various makes. Try it yourself, with your eyes shut, at any nearby pen counter. And try this soft-writing Duofold Oblique—see how interesting a hand it gives you.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY • JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady, $3; Over-size Jr., $3.50; "Big Brother" Over-size, $4
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA •
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, 2 AND 3 NORFOLK ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND



Lady Duofold
$5
Ribbon $1 extra

The new *Oblique*

When held this way it writes like this

Note the shading on the down strokes accenting the thin curves top and bottom.

When held this way it writes like this

Note here that the down strokes are slender, and the shading appears in the curves.

Rivals the beauty of *the Scarlet Tanager*

Parker Duofold $7

LUCKY CURVE
OVER-SIZE
With The 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

Lady Duofold $5
With ring for chatelaine

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK

(Continued from Page 92)

foreground, was excessively choppy. Some little brush, dwarfed and straggling, had obtained a precarious root hold and was struggling valiantly for continued existence. An occasional yucca reared its head. It was from between the sheltering spear-pointed tufts of two of these plants that Hollister peered. The single tall flower stalk of each plant, now dried and dead since the blooming season had passed, towered high above him. Beyond the hundred-yard expanse of sparsely vegetated country there commenced the desolate wastes of shifting sands.

Hollister had watched it for two hours, occasionally glancing either way along the rims of the cañon, since it was possible that Slaven, too, would elect to skirt Sand Crawl rather than to cross it. He had exerted every effort to remain awake, but drowsiness returned at the instant when he imagined that he had shaken it off. The strain and the long night of hard riding had told. The glare of the sun on the white sand tired his eyes, but whenever he would rest them by closing them for a few seconds, he could open them again only with difficulty. He tried splashing a little water from his canteen across his face. This sufficed but for a space of seconds. He turned and looked at his horse. The animal grazed on a bench under the first rim of the cañon near a tiny spring. Hollister descended to it and refilled his canteen, a small affair holding but little more than a pint.

Another hour passed. He tried the expedient of closing his eyes while he counted ten, then opening them, but after starting the counting he was startled to wakefulness by the rattle of the dried flower stalks above his head, conscious that he had been asleep, but not knowing how long a period had elapsed meanwhile—probably but a few seconds. He rose and paced about. Another hour passed. The wound on his cheek was drying, paining him considerably, but not with sufficient intensity to counteract the drowsiness that was claiming him for its own.

The breeze had freshened, rattling the dry flower stalks and lashing the bayonet leaves of the tufted yuccas, and he was forced to pull his hat on more firmly to avoid having it plucked from his head. He knew that he was going to sleep and that Slaven would find him here.

But, after all, would Slaven find him here, he asked himself suddenly. It had been his surmise, formed from what Sloane had told him, that Slaven would wait at this spring at the head of the Mescalano Trail until word from Coulard should reach him, then leave the country for a period or return to Rolavi forthwith, according to whether the tidings be good or bad. But Slaven had left Rolavi Wells after hearing the brief spurt of firing, knowing that Hollister had surprised Coulard and was in charge of the town, so he would be assured that his absence from these parts was imperative.

Why, then, should he choose the longest and hardest route to safety instead of following the shortest and easiest? Any time during the night Slaven could have turned to the west, covered the intervening few miles to Solado Arroyo, effected a crossing and disappeared in the breaks. That, Hollister reflected, was exactly what he would have done had he left Rolavi Wells under circumstances similar to those under which Slaven had departed. Then, too, perhaps his idea that the capture of Slaven was paramount was a trifle exaggerated in view of those same altered conditions. Slaven was outlawed, a certain page in the records destroyed; the citizenry of the Rolavi Sink was now, or soon would be, apprised of facts contrary to what had been popularly believed in the past. In view of these altered conditions, would any papers in Slaven's possession, or which he had safely hidden away, seriously affect Sarah Lee's title to the Bar Z Bell in the future? Hollister's brain, reeling from drowsiness, could not decipher it all. One thing he knew with exceeding clarity—that Slaven was not coming this way. It was now an hour past noon, and if Slaven were heading for the Mescalano Trail he should have reached it long since.

In this last conclusion he failed to take into consideration the fact that Slaven was a creature devoid of imagination. He could, of course, guess with fair accuracy the outcome of the affray in Rolavi Wells, but guessing was not in his line. Things might yet be well, and since he had been instructed to wait for word from Coulard, he would wait until assured that no word was forthcoming.

The wind was increasing in violence as Hollister tightened his cinches, watered his horse and headed out into Sand Crawl. Fine sand, under the impetus of the wind, curled and eddied round the horse's hoofs. Stray puffs, struck from ridges, hurtled down upon Hollister, stinging his face. The gale gathered velocity and the air was filled with flying particles. Hollister saw dark low-hanging clouds which he knew to be wind-flung sand billowing across the foreground. Then a Rolavi sandstorm swept down in all its accumulated intensity.

The atmosphere was so densely packed with hurtling sand as to render breathing almost impossible. The kerchief that was ever knotted about Hollister's throat, worn for just such emergencies, he now reversed, pulling it well up beneath his eyes. He could breathe in labored fashion now, but his lungs ached. The stinging particles swept against him with redoubled force, filling his pockets, even filtering into his shirt.

"Hell's fury!" he muttered. "This here would sandpaper the hide offn a lizard!"

He had covered several miles before the storm struck, so there was small use to return, as there was no shelter that way unless he could reach the rims of the cañon. Neither himself nor the horse could endure through any considerable distance in such going, so they must hold on until reaching some spot that afforded a measure of shelter. He gave the horse its head and the animal turned downwind. After what seemed an interminable period, Hollister was conscious that locomotion had ceased. Gently, he touched the horse with his spur. The animal fidgeted uneasily, but declined to move. Hollister was aware of the fact that the violence of the storm had abated somewhat, even though his ears were assailed by the hissing shriek of the sand-laden gale, and he divined that the horse had made its way unerringly to shelter. They were on the downwind side of a twenty-foot wall of hard sand, and the horse was backed up to the bank, its rump almost touching. Just to the right, a matter of perhaps a dozen feet, the sand-freighted wind screeched past down the course of an open bottom. The curling back lash eddied sand into Hollister's retreat, and from the bank above it descended in a steady downpour, but with no particular violence.

Lassitude overcame him again. He dismounted and sat on the sand, his head resting on his arms as he folded them across his knees. Breathing was easier that way. Presently he was roused by a sense of suffocation. He had slept until he was half covered with sand, but he shook himself free and sat down again upon this new and higher surface. He wondered, in case this should keep up, if the floor of this little cut between two sand walls would not soon attain to the same level as the sheltering banks, one rising as the other receded. He glanced sidewise at what appeared to be a river of sand, running at flood tide a dozen feet to his right. It shrieked on its way, so dense that he could not see into it. Then he slept again. This process was repeated three times.

Eventually, upon opening his eyes, he was aware that the fury of the blow had abated. The river of sand to his right was not so dense as formerly. It was carrying only the finer particles now. He felt somewhat refreshed, at least was not suffering acutely for sleep; but his eyelids seemed worn away. They smarted abominably and his lips were scorched. Twice during the blow he had moistened his lips, and he now resorted to the canteen once more, shaking it to ascertain how much of the precious fluid remained. It seemed to be almost empty. The draw to the right now held nothing more than an eddying dust cloud. He could even see out into it and observe a dark object some twenty yards away. He regarded it curiously, divining that the gale, shrieking down this open bottom, had scoured out a still deeper channel, uncovering this object. It slanted like a leaning snag, half erect; and it took on the semblance of a scarecrow fashioned in human form. Then, quite suddenly, he knew that the object was the mummified remains of a human being, resurrected by the wind.

Sheltered by a cut-bank draw similar to Hollister's, but opening into the little bottom on the far side and perhaps twenty yards farther along, another man viewed this uncanny spectacle of a dead man's reappearance. This man grinned, extracted his two small skin water bags from the sand, plucked forth his saddle and other equipment and announced to the mummy, "Well, I put you there, but the wind brung you back."

Slaven had ridden slowly, saving his horse. An hour before daylight he had permitted the animal to graze. Then he had ridden into Sand Crawl from the north when the sun was two hours high, electing to spend the day there and intending to emerge with nightfall to water and feed his horse, then return for yet another day. There might be word from Coulard. In any event he had water and there was food in his saddlebags. Why should he hurry? His horse had strayed away during the blow, but it would have headed downwind with the storm, and, bridled as it was, even though unsaddled, it would not have traveled far with trailing ribbons. Before setting forth in search of it, he advanced some twenty feet toward the mummy that protruded from the sand. At that moment a conviction formed in Hollister's mind.

"John Gilfoyle!" he exclaimed, and rose to his feet.

As he arrived at the edge of his pocket he saw Slaven. Both men reached for their guns. Hollister's holster was packed full of sand and his weapon refused to clear. He freed it with a violent wrench, but Slaven's gun spoke first. There was a numbing shock in Hollister's leg midway between the hip and the knee. It let him down, but he fired at Slaven as he fell.

The little dike of sand across the mouth of the cut, eddied there by the gale that had raced down the bottoms, concealed him from Slaven, whose position was on a lower surface. Hollister knew that one thing was inevitable. Slaven would circle to the bank above and have him at his mercy, for he himself could not maneuver with one leg out of commission. Far better that he should have it out now, while he could still sight Slaven in the open bottom and expose only his own head as a target. Acting on this impulse, he lifted his gun even with his eye and peered over the little sand dike. Just as he made out Slaven's form, stretched out prone in the sand, a million pin wheels exploded in his brain and the light went out.

Out in the bottom, where Hollister's first and only shot had dropped him, Slaven watched that little dike. His eyes were wavering and he knew that within a very short space of time they would glaze over and never see again. But he wanted to get Hollister first. He endeavored to crawl toward the mouth of the cut, but could not move his great frame an inch. His head he could move with an effort, and his forearms. Then a thought came to him. Hollister, too, was unhorsed and with a broken leg. Slaven fixed his eyes on the water bags and managed with some effort to line his gun on one of them just where it met the sand. It was suddenly deflated as the water spurted through the gash. The jar of the gun tore it from the weak clasp of his fingers. He retrieved it with the last of his

SIMONDS

CRESCENT-GROUND

CROSS-CUT SAWS

Saws for the big woods from "The Saw Makers"

Wherever men depend on cutting tools most—and the timber faller or log bucker certainly depends on them—they get best results, easiest and quickest cutting with Simonds Crescent-Ground Cross-Cut Saws.

It's the Simonds exclusive method of grinding cross-cut saws, coupled with the heat treatment of perfectly tempered Simonds Steel, that produces these easy-cutting, edge-holding, economical saws. Sold by hardware and supply dealers wherever timber is cut.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL CO.
Fitchburg, Mass.

"The Saw Makers" Established 1832

Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

Every Manufacturer, Sales Manager, Personnel Manager, Executive Officer,

of any business which comes in contact with the farmer, will gain a new and valuable viewpoint by reading Raymond A. Pearson's article, "Agricultural Training for Business."

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

July 25th

strength and deflated the remaining water bag.

He peered at the mummy, which seemed to grin mockingly. Slaven grinned too.

"Here's the three of us," he said. Then he died.

For what seemed an eternity, Hollister had been listening to several men hammering on sheet metal and every stroke hurt his head. He wished that they would desist. Then a thunderous report caused him to open his eyes. His head throbbed most terribly. After an interval, there was a second report, which he knew for a gunshot. Slaven had just punctured the second water bag.

Slaven's shot had struck Hollister's gun, knocking the weapon sidewise against his skull. All told, he had been in a dazed, semi-conscious state for less than five minutes. The report cleared his head as his predicament became clear to him. He steadied himself and tried to plan what steps to take. He peered over the little dike of sand. Slaven lay sprawled at full length, his gun in the sand a foot from his fingers. Was this a ruse to draw him forth? His own gun was jammed from the shot that had struck it. He watched, and at last he knew that life had fled from the great hulk that sprawled there facing John Gilfoyle's mummy.

Hollister sought to catch his horse, but the animal snorted and jumped away from this thing that crawled toward him. The man endeavored to stand upright and hop on one foot, but the loose yielding sand betrayed him, and the horse, already frightened, refused to permit his close approach. On a dozen occasions the animal stepped on the trailing reins, jerking his mouth severely.

Hollister gave over the effort and crawled back to Slaven's equipment in the hope of finding water. He found only the deflated water bags, and searched in the saddle pockets for a canteen. Instead he found food, a great roll of currency and a packet of papers that suddenly recalled the original object that had led him into his present predicament.

There were many notes, the amounts large, some made by Langford to Slaven, some made out to Coulard and indorsed over to Slaven. The deed from Langford to Slaven was among the loot, and a number of contracts, agreements and memorandums, all apparently signed by the same hand. Hollister did not peruse them. He was too exhausted to be particularly interested in the substance of them, so he merely touched a match to the lot and added the two papers in his own pocket, watching them burn to an ash.

Then, fighting off his growing lethargy, he drained the water bags of what few drops remained in their folds, took Slaven's rifle, which he endeavored to use as a crutch, and set forth after his horse. He found the animal on the far side of the cut which had sheltered them. The horse had quieted, and by using the rifle, butt downward, so that it would not sink too far into the yielding sand, he achieved a wabbling but upright style of locomotion that, though not to the animal's liking, still failed to alarm it greatly.

It snorted and sidled away, stepped on a rein and jerked its mouth cruelly. Every movement was sheer agony to Hollister, but he managed to cover the last ten feet with surprising steadiness, speaking quietly to the horse, soothing it. Eventually he grasped a rein. The horse whirled round, facing him, blowing suspiciously, and for a space refused to permit him to attain its side. He spoke to it, stroking its neck and twining one hand in its mane. His other hand sought the horn and at last he swung himself to the saddle.

His senses were staggering and he lunged dizzily as he headed the animal north toward Pueblo Tasao.

"Keep your head!" he kept repeating to himself. "Once you let yourself flop out o' this saddle an' it's your meat house. Don't forget that. You'll be down for good. Keep that in mind. It's only fifteen miles to Pueblo Tasao and twelve to the edge of Sand Crawl. Once out of this sand, I can touch off a brush fire and someone will maybe come to see what it means."

A dozen times he swayed dangerously and the horse sidestepped nervously. The blood that oozed from his leg covered his hands, already crusted with blood and sand, and was smeared on the pommel.

"Only ten miles now—seven to the edge of this sand," he presently estimated. "Steady yourself!"

Vaguely, he knew that he could not expect help within forty-eight hours or thereabouts. He had instructed Whetzel to come here after seeing the men safely home. But the party would cover that sixty miles to Pueblo Tasao slowly, its gait regulated by the pace that the most badly wounded man in the lot could maintain with safety and comparative ease.

Something hammered in his brain. His leg seemed immersed in molten lead. Parched lips craved water, but the water was gone. He came to suddenly, swaying drunkenly in the saddle.

"It's just up to you now!" he told himself. "Down once—down forever. Steady, old man!"

But instead he lurched forward onto the pommel. The horse snorted and swerved away from this thing that clutched at its neck.

Hollister opened his eyes and spat sand from his mouth.

"Now you've gone and done it," he accused himself. "There couldn't have been but a few more miles to travel to get out of this sand."

There was still an hour of daylight. A part of that time he rested. Then he set forth and crawled toward Pueblo Tasao. At the end of a few yards he was exhausted and pain-racked, and he sprawled flat in the sand.

Presently he made a fresh start. Night shut down and he held on.

Everything seemed far in the past—all his former ambitions. What did Coulard and Slaven and Spanish Acres matter? It seemed odd that he should ever have cared about such trivial issues. Just one thing that did matter stood out. He wanted to see Sarah Lee Langford. There had always been so many things that he had promised himself he would tell her at their very next meeting. Then, invariably, they had talked of other things, leaving most of what he had in mind unsaid. It was this thought that drove his tortured frame onward. He must, somehow, make his way to Sarah Lee Langford.

The moon came up, its wan radiance rousing him from stupor, and he writhed ahead for a few yards, halted, panting, and hitched onward again. There was something, he could not remember quite what, that he just must tell Sarah Lee. The forward hitches became shorter and less frequent.

Presently he announced, "Sarah Lee, I'm damned if I believe I can make it. You'll have to come to me." Then he lay very still in the sand.

And at that very moment Sarah Lee was coming, riding toward Sand Crawl like some creature gone mad.

Having slept until high noon from sheer exhaustion, she had spent the balance of the day in a state of lethargy. Nothing seemed to matter. Not until the moon rose did she leave the house, saddle her horse and ride from the compound. She had just passed Pueblo Tasao when she noted, indifferently, the actions of a horse just ahead of her. Its manner of holding its head to one side, flinging it occasionally, was to avoid stepping on trailing reins, she knew, having seen many a horse perform in similar fashion. It was saddled.

Someone, then, had been left afoot. It was making for water and nickered eagerly as she rode up.

The saddle was smeared with great dark splotches, crusted with sand, and she recoiled as she realized that these were blood-stains. She found herself gazing fixedly at

(Continued on Page 98)

Burroughs

Durability

Material that cannot be excelled, processes that cannot be bettered, workmanship that cannot be surpassed—all these have built into every Burroughs machine that quality which insures accuracy and durability.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6206 SECOND BOULEVARD
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING BOOKKEEPING CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

All tires will go so far—

¶ Manufacturing methods make it easy for one to duplicate the commonplace tire and meet standard ideas of service.

¶ But here is a tire as distinctly different in service values as a Persian rug is from a domestic carpet. A tire that in quality, in design, in construction and in workmanship embodies the sum total of tire-building achievement.

¶ One Brunswick, one Brunswick experience, will conclusively convince you that no finer tire exists!

and more

a type of service from the Brunswick Distributor that doubles the value of your investment.

BRUNSWICK
TIRES

BRUNSWICK TIRE CORP., AKRON, OHIO

(Continued from Page 96)

a saddlebag. It was of Indian manufacture and the design stood out in the bright moonlight. There was but one such pair of saddlebags in existence. The Tasao women had made a set for Hollister, the design being emblematic of a war-bonnet sunrise in token of the fact that Hollister was the benefactor of the tribe of Tasao.

Her lethargy had departed. The thought that nothing in life was worth while, having weighed down her spirit, was swiftly superseded by the most acute knowledge that one thing mattered more to her than all that had gone before.

She came of the stock that rises to face a crisis instead of wilting when faced by one. She roused the village in the space of one minute, reining in her horse before Sutanak's abode.

"Quick!" she ordered the aged chieftain. "Hollister has been hurt—in Sand Crawl, I think, for there's sand mixed with the blood in his saddle." To a squaw she said, "Get me a water bag." Then, to Sutanak: "Send out your best trackers to follow the back track of the horse out there that wears Hollister's saddle, others to scour Sand Crawl from one end to the other!"

Then she took the water bag from the squaw and fled into the moonlit desert, urging her horse at top speed. One thing she knew. The horse had been heading for water, and when she had sighted him he had been traveling northeast. The water nearest to the point at which he had emerged from Sand Crawl had been the Valley of Springs. Otherwise he would have headed for Claypole Seep, which lay some six miles to the west. Acting upon this surmise, she laid her course to strike somewhat southeast of Pueblo Tasao.

When she reached the edge of the sands she held straight into the shifting wastes. The Tasaos, she knew, were fanning out to cover it over a ten-mile front. She lifted her voice and strained to catch an answer, then forged on. Once a Tasao rode into her field of vision as he topped out on a sand hill in the white moonlight. She knew that others were riding off to the east and to the west, a score of them. They would find him.

After perhaps four miles of such traveling, she saw it—a crazy, writhing trail where some creature had dragged its stricken body along in the sand. She spurred her horse along it for a hundred yards before being assailed by the fact that the man would be crawling north, not south, and she wheeled her horse and retraced her way.

Even as she turned, a Tasao, his keen eyes having detected the trail from an adjacent ridge, rode down and joined her. Some heavy ache in her breast seemed to choke and stifle her, shutting off her breath as she read the significance of the tortured creeping that had resulted in such a trail as this. And now she was paralleling her own previous course. Perhaps she had missed him by but a few feet. The Tasao, reading the tale of every halt and every onward struggle, made but one comment:

"One leg no good. He creep. Soon find."

And after a quarter of a mile, they found him. The girl flung from her saddle and knelt beside the still figure, forcing a few drops of water between the swollen lips, bathing his face; and she made little moaning sounds as she worked, imploring him to speak to her.

The Tasao knew that others had by this time picked up the trail of the horse and were back-tracking him to the point where Hollister had left the saddle. Others would be near. He lifted his voice in a signal. Others answered.

"Me do," he said, kneeling beside the girl and taking over her task. He felt the pulse to make sure that the heart was still beating, listened to the quality of the breathing, expertly prying open the mouth and trickling into it a small quantity of water. He rested his fingers lightly on the throat to detect the slight muscular contraction that would announce that the few drops had been automatically swallowed. After a time he desisted and bathed the temples and forehead, then inserted another small portion of water between the lips.

Another Tasao rode up on their trail, then another. A third skittered down over a loose sand bank and joined them. And all the while the girl knelt there, caressing the upturned face, whispering to him as if she would love him back to life. He stirred and moaned.

The Tasao gave him more water. A new arrival inserted a few drops of some bitter but invigorating liquid between his teeth. He moved his hands feebly, tried to lift his head, gulped water greedily until it was removed.

After a moment he tried to speak, but the words were so faint that they could not be understood.

The girl suddenly pressed her own fresh lips upon his swollen ones.

"Come back to me, Stan," she whispered. "Come back to me and tell me you love me."

For a space he was very quiet.

Then, quite distinctly, he said, "I was trying to get back. That's what I was wanting to tell you."

XXII

THEY sat on the veranda of the old Castinado ranch house as the sun swung low in the west.

"It's somewhat different down there from what it was when we first viewed it from here together, isn't it, little girl?" he asked, pointing down to the village. "It was a real bleak prospect those days."

She nodded, resting a hand on his arm, and they sat in silence, looking down into the village. Pueblo Tasao was a scene of teeming activity. Squaws, garbed in their most gaudy blankets and finery, chattered volubly as they moved about. Children shouted and a hundred dogs added their canine vociferations to the uproar. The flat roofs of the houses were piled high with dried corn and squashes of various sizes, colors and designs. Strings of dried meat were everywhere in evidence and the houses were adorned by a thousand festoons of red peppers.

"We mapped that scene out between us, honey," he said. "And now there it lays, just as we'd pictured it. Right soon now we'll have this whole country flooded with sheep. Our annual wool clip will call for enough freight wagons to haul it so's it'll look like an old-time bull train crawlin' over the Rolavi Pass. The railroad will be into Quenemaro, come spring, and before long we'll be shipping choice lambs by the trainload. And one little girl has got three hundred-odd adoring retainers, just like she'd dreamed of—three hundred Tasaos, and the odd one is me."

She transferred herself to his knee. The tawny buildings of Pueblo Tasao seemed to absorb a roseate tinge from the crimson flame of the sunset. But the commotion, instead of subsiding, seemed to increase. Big fires flared up and the villagers clustered round them, a weaving, chattering throng of kaleidoscopic coloring.

"This is one big fiesta," he said.

The girl's eyes were bright as she answered, "Yes; an anniversary. It was just seven years ago today that Porter exiled them, and just one year ago that you brought them back."

The babble in the village had reached a high pitch of intensity. Then, as the sun disappeared, the sounds fell away. Dead silence ensued.

"What now?" Hollister asked.

A new sound invaded the night, a low weird chant that rose and fell, swelled and receded. Through it all the skin drums throbbed with maddening, monotonous regularity, yet chiming with the whole so as to weave it into a haunting barbaric rhythm.

The arm round Hollister's neck tightened.

Up in the desert hills above the Valley of Springs the priests of Tasao were lifting the curse.

(THE END)

Are you yet buying meats the Hussmann way?

What a wonderful change from the old way of buying meats. Think of the ordinary market with its slabs of meats laid out on a wood counter, exposed to flies, dust, odors and handling. Or with its meats hidden in a box, where you can't see what you want, and where the butcher must bring out one piece at a time.

And then think of the modern Hussmannized store. Where meats are all kept in a glass palace of purity, completely closed in where no flies, odors or hands can reach them. Where the meats are all displayed for your selection in rows on spotless white enameled platters. Where the finest system of refrigeration ever invented keeps every piece of meat as rosy, red and fresh as the moment it was cut.

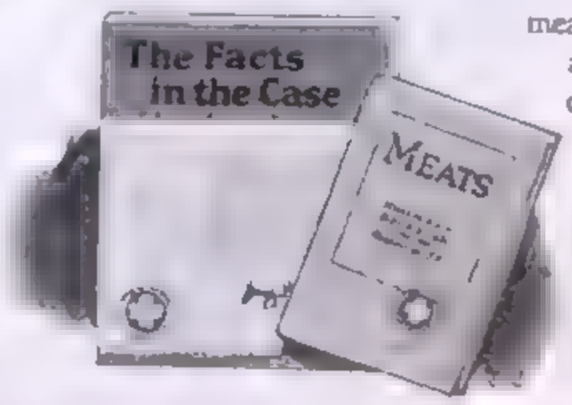
Now you can tell the quality and freshness of meats by the way they are kept. Now you know that meats kept in a Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter are not only clean and fresh, but they are juicier and more tender. Because the Hussmann Patented System of Refrigeration produces a natural dry cold air circulation that seals the pores of the meats, saving all the flavor, and breaking down the meat fibres. That makes every cut of meat juicier, tastier and more tender.

Over 10,000 retailers have Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counters, not only meat markets but grocery stores and delicatessens. Look for the one in your neighborhood.

You can identify the Hussmannized store by the big blue, white cross sign on the outside of the store—a message of Better Meats, Cleaner Meats and Quicker Service.

RETAILERS!
Get this 32-page book free

This unique illustrated book shows you how [illegible] by means of Hussmann Patented Freezer Display Counter Service. It shows how [illegible] Write for your free copy of "The Facts in the Case"



LADIES!
Get this free Meat Book

Entertaining interesting [illegible] book on meats, cooking and meat uses [illegible] illustrated. Shows the [illegible] meats and how to prepare them in many ways. If you don't know of a Hussmann-equipped market near you, write us for this book, giving the name of your market.

HARRY L. HUSSMANN REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

Representatives throughout the United States. Sales Offices: 911 Mission St., San Francisco—447 South San Pedro, Los Angeles—502 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas—518 Virginia St., Seattle—Dallas, Texas—115 Western Ave., Minneapolis—805 Delaware St., Kansas City—Pittsburgh, Pa.—110 North Delaware Ave., Philadelphia—39 Cortlandt St., New York City

HARRY L. HUSSMANN PATENTED FREEZER DISPLAY COUNTER

TRADE MARK REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

© 1925 H. L. H. R. Co.

FREE
10-Day Tube
Note Coupon

Cloudy Teeth

How to give them dazzling whiteness

Delicate Gums

How to Firm them. Give them that healthy coral tint you envy

This NEW way will work great changes quickly. It combats the film authorities warn as inviting "off-color" teeth and unhealthy gums . . . make this unique test

OFF-COLOR" teeth; gums that are softening, that lack firmness—you can't be attractive if you have them.

Now modern science has made important, *new* discoveries in overcoming them. A new way that foremost dentists now are urging . . . the most remarkable of all dental methods.

This offers you a test. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

THAT FILM—the enemy of teeth and gums

Dental science now traces scores of those troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

New methods now remove film

Less effective dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why not try this new method which world's authorities urge?

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

FREE Mail This for 10-Day Tube

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 817, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

(Continued from Page 15)

There are, of course, many other mysterious phenomena in New York, but the few that have been mentioned will serve to introduce the subject.

The matter of noise in New York is one in which lurk a number of mysteries. It is perfectly obvious, for example, that a large percentage of all the taxicabs in the world are concentrated in New York City, even though there are literal-minded persons who will attempt to show by city records that there are only some 128,966 of them within the city limits.

Whenever a New York policeman raises a warning hand or a traffic tower displays a warning light, the street is immediately packed with a solid phalanx of quivering taxicabs, while streams of wailing, whooping, yelping taxicabs surge at right angles across their bows.

Occasionally a pedestrian in New York finds himself on a street or avenue with no taxicab in sight in either direction, and in an evil moment yields to the impulse to cross the road. Such a pedestrian is usually killed or severely dented by a taxicab that appears mysteriously from nowhere in the twinkling of an eye.

There are more variously colored taxicabs in New York than there are breeds of flies in the Maine woods during the fishing season. There are white, black, gray, chocolate, brown, auburn, roan, bottle-brown, maroon, rose du Barry, bottle-red, nose-red, salmon, ruby, sorrel, crème de menthe, bottle-green, topaz-yellow, jaundice-yellow, bottle-yellow, amethyst, lilac, ultramarine, orange, striped, spotted, marbled, plaid, checkered, tattooed, polychrome, piebald, pepper-and-salt, stippled, mottled, freckled and rainbow taxicabs, as well as taxicabs of several hitherto unclassified colors.

There has been no attempt, as yet, to introduce a chameleon taxicab, which will change its color to conform to the prevailing tones in its passengers' garments; and the nonattempt is in itself a mystery.

The peculiar effect of these taxicab colors on the human eye may be at the bottom of the mystery of the New York traffic-tower lights. For months a red light on the traffic towers, instead of meaning Stop, meant Go; whereas a green light, instead of meaning Go, as it does in other more normal but less sophisticated centers of intellectual activity, meant Stop.

A Hint From the Hinterland

For many months yokelish out-of-town motorists with hayseed in their carburetors would drive cautiously into New York and stop abruptly when a red light appeared on a traffic tower, whereupon a bottle-red or a plaid or a piebald taxicab would crash into their neat Pebble Beach tail plates, vile Central European imprecations would arise from all the chauffeurs in the striped or freckled or bottle-green taxis a mile to the rear, and dapper and highly efficient policemen would step up to them and in a few well-chosen words apprise them of the fact that their mental powers were greatly inferior to those of Snyder, the Talking Ape.

It was only recently that New York rid itself of its mysterious hallucinations as to the meaning of red and green lights, and reluctantly adopted the system in vogue among the hicks of the hinterland or back country—New York's hinterland being such backward and somnolent trading posts as Detroit, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis and San Francisco.

At any rate, New York's thoroughfares are crowded at most hours of the day and night with taxicabs, and each taxicab is equipped with an efficient noise-making device joccosely known as a horn. Some of the horns are barytone, some are second tenor, some are first tenor and some are falsetto. Some squawk like frightened prehistoric birds; some hirple viciously; some scream with the careless abandon of a Canada lynx attempting to root a succulent doe to the ground with horror.

The taxicabs are assisted in their noise making by enormous numbers of expensive automobiles whose horns are slightly less offensive than those of the taxicabs. Deficient as are the private cars in the matter of horns, they excel the taxicabs in the vigor with which they can jounce across the several million loose manhole covers that are sprinkled thickly over the streets of New York.

The taxicabs and so-called pleasure vehicles are in turn ably abetted in the noise-making line by large numbers of motortrucks that travel briskly uptown, downtown and across town, carrying heavy loads of iron bars, or something that emits a deafening and protesting clanking similar to that made by iron bars, whenever the truck hits a dent in the pavement—and every New York truck hits a dent at the end of each twenty-five yards of travel.

New York's Street Orchestra

Any interstices in the noises made by the taxicabs, the so-called pleasure vehicles and the motortrucks are efficiently plugged by the clanging of ambulances, the brain-piercing stutter of pneumatic riveters, the dropping of structural iron on hard surfaces from great heights, the wild tumult of fire apparatus hastening feverishly in every direction, the ringing of bells, the pounding of hammers, the scraping of shovels on rocky and uneven surfaces, the dull rumble of underground trains, the crash of splintering wood, the determined cries of garbage men, milkmen, butter-and-egg men, newsboys, junkmen, policemen, door men and excited taxi drivers, and the noise of a thousand different sorts of whistles, ranging from ferryboat whistles to dog whistles.

Yet in spite of all these powerful noises, which combine to make a perpetual roar, sometimes swelling and sometimes diminishing, and in spite of the perpetual crowding of New York streets by automobiles, one needs only to repair to any New York hotel room to hear the clop-clop-clop-clop of horses' hoofs on hard pavements rising clear and irritating through the city's din.

If one rushes down to the street to view the horse, one finds nothing but rivers of hurtling, hirpling, clattering, squeaking, squawking taxicabs. If one hangs precariously from the hotel window to locate the source of the clop-clopping, the clopping instantly ceases and there is nothing to be seen except unbroken torrents of automobile tops, among which dodge human minnows, constantly escaping death by the breadth of a whisker.

This horse mystery is a companion mystery to the dog mystery. Seldom, if ever, is a loose dog seen in New York; and the dogs that are chaperoned around the city's streets by beautiful young ladies, stylish stouts and carefully tailored chauffeurs are rarely more than twenty-three inches over all. Their barks, if any, are a shrill treble; their whiskers are immature and silky and their demeanor is distant and upstage, indicating clearly that it would be unthinkable for them to engage in any rough demonstration.

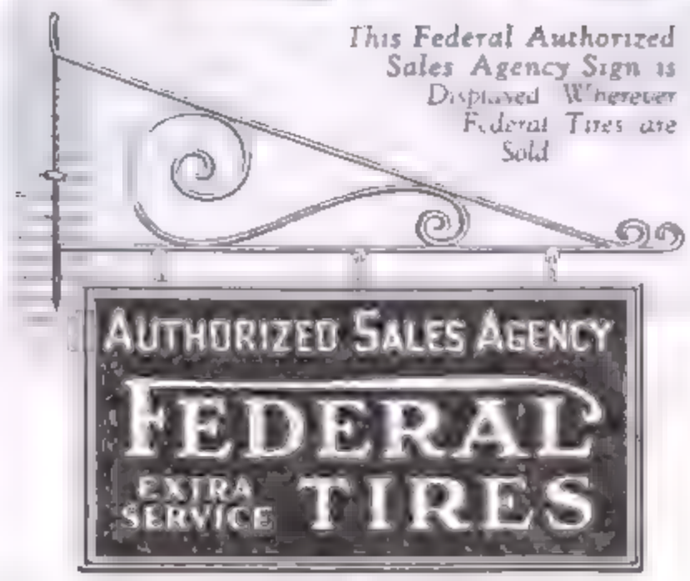
Yet in the early morning, a little after the milk-bottle hour and slightly before the ash-can hour, all New York echoes to a chorus of hoarse, rude, rough, mean, deep-chested barks that could not possibly emanate from dogs that are less than thirty-six inches in length or that lack rough, unkempt whiskers.

Why do they vanish when people emerge from their homes and go about their business? Who hides them, and where? It is a strange and mysterious matter.

It might be remarked in passing that the hunting of the Ovis poli in the high Pamirs is probably a useful, fascinating and dangerous pursuit, but that there is room for

(Continued on Page 102)

FEDERAL TIRES


This Federal Authorized Sales Agency Sign is Displayed Wherever Federal Tires are Sold
AUTHORIZED SALES AGENCY
FEDERAL
EXTRA SERVICE TIRES

You Enjoy a Great Advantage When You Buy Federal Tires

The makers of Federal Tires realize that the car owner of today not only wants a good tire made by an old, experienced Company, but he wants sincere, comprehensive dealer service.

Therefore, to guarantee Federal users the intelligent tire advice and service they deserve, only men of standing with experience and good facilities are appointed to sell Federal Tires.

Naturally, these merchants have chosen Federal Tires to sell because they are tires on which they can safely stake their own reputations.

When you need another tire, whether it be a Balloon, a regular or a commercial Cord, talk to the Federal Authorized Sales Agent near you.

You will not only get a fine tire, attractively priced, but you will enjoy the advantage of prompt, competent service whenever you want it.

You can go
where you please
with WEEDS

Don't go touring without them

It may be a half-day's drive over a mountain road to the finest bit of scenery along your route. It may be a few hours on a forest trail to a lake where the big ones are biting. It may be—but who knows *where* it will be when a happy family starts adventuring.

Don't forget WEED Chains. With WEEDS in your car you can go where you please—you can make your schedule—be certain about returning over any kind of roads.

Get genuine WEED Chains for your car today—now while you are thinking of it.

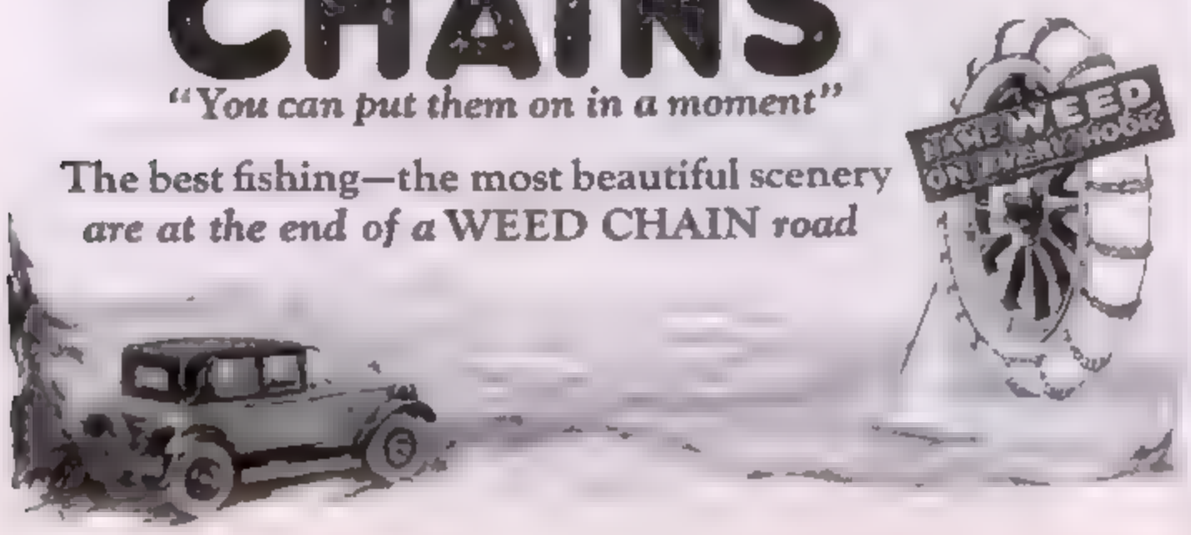
You'll pass a dozen places where they're sold—garages, repair shops and accessory stores everywhere.

You can identify genuine WEED Chains by their brass-plated Cross Chains, galvanized Side Chains and Red Connecting Hooks in addition to the name WEED, which is stamped on every hook.

American Chain Co., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT
District Sales Offices:
Boston Chicago New York
Philadelphia Pittsburgh San Francisco
In Canada:
DOMINION CHAIN CO., *Limited*
Niagara Falls, Ontario
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

WEED
CHAINS
"You can put them on in a moment"

The best fishing—the most beautiful scenery
are at the end of a WEED CHAIN *road*



(Continued from Page 100)

argument as to whether it would be any more useful, fascinating or dangerous than roaming the deep cañons of Manhattan Island and capturing—say for a Late American Wing in the Metropolitan Museum—specimens of the different breeds of New York taxicabs, ranging from the small, night-flying ones smelling of glue, fish, wet horsehair and burnt wood, to the large glossy ones whose tonnage is so great that they can turn corners without lifting more than one wheel from the ground.

In the distant future—say around the year 1998—many a fine, earnest American is going to want to see for himself how his Great-grandfather Otto laid the foundation of the family fortune; and when he learns that Otto made his money by never walking when he could get a taxicab, and spent three-fifths of his waking hours hurrying from appointment to appointment in these vehicles, he is going to be anxious to find out what the taxicabs of Otto's time looked like. For this and other reasons, it is surprising that somebody doesn't attempt to shoot, stuff and present to the municipal authorities enough of them to give future generations a faint idea of the reasons that will probably cause New Yorkers of 1930 and 1940 to wear gas masks and ear plugs in order to preserve their lungs and their sanity.

It is also surprising that the drift toward censorship in New York has not resulted in the installation of, or at least a demand for, a noise censorship. Censorship of plays has been demanded; censorship of books; censorship of paintings; censorship of dancing, drinking, automobile parking and so on; and a censorship on noise is about the only form of censorship that hasn't occurred to some prominent and supernervous New Yorker, whose supernervousness, irritability and leaning toward censorship, petulance and intolerance are probably due to the fact that his brain is subject day and night, awake and asleep, to the unceasing blows of sound produced by pneumatic riveters, taxicab horns, loose manhole covers, whistles and what not—and no mean what not either.

The great drawback to serving on a New York noise-censorship committee, of course, would be the likelihood of the committee flying violently off the handle after listening to several thousand noises at close quarters, and attempting to abolish all noise, or so noisily accusing each other of those most horrible New York sins, intolerance and reactionaryism, that the police would be obliged to interfere and rush them off to a psychopathic ward for observation.

Incidentally it should be remarked that those intellectual New Yorkers who pride themselves on being so broad-minded that they must edge through a door sidewise are frequently so intolerant of intolerance that they are strongly in favor of totally obliterating all persons who favor any sort of censorship on anything except murder and grand larceny.

Innocents in New York

There is one enormous mystery beside which nearly all remaining New York mysteries sink back into the class of the Epping Downs Mystery or the Tooting-on-Wye Mystery or all the 7000 other mysteries which yearly appear in British fiction. This is the mystery of why young cement salesmen, authors, poultry raisers, gold diggers, poets, sales managers, grocery clerks, artists, sign painters, garage assistants, violinists and farm hands leave their moderately endurable and fairly quiet homes in Eufaula, Kissimmee, Tucson, Medicine Hat, Bangor and Baxter's Dam Corners in order to start connecting with New York's 6,015,496 inhabitants, and help swell the number of its residents to 6,015,694.

There are many subsidiary mysteries to this great mystery—such, for example, as why these misguided persons don't go back to Tucson, Medicine Hat and Baxter's Dam Corners after a few months of New York. By that time their numbed consciousnesses should have begun to grasp the great truth that if one remains in New York until he is about sixty-nine years old without being gassed, hit by a taxicab or punctured by a gunman's bullet while peaceably fighting his way through the noontime, teatime, before-theater or after-theater crush, he may possibly accumulate enough money to be able to go back to his old home town or some similar town and start doing the things that he could have done all the time if he had stayed at home instead of going to New York. Some 65 per cent of the persons who came to New York from the farm are bending all their energies toward amassing sufficient wealth to leave New York and go back to the farm again.

The initial urge that causes so many innocent young things to leave the parental bed and board and fare forth to the modern Mecca is that of gold, although there is usually a great deal of poisonous conversation tossed off to the effect that they make the jump in order to express themselves, or for the purpose of living their lives in their own way.

Where More Money Buys Less

The grocery clerk who drags down eighteen a week in Floral Park City has been informed on unimpeachable authority that a grocery clerk can get forty a week in New York just like finding it. The violinist who pries thirty-five a week out of the management of the Bijou Dream Motion Picture Palace in Belair Grove has been apprised by friends in the metropolis that his art will net him seventy-five a week in the big city. The young lady in Fishville who has been taking the Rudyard Dickens Course of Short Story and Scenario Writing in seven lessons by mail is cognizant of the fact that if she can get in personal touch with New York editors, she will be just as apt as not to dispose of several masterpieces for all of one hundred dollars a masterpiece. The bright young Sioux City sales manager whose services are rewarded by a yearly salary of four thousand dollars is lured to New York by an offer of ten thousand dollars a year, or about two thousand dollars a year more than he thinks anyone's services are worth.

The mysterious part of the proceeding lies in the mental processes that lead these folk to think that forty dollars a week in New York is twice as much as eighteen dollars a week in Floral Park City, or that ten thousand dollars a year in New York will bring the proud possessor twice as much pleasure and prestige as four thousand dollars a year will bring him in Sioux City.

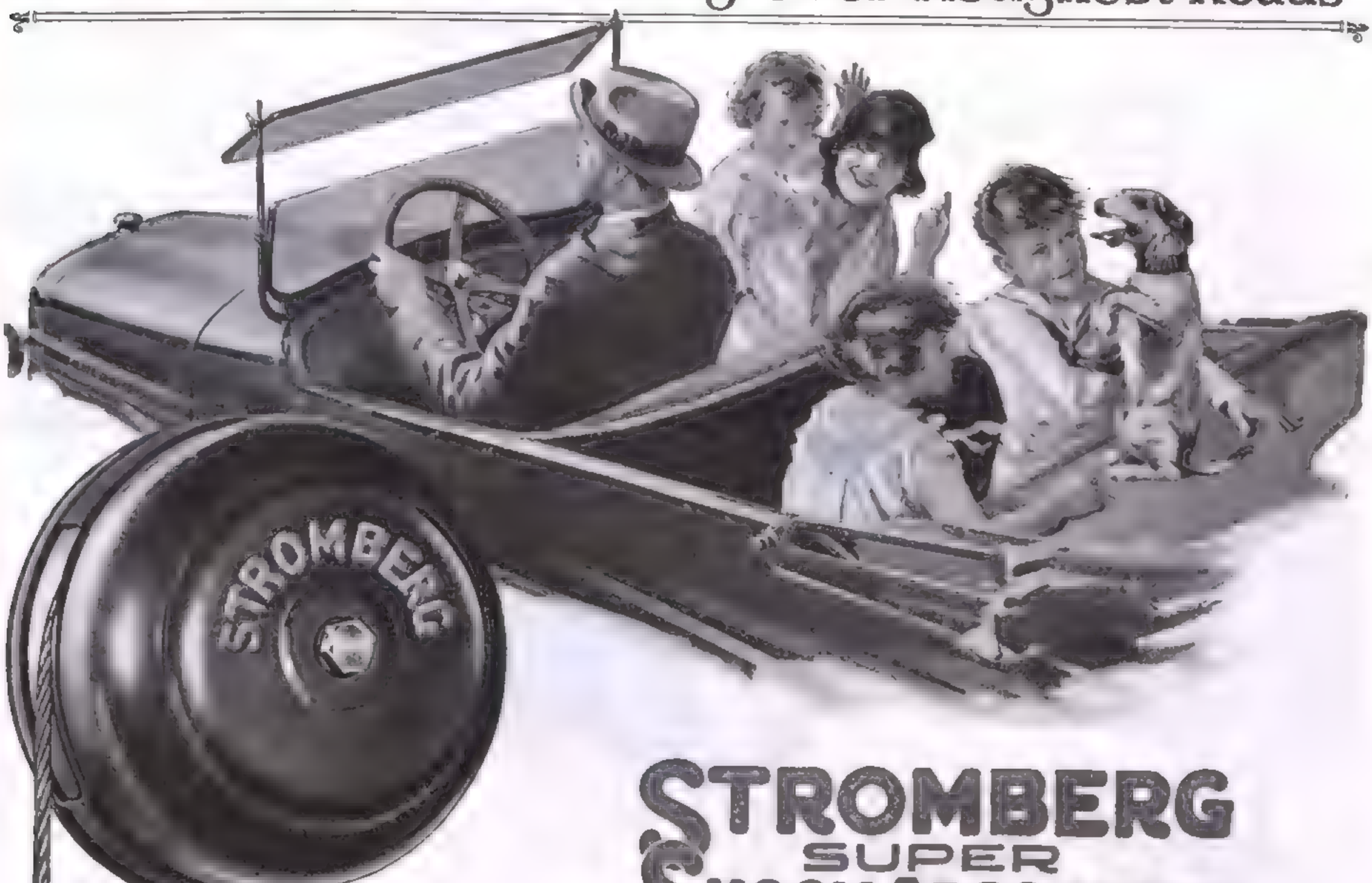
As a matter of fact there is about the same difference between a four-thousand-dollar-a-year man in Sioux City and a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man in New York as there is between a petted goldfish in a shiny private aquarium and an individual member of a large school of mackerel about seventy miles off shore.

At a recent bankers' convention in New York, one of the visiting brothers, on the eve of departure, bit off the end of a large brunet cigar and stated with some complacency that his yearly earnings were about five thousand dollars, that he was one of the leading citizens of his home town, that he played golf three or four times a week, and that his home was out on the edge of town where there were no noises to disturb him except the nesting operations of English sparrows under his blinds—and that this noise was easily discouraged with the assistance of a long-handled rake.

Certain overtures, he stated, had been made to him tending toward some slight increase in his yearly income and the transfer of his residence and his business activities to New York. A brief investigation, however, had conclusively demonstrated to him that a person on a five-thousand-dollar salary in New York would be living at the extreme rear of a back street, and that nobody would know he was alive except the

(Continued on Page 105)

Smoothest, Easiest Riding Over Roughest Roads



Twelve Special Features

1—Designed on a new and better principle.
2—Regulate spring action to exactly the correct degree under all driving conditions.
3—Provide smooth, easy riding with either Balloon or Standard Tires.
4—Working parts protected against dirt, water and oil.
5—Heavy steel cable will not break, stretch or rust.
6—No adjustments are ever necessary.
7—No greasing or oiling required.
8—Operate uniformly Summer and Winter.
9—Built to measure for each make of car.
10—Last as long as your car.
11—Sold and guaranteed by a leading and responsible manufacturer.
12—Each set in separate package which contains all necessary fittings for installation.

Prices of Individual Package Equipments, complete with all fittings necessary for installation, for the following cars:

Buick (Stand. Six Master Six)	$35.00	Jewett	$35.00
Chandler	35.00	Maxwell	35.00
Cleveland	35.00	Nash	35.00
Dodge	35.00	Oakland	35.00
Essex	35.00	Oldsmobile	35.00
Hudson	35.00	Reo	35.00
Hupp (Four Cyl.)	35.00	Studebaker (Stand. Six Spl. Six)	35.00
		Willys-Knight	35.00
Ford	$12.50		
Chevrolet	24.75		
Overland	14.00		
Star	24.75		

Standard sets of four for all other makes of cars weighing less than 4000 pounds, $35.00 (separate pairs for front or rear for all other makes of cars, complete with fittings $17.50).

All prices slightly higher on Pacific Coast and Canada

Prices and information on all other makes of cars, on application

STROMBERG SUPER SHOCK ABSORBERS

Sold and Guaranteed by the Builders of the Famous Stromberg Special Carburetors

WHEN your car is equipped with Stromberg Super Shock Absorbers you will get the greatest possible degree of riding comfort.

The ease with which you will be carried over rough roads, of every nature, will be a true revelation. There will be no more violent bumps. No more nerve-racking jolts. Driving will be easier and safer. Tire wear will be lessened and upkeep reduced.

The braking power of Stromberg Super Shock Absorbers automatically increases in exact proportion to the rebound force of the springs. They allow absolute freedom of spring action on smooth roads. These are only two Stromberg characteristics. Other special features are printed opposite. Read them. Then have your car, or the one you buy, equipped with Stromberg Super Shock Absorbers.

See your Automobile Dealer or the local Stromberg Service Station today. Or write direct to us, giving name and model of your car.

OVER 3000 SERVICE STATIONS

STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES COMPANY

68 EAST 25th STREET, CHICAGO

Direct Factory Branches:

NEW YORK 517 West 57th St. | BOSTON 760 Commonwealth Ave. | DETROIT 2739 Woodward Ave. | MINNEAPOLIS 1609 Hennepin Ave. | KANSAS CITY 1809 McGee St. | LONDON, W. I. ENGLAND 173-75 Cleveland St.

Your foot as others see it

This year, Summer's favorite white adds a touch of black for smartness. A particularly effective model is this white Vici kid with cleverly placed appliques and trimming of black Vici.

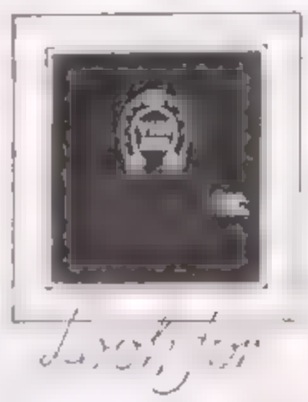
WHEN A WOMAN is not as tall as she would like to be, she chooses hats and gowns that make her look taller than she actually is—and vice versa. And in the same way that hats and gowns influence the appearance of size, so shoes influence the appearance of the foot. If this were not true, the selection of shoes would be a much simpler proposition. Every woman could choose the shoe that appealed to her without regard to its effect upon the foot.

What is it that makes the difference? In hats it is the shape, in gowns the lines and the pattern of the material. And in shoes it is the line and the material itself. Try on two shoes of identical size but different materials. Then look in the mirror and see your foot as others see it.

This season Fashion has greatly simplified the problem of choosing the most becoming footwear. For the smartest shoes are made of Vici kid, the leather that fits the foot to perfection and makes it look trim and small thereby.

This trade mark will guide you

The shoe stores that serve the fashionably correct are offering beautiful new models in Vici kid, in striking combinations of the new soft colors as well as in rich black. And at prices that appeal to every pocketbook. Inside these shoes you will find the Vici kid trade mark. It is the mark of style-rightness in the shoe, as it is the mark of quality in the upper leather.



this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other

The single broad strap gives a trimly tailored appearance to this smart pump. For all-round smartness, choose it in Oak or Cranberry Vici kid, with Sudan Vici for strap, heel and trim.

A scallop appliqué of Sudan Vici and a trim buckle add the necessary touches to this smart, new step-in pump of Cranberry Vici kid. It is a shoe that adapts itself to many costumes and occasions.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 102)

postman, the paper boy and the gentleman who collected his rent.

Consequently, said the banker, he was taking the next train back home, where he would do his best to banish ennui by indulging in a small game of 10-cent-limit once a week with the mayor, the judge, the editor of the weekly Gazette-Star and the local insurance agent, by striving to remove the slice from his drive, by catching himself enough trout for a mess whenever the weather and the law permitted, and by doing the requisite amount of banking between times.

As for New York and its opportunities for self-expression, he added, handing the bell boy a half dollar with a reckless gesture and seating himself importantly in a taxicab painted with the regimental colors of the Liverpool Life Guards, they were worth about fourteen cents on the dollar, and were at liberty to jump in the river for all he cared.

Incidentally, in view of the fabulous salaries that are supposed to be so lavishly dispensed to the toilers in the marts of Manhattan Island, it may or may not be of interest to the gold seekers of the hinterland to know that the average yearly income of residents in New York City is $1493, which is $10 less than the average yearly income in Omaha, $13 less than in Philadelphia, $21 less than in Buffalo, $56 less than in Cleveland, $59 less than in Salt Lake City, $65 less than in Portland, Oregon, $70 less than in Seattle, and $363 less than in Wilmington, Delaware. It is, however, $70 a year more than the average Boston income, which may be due to the fact that some of the big, generous, warm-hearted New England business and banking houses frequently start college graduates to working for the magnificent honorarium of four dollars a week—which ought to make the college graduates want to go to the largest known city in order to express themselves properly on the subject of their employers.

The matter of self-expression in New York is one to which a certain amount of mystery clings. One gathers that self-expression in Des Moines or Kenosha or Bismarck is practically nonexistent, but that it flourishes in New York like alders in damp soil. Yet when one attempts to obtain a definition of self-expression in New York, one makes little headway.

Suckers and Self-Expression

It may consist of eating half a can of sardines at one o'clock in the morning and leaving the other half on a window ledge; or of riding twice a day in Subway trains so crowded that commuters who look at their watches frequently replace them in fellow travelers' pockets by mistake; or of speaking contemptuously of the mental attainments and narrow outlook of persons who live west of the Hudson River; or of paying three times as much for theater tickets as the tickets are worth; or of indulging in ribald laughter at any mention of the Rotary Club; or of spending more than one can afford in order to impress others with one's wealth and importance. It may consist of these things, and it may not; but apparently the persons who are least able to clear up the mystery are those who talk most fluently about self-expression.

The peculiar eagerness of the New Yorker to pretend to a wealth and position that he doesn't possess, his apparent inability to relinquish the tumult, uproar and unrest of Manhattan Island for more peaceful and normal surroundings, and his weakness for referring to self-expression without being able to tell how he expresses himself, may possibly be of assistance to investigators who wish to solve the mystery of the great concentration of suckers on Manhattan Island.

Available figures on the population of New York City show that it contains more Russians born in Russia than does the great Russian city of Baku; more Italians than Milan, the most populous city of Northern Italy; or Naples, the most populous city of Southern Italy; more Irish, born in Ireland, than the delightful Irish city of Cobh, formerly and more widely known as Queenstown; more Hebrews than the entire population of the great Polish cities of Warsaw, Lemberg and Lódz put together.

There is more truth than fiction in the old American folk song that declares "you cannot see in gay Paree, in London or in Cork, the girls you meet on any street in old New York." The original intent of this song was to brag that the girls of Paree, London and Cork were unable to compete with New York girls in the line of pulchritude; but as the matter now stands, it means exactly what it says—that you cannot see them in Paree, London or Cork, or in Athens, Leningrad, Sofia, Budapest, Prague, Bucharest, Riga, Oslo, Brno, Zagreb, Dantzic, Glasgow, Palermo, Belgrad, Rotterdam or Antwerp either, for that matter, since they moved to Manhattan Island several years ago and are now able to chew gum as violently and tirelessly as any home-grown product.

Too Sophisticated for Words

The figures, unfortunately, do not go into the matter of the number of suckers in New York; but a matter that will stand a great deal of investigating, and whose solution might possibly prove almost as valuable as an expedition to the Antarctic to solve the mystery of why the normally red Calokis insect turns pale blue when exposed to the direct rays of the polar sun, is the question of whether these people come to New York because they are suckers, or whether they become suckers because of coming to New York.

There is a strong suspicion that they come to New York because they are suckers, but to jump at conclusions in such a serious matter is both unsafe and unfair.

New Yorkers like to think of themselves as wise, cynical, polished and so hard-boiled that a diamond drill would be frightfully marred if it had the misfortune to come in contact with them. "Sophisticated" is the word they like to use in connection with themselves.

They go around telling one another that they are sophisticated, and that they live in sophisticated homes with sophisticated backgrounds; and that it would be terribly unsophisticated of them to read unsophisticated books or go to unsophisticated plays or eat unsophisticated food.

The use in New York of the word sophisticated, in the years 1924 and 1925, was a prominent part of expressing one's self and living one's own life in one's own way. It didn't mean anything to the New Yorkers who used it, but it made them feel cynical and superior and simply crammed to the muzzle with background—background being another pet word used by New Yorkers to bolster up their superior feeling.

Thousands of sophisticated young New Yorkers, busily engaged in living their own life in their own way, now that they have cut loose from the stifling and provincial atmosphere of St. Louis or Omaha, have smiled whimsically—the true New Yorker must be whimsical if he bursts all the buttons off his vest in the attempt—and disposed of the chief executive of the United States by saying "He has no background, you know!" This is the ultimate curse of sophisticated New York. To say that a person has no background is a far bitterer cut than to say that he is a reactionary or that he is provincial. Yes, indeed; not to say—as they do in some parts of Manhattan Island—Yes, indeedy!

Yes, the residents of Manhattan Island like to think of themselves as too sophisticated for words; but how they get that way is a mystery that is fully as baffling as the unfinished Mystery of Edwin Drood.

The selling of actual gold bricks to New Yorkers is seldom practiced nowadays; but in all the world there is no aggregation of people so eager to accumulate and cherish the intangible gold bricks that are daily handed out for New York consumption.

The wildest madman in the world can seek support in New York for the craziest theory evolved since someone undertook to prove that the sun was seven and one-quarter miles above the earth; and if he has two days' leeway in which to get his stuff into the great New York papers, he can pack the Metropolitan Opera House with a crowd of howling dervishes who will be pleasantly thrilled to go out and mob the dirty dogs that disagree with the theories that they have just heard advanced.

Professional beggars whose methods of self-expression are not too repressed can accumulate from the hard-boiled and sophisticated population of New York between twenty and forty thousand dollars a year, maintain secretaries to attend to their correspondence and charities, and ride to and from their begging posts in large glossy limousines with flower vases in the northeast and northwest corners.

Frequently the gold-brick merchant needs to make no appeal to his victims; they offer themselves freely without solicitation on his part. Not long ago a jailbird and second-story worker who had displayed some persistence in attempting to escape from jail as well as a great deal of carelessness in the use of lethal weapons, was tried for the crime of murder in a city not far from New York.

In spite of the fact that this individual was insufficiently endowed with brains to stay out of jail for more than a few months at a time, he was heavily press-agented in the newspapers as a supercrook and a master criminal; though a careful reading of the testimony in the case showed fairly conclusively that he was a superbonehead, and master of nothing except the lock step.

New York promptly became hysterical over him—possibly because he seemed as thoroughly sophisticated as the leading character in the modern type of smart fiction that is making such a hit in New York by utilizing for the first time in history all the good old smutty remarks and stories that high-school boys retailed to each other with keen enjoyment around the time of the Spanish-American War.

He had not only fulfilled the New York ideal by going in strongly for self-expression, but also by emphatically leading his own life in his own way whenever he could separate himself from the jurisdiction of the police and prison authorities—which was seldom.

There was nothing bucolic or provincial or reactionary about him, from the broad-minded, tolerant New York viewpoint; and consequently New York loved him.

Interest in his case rose to tremendous heights on Manhattan Island; and the great New York papers were forced to devote so much space to him that there was scarcely room for such essential news material as cross-word puzzles and strip cartoons in which the characters achieve their humorous effects by distorting the words "going to" into the word "gonna."

Soft Heads and Soft Hearts

Waves of sympathy for him swept over the city with such violence that business almost had to be suspended in order to permit stenographers, bankers, factory workers, merchants and prominent professional men and women to voice their indignation against the brutal authorities for daring to inconvenience this delightful character.

In the heat of the moment they carelessly ignored the fact that he freely admitted to being a common thief; and they also displayed no interest whatever in the charge that he had killed a police officer engaged in protecting innocent people like themselves from the activities of thieves, murderers and other fascinating folk with diseased brains.

They freely and passionately expressed the hope that he would be acquitted of all charges and allowed to go free; and by so doing they automatically branded themselves as supersuckers; for the person whose credulity causes him to purchase a

Clean Them Clean

. . . . and quickly! Even the obstinate spots yield almost instantly to the cleansing magic of these wonderful cleaners.

The soil on your white shoes is not covered up — grass stains, mud spots and greases are *gently lifted out* and absorbed into the cloth by which you apply the liquid. Shrinking, stiffening and yellowing have been reduced to a minimum. Here are cleaners that are healthy for shoes.

Ask for the one you need — Dyanshine White Canvas for shoes of fabric or Dyanshine White Kid for white leathers. Both clean *clean* before they whiten. Either is for sale almost anywhere.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH

Dyanshine White Cleaners are priced at fifty cents per bottle—the same as all other Dyanshine polishes

Copyright 1925 — Barton Mfg. Co.

BOOKS!

JUST OUT:
in the Grosset & Dunlap 75¢ edition
well bound in cloth - Library size
WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

If it bears the G&D imprint - it's one of the most popular books of recent years

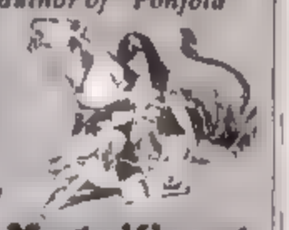
The Virile Novels of
PETER B. KYNE

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Two women in desperate love with one man—who knew nothing at all about women.
THE PRIDE of PALOMAR—A young man's battle to hold his California ranch
KINDRED OF THE DUST—The soul-stirring love story of an outcast girl.
CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Famous old Cappy's most exciting years.
THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—A struggle between two mortal enemies in the big woods of The Northwest.

I'll Show You the Town
by Elmer Davis

A New York bachelor with a wild Kentucky strain in his blood shows off his town to three devastating women. Reginald Denny stars in the movie just released.

DALLA THE LION CUB
by Cynthia Stockley, author of "Ponjola"



A hot-blooded tale of South Africa. The book from which Betty Compson made her famous picture, "The Female."

Cordelia the Magnificent
by Leroy Scott

In which a modern society girl, in need of money, finds out the secrets of the "idle rich" and sells them to the highest bidder. Was she right?

Love and Learn—H. C. Witwer

The story of a telephone girl who loved *wisely*—but *not too well*. By the author of "The Leather-pushers."

Also Available in the 75c Edition

RIPPLING RUBY . . by J. S. Fletcher
J. HARDIN & SON . by Brand Whitlock
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S THIRD ROUND by Cyril McNeile
OKEWOOD OF THE SECRET SERVICE by Valentine Williams
FIRES OF AMBITION . by George Gibbs
THE PINES OF LORY by J. A. Mitchell

See reverse side any G & D wrapper for complete list of famous books by famous authors.

G&D GROSSET and DUNLAP G&D
Publishers New York

gold brick with money that he can ill afford without properly investigating the facts in the case is considerably higher in the scale of nitwits than the person whose soft head and soft heart lead him to disregard the plainly evident facts in the case and advocate openly the defeat of justice and the glorification of crime.

Not long ago an English sparrow had the misfortune to suffer a compound fracture of the wing in front of the New York Public Library on Fifth Avenue. It was at once surrounded by a large number of expensively dressed ladies who expressed their sympathy for the sparrow in trembling voices, and eagerly sought the privilege of nursing it back to health again. Two of them shed tears. All of them wore furs, which naturally had been removed from animals which had had at least as much trouble as the sparrow; but not one of them had shed any tears when purchasing the furs.

Like all suckers, the New York suckers have little sense of proportion, and consequently fail to see the stupidity of their actions, which makes it thoroughly convenient for persons like panhandlers, crooks, gamblers, bootleggers, proprietors of night clubs and unscrupulous theatrical managers.

At the beginning of the vernal season a young New York lady rode four dollars' worth in a taxicab and then told the chauffeur she had no money. The chauffeur ran for a policeman, and the policeman ran the young lady in. She was arraigned in night court, where she was found to have ten cents in her pocketbook; a small sum, but one that would have permitted her to ride in the Subway instead of taking a taxi—and in spite of the many harsh things that are said about the New York subways, they will get a person to any part of the city for a nickel with more speed than can be shown by any other system in the world.

When her case came up, eight New Yorkers leaped to their feet and fought for the privilege of paying her taxi bill of four dollars. Such an affair carries a pregnant message to the young women who have been assured from infancy that they must wash out the sink, be kind to their mothers, never let any strange gentlemen buy them a plate of chicken salad for lunch and not abstract any money from the cash register.

It is probable that the conjunction of New York's supersuckers worshiping in mass formation at the shrine of legalized extortion may be found in its fullest flower at the so-called exclusive night clubs of Manhattan Island.

What the Hens Don't Know

All New York night clubs are exclusive, for they say so in the announcements that they send out to an exclusive little coterie consisting of all residents of New York who pay an income tax of more than fifteen dollars.

A night club is a restaurant where one goes to dance; to have, as the saying goes, a bite to eat; to see the youth and beauty of New York enjoying its gay night life; and to talk the manager into separating himself more or less reluctantly from a few illegal drinks at prices that indicate that he bought the drinks in small jeweled bottles.

According to a New York custom, a night club caught selling hard licker in violation of the law is so padlocked that nobody can enter it. A great many night clubs have been padlocked during the past few months; but as soon as one is padlocked, its management hastily opens another night club around the corner and starts selling its refreshments once more.

All New York night clubs make a cover charge ranging from two to eight dollars a person, and then charge for their food as though they were selling early American antiques instead of the stuff that anyone can buy at a grocery store.

The bill for scrambled eggs, six small sausages and one quart bottle of charged water, served for two people at one of Broadway's forty or fifty most exclusive night clubs, around mid-April of 1925, was $13.75; and two one-dollar bills tendered to the waiter as a tip brought no acknowledgment from him except a dirty look.

This made each egg come to about $1.08—a fact which should make all of us glad that hens cannot understand human speech; for if they did, they would soon be demanding and getting from the United States Senate action tending to insure two-dollar eggs for every hen.

Anybody who wanders into a New York night club to act as host for a party of four people will be unusually fortunate if he gets away without leaving two hundred dollars in the hands of mine—to use the old expression—host. Mine host, however, is a misnomer when applied to the manager of a New York night club. It is not the host who is the mine, but the guest; and as a gold mine, the Manhattan Island supersucker who deliberately enters a night club is as good if not a better proposition than anything that Goldfield ever produced.

The High Cost of Impressing

A base canard has been circulated in New York to the effect that the night clubs are patronized entirely by out-of-town suckers. This is the same old story that was told for five years after the war, about the cabarets, restaurants, race tracks and theaters of Berlin—they were patronized, the Germans claimed, only by Americans, British, Swedes, Danes and other outlanders. And in Paris one is told with many a delicate gesture by refined Frenchmen that the revues of the Folies-Bergères and the Casino de Paris are run exclusively for, and patronized exclusively by, Americans and Englishmen.

All these tales are bedtime stories of the first water. The Berlin restaurants and cafés were patronized almost entirely by Germans; the Folies-Bergères and the Casino de Paris draw 80 per cent of their clientele from that dear France; and the night clubs of Manhattan Island are filled night after night by sophisticated supersuckers with a New York background.

What the night-club devotees get in return for the night-clubbing and the club dues that are paid in the form of cover charges is exactly what is received by nearly every hopeful and ingenuous young person when he comes to New York from Beaver Dam or Mousam Falls. They get a fearful din, a lot of impure air, a terrific amount of jostling, shattered nerves, sore feet, a headache and a sense of bewilderment over where the money went. But the closest observation of all the night clubs put together will not clear up the mystery of why anybody should go to them.

Nor will close study solve the mystery of why so many New Yorkers pay triple the rent that they can afford for the purpose of impressing someone. Who is it that they wish to impress? What satisfaction do they get out of it? Do they impress the persons that they intend to impress? These matters are impenetrable mysteries.

New York apartments in old-fashioned houses without elevator facilities, technically known as walk-ups, cost from eight to ten dollars a room a month. In more modern walk-ups, apartments cost fifteen dollars a room a month. When the New Yorker begins to rise financially, he goes over to Washington Heights and gets an apartment in a six-story nonfireproof building that boasts an elevator, for twenty to twenty-five dollars a month a room. As he becomes more successful he moves down on the West Side, where apartments in old houses cost $400 a room a year, and those in new houses—on side streets—cost $600 a room a year. Park Avenue apartments cost $800 a room a year. The average seven-room apartment on the West Side costs from $4800 to $6000 a year; and eight-room apartments cost from $6000 to $7200 a year.

The portion of one's salary that economists say can be safely used for rent is one-fifth. Consequently a New Yorker whose salary is $8000 a year would have to live in Washington Heights if he spent what he should. He is usually unwilling to do it, however, because of his desire to put on a sophisticated front and work up a wealthy background.

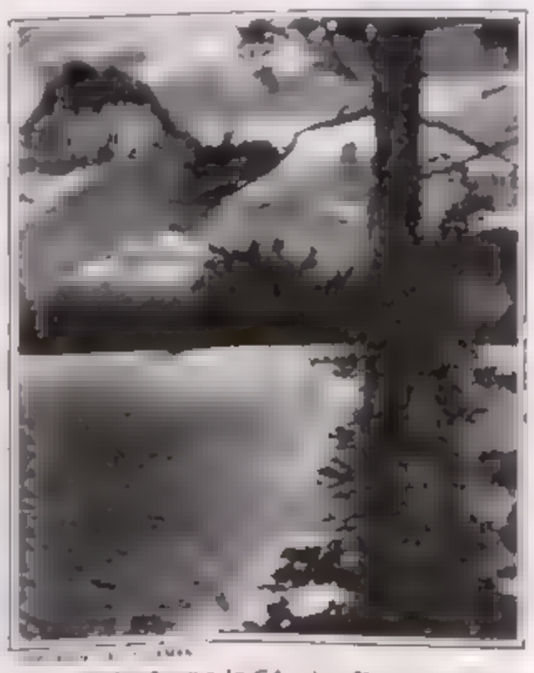
Accordingly the New Yorker takes a West Side apartment for which he has to pay at least $4000; and for the next few years he is constantly in hot water. How he manages to get along is one of the city's great mysteries.

Nowhere in New York can one have quiet or fresh air or a pleasant half hour's walk. Not even the wealthiest of New York's many wealthy men can get such things—in New York. Everywhere is the din and turmoil of countless automobiles; everywhere the air is tainted with smoke and the fumes of gasoline; everywhere the jostling crowds mill ceaselessly around, rushing here and rushing there, struggling and fighting to get into places of business or amusement, or struggling and fighting to get out of them again. To get to the theater requires as much nervous energy as a battle. A twenty-minute walk along the city's pavements brings to the walker the same pleasurable sensations that attend a stroll in a boiler factory.

Tides of Humanity

Byron R. Newton, former collector of customs of the port of New York, has recently said: "The city is standing face to face with the most stupendous problem that has confronted any great city since civilization began. Day by day we see the population increasing. It is no longer a mere matter of Subway congestion during the rush hours and a massing of theater crowds around Forty-second Street and Broadway at night, but everywhere one encounters the ever-surging tides of humanity. On every street corner these streams dam up and overflow. We move with the wall of human flesh on the sidewalks; the elevators and corridors of the office buildings are congested, restaurants and amusement places are packed to the doors; in every part of the city we see the swarms of humanity increasing with surprising rapidity. Where they all come from and why they come, I do not know; but these crowding, herding millions are here and bid fair to continue coming, and the serious question is how much further this condition can progress without a great upheaval of some sort. . . . If all the subways that Mayor Hylan has projected on paper were actually being started at this hour, they could never catch up with the demands at the present rate of increasing population. In fact, if subways were constructed under every street in Manhattan, the general congestion would be increased rather than diminished. More subways might relieve for a time the disgraceful jams at rush hours, but they would augment the tides of humanity that surge into lower Manhattan every morning, and that is where the great problem of the future will center."

And hand in hand with this great problem will go the great mystery of why they keep pouring in to make Manhattan the mysterious island.



Moonlight Scene in Glacier National Park

Next to Nature with *Whitman's*

It takes genuine things to stand the test of out-of-doors.

Chocolates must be as pure and healthful as sunshine and salt spray to be eaten with perfect pleasure in the open air.

Summer sports and social meetings call for refreshments, and what can you offer your guests so refreshing, so appealing, so satisfying as the varied sweets in the Sampler?

Whitman's make a large variety of candies, many of them specially pleasing for summer days.

They can be examined at the nearby store that is sales-agent for Whitman's. Agents will be found at all Summer resorts. Each agent obtains supplies direct from Whitman's.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.,
Philadelphia

New York Chicago San Francisco

The Sampler is the first thought of the hostess because its varied contents satisfy the tastes of all her guests.

ESQUIRE

(Continued from Page 29)

said Tarry gently. She was a bit nervous, for who could tell what would come out of a man's mind that had been absent the Lord only knew where? But she achieved a pleasant if slightly twitching smile.

"Thank you," said Cotter very slowly. He looked at her calmly enough. "I'm afraid I don't know who you are."

"My name is Theresa," said Tarry primly.

Cotter considered this. She had not said Mrs. This-or-that. Obviously a servant, and not his hostess. His look traveled over the unfamiliar room. It was very evidently not a regular bedroom. And he was in a strange house. There must have been an accident. Queer that he could not remember. He observed that the woman was going to the door.

"Please don't go," he said weakly.

"But I must tell them you are awake," she protested softly.

"No, don't. I mean—wait a moment." She paused and came back a step or so. The invalid was aware of an almost overpowering dread of seeing more people that he did not know. He felt weak and extremely ill, and wanted above all things to be there quietly at peace. Tarry was at a loss, but she feared to cross his wishes. Stratagem appealed to her.

"I'll get you a drink of water," she said.

"No, don't," repeated the sick man fretfully. "How long—have I been here?"

"A couple of days," said Tarry.

"A couple of days," he echoed. "Like this?"

"Oh, no. Walking around and all. You'll remember it all presently."

"Of course, of course," he agreed vaguely. "I don't seem to know this room." He gave her an appealing look. "Do I—do I know the people here?"

This was too much for simple Tarry. "Well, you're engaged to my young lady," she blurted forth. "Or so she says. I can't understand it."

To her dismay the sick man's eyes closed as if she had hit him in the face.

"Oh, dear," she breathed, "are you going off again?"

He opened his eyes to reassure her, but they closed again seemingly of their own accord. She heard him murmur a horror-stricken adjuration. "It can't be, you know. You're mistaken." His eyes came open to glare at her rather wildly. "I can't seem to get hold of it, but how could I be engaged to your young lady?"

"I don't know," averred Tarry. "Don't ask me. But she says you are. And sticks to it."

"Good Lord," said he, appalled.

"I'm going to tell the doctor you're awake," said Tarry more firmly.

"Doctor? Oh! Well, no one else, mind you. Don't let anyone else come in."

"You shouldn't get all riled up, Mr. Cotter," murmured the inexperienced psychologist. "I'm sure you shouldn't. Just you lie quiet there and I'll fetch the doctor. He'll know what to tell you—I don't." And Tarry escaped on this confession, to seek for Daker.

The doctor was taking a nap on the lounge in the study, High Crewe's second contact with the underworld having broken off his night's rest. But like most doctors, sleep was a thing he could take or let alone. He woke alertly at Tarry's apologetic summons, swung around and sat up.

Tarry begged to be excused from any technical consideration of the patient's condition. "Said he would see you, sir," was the gist of her pronouncement. "But begged me to let no one else in."

"That's all right," said Daker, smoothing his grizzled head. "Now, I promised to let Miss Shirley know when he woke up." He gave Tarry a glance and saw with amusement the tightening of her lips. "Of course if you see fit to disregard my message and let her go on resting, that is not my fault, is it?"

"I haven't heard any message," replied Tarry grimly.

"What's more," said the doctor, "my patient must not be excited."

"I told him so."

"Quite right."

"And I'll say for him that he don't want to be excited neither. Said not to let anyone in but you." Tarry meant no disparagement of the doctor's stimulating qualities.

"I'll go see him," said Daker, "and—and let you know."

He found his patient lying with eyes fixed on the door as he entered. He came over to the bed, unsmiling but calm, and stood a moment looking down at his man. Then he put his fingers on the pulse.

"You'll excuse a professional touch," he said idly.

"I wish," said the other, and wet his lips—"I wish you would sit down and tell me where I am and all about it."

"One thing at a time," said the doctor quietly. He made a few investigations of the supine figure, found the reflexes working satisfactorily, gave him a very mild stimulant, and readjusted the electric pad in the bed. "You're all right," he said without a touch of official cheerfulness. He sat down and took out his pad. "Write you a little prescription," he said.

"Why won't you tell me where I am, instead?" asked his patient.

"I'll do both," said the doctor. "You are in the house of a friend of mine." He scribbled a cabalistic line. "Name's Daker," he added, speciously.

What was a man to do? Had he not promised Shirley that she should try his memory with real names? Moreover, what was to tell him so far how much this man remembered of himself?

"I don't remember the name." The man in the bed spoke slowly. "That maid who was in here—she is a maid?—called me Mr. Cotter. I don't remember that name, either."

"No?" said Daker musingly.

"It doesn't seem like my name at all," said the other.

"The Scotch have a good saying—dinna fash yoursel'. You've had a clip on the head from falling downstairs. It will pass off."

"But look here," said Mr. Cotter. His eyes fixed themselves on Daker. "She said I was engaged to her young lady."

The doctor was so genuinely surprised at Tarry's having made that premature statement that his expression was distinctly readable.

"It astonishes you," said Mr. Cotter. "It simply floors me. I can't believe it. I don't know her young lady from Eve. There is so little I do know that it strikes me with extraordinary force that I am positive I am in love with somebody else. I can't think who it is, but it is certainly not Miss Daker. I never heard of her."

"Steady on," said Daker kindly. "You'll do yourself no good getting wrought up over it. At present, you remember very little, I take it. Well, take it easy."

"Simple to say," growled Mr. Cotter. "Suppose you woke up in a strange house, with a strange name, engaged to a strange young lady?"

"She is not a strange young lady," said the doctor, more cheerfully. "She is an extremely lovely girl, to look at and to live with. She gave me a kiss for saying you were not dying."

"Yah!" said the man in the bed.

"No, not that kind of a kiss at all. A mighty nice happy little kiss all full of salt tears. Suppose you see her?"

"No! Hang it, no!" cried the invalid wretchedly. "What are you thinking of? That maid said I have been here two days. Two days and engaged! It's the wildest nonsense I ever heard in my life. What do they say about me—I mean, your friend here? He must know all about me. Get him to tell you something—anything to get me started."

"Sorry," said Daker. "But you've talked enough. Let it ride for an hour or two, and I'll look in again."

"I shall go crazy lying here trying to think," said Mr. Cotter passionately.

"In ten minutes you'll be fast asleep," was the doctor's rejoinder. He went out and closed the door. Bill, on his summons, returned to sit within and see that the patient did not get out of bed. "You don't know anything about anything, Bill," Doctor Daker told him. "We are short of servants and you are the chauffeur. That's no lie anyway. Treat him kind and tell him nothing."

But this interesting case of amnesia was not Daker's only patient. Duty to others and a knowledge that the sick man should rest quiescent, waiting Nature's own time for restoration, took him away from the house. But he did not go without seeing Shirley.

Tarry admitted, when she opened the boudoir door to him, that her mistress was not asleep. The maid had indeed the harassed appearance of a mother duck whose changeling chick cannot be persuaded to take to normal courses. It was Daker's openly spoken conviction that no woman could fall asleep when she was conscious of looking as was Shirley in a devastating negligee of Tarry's selection.

"You put her into a good sensible nightgown if she has one," said he sternly, "in her bed." He looked at Shirley's mauve and rose chiffons and at her chaise longue. "There is not an ounce of mandragora in two dozen of these silly little biscuits of pillows."

Shirley smiled and Tarry went off to the bedroom.

"I am not going to bed," said Miss Crewe, "but it will occupy her while we talk. How is he?"

Doctor Daker sat down. "Well, he is all right in one way. He has come out of the shock quite physically normal. I should say he has never overstrained his heart, like most of these athletic chaps. Hard as nails."

"His heart?"

"Now don't you be an abandoned female," said he. "I've had the deuce's own delight evading his questions. And by the way, he gathered from something I said that your name is Daker. I wish it was."

"That's the negligee," said Shirley calmly. "Well, I don't mind what lies you tell him, doctor dear. Has he begun to remember anything?"

"Not one infinitesimal thing," said he gravely. "I think he has forgotten everything now, including being a butler, for he said Tarry called him Mr. Cotter and he doesn't think that is his name."

"Well, doesn't that show an improvement?"

"I don't know. Did he ever think it was?" Doctor Daker pursed his lips meditatively. "It may be he has simply lost another two days, days when he at least heard the name. I am bound to say, Shirley, that I don't like it. I had a hope, perhaps a wild one, that he might have been set going again, like your clock, you remember? If he had not rallied so splendidly in body I should have been more hopeful—if you understand what I mean."

"You mean you can't blame this on his physical condition. Well, I intend to be hopeful, at all events," she returned. "I am sure his own name will bring it all back to him."

"It's powerful medicine, anyway," said Daker. "One's own name is more potent than abracadabra. Well, let him rest till I return. Don't rush him. I shall be back by two o'clock."

VIII

THIS advice was disappointing to Shirley, though she admitted its probable soundness. In the sudden revelation of her love for Diggory she was too hungrily desirous to have him resume his identity to be a very safe stimulus. Until she schooled herself a bit she might indeed rush him. Daker's anxiety troubled her a little, not much. She could not believe that Diggory could hear his own name without recognition. Yet she was so distrait with her jealous secret that Grandsir confided to Ogden, when the two met shortly after eleven for a combination meal that Ogden called bruncheon, that he did not know what to make of her.

The younger man regarded his senior somewhat pityingly. "You do not know what to make of her! Why, dearie, you don't know the half of it! Who do you suppose was that on the telephone just now, before I ran upstairs?"

"My life is all too full of conundrums," said Grandsir. "What is the answer to this one?"

"My friend, Gideon Gray. The sheriff. Did you know she had telephoned him yesterday?"

"No!" said Grandsir, his eyes round.

"Well, she did. Prepare yourself for a shock. She gave him a tip," went on Ogden with an impressive forefinger wagging at his guardian. "A tip which led to the arrest of his man, the original J. B. Cotter."

"Shirley gave him the tip?" howled Grandsir. "Has everybody gone mad?"

"He said to tell her that they found The Slinker, thanks to her—mind you, thanks to her!—in the emergency ward of a hospital with two broken legs."

"And—and have you told her?"

"Well, naturally. I sprang up the stairs to her room, as you doubtless noticed, like the agile Rocky Mountain goat. She did not seem surprised."

"But—but—but," stammered Grandsir, and clasped his venerable head—"where did she—who ——"

"She said," continued Ogden with merciful promptness, "she just got the idea from something she read in the paper. She was too preoccupied to explain it. Told me to go away and not bother her. I left her, wondering in my own philosophic fashion if there was anything after all in a woman's sense of hunch. Intuition, they call it. Anyway, Gray will have it out of her or poison her hunter. A fat man, but persistent."

"It's getting too much for me," breathed Grandsir, his wits spent.

"I asked her if she thought Gray would split the reward with her, but she paid no attention to that interesting suggestion."

"She pays no attention to anything."

"It is my conviction," said Ogden, "speaking as an astute scion of the house of Crewe, that she has gone sweet on Cotter."

Grandsir, bewilderedly remembering the man only by his recent service in the pantry, was promptly indignant. "What do you mean, sir? In love with a butler!"

"You said yourself he was a gentleman," retorted Ogden. "Mark me, I am a wise old beard. I know the signs of the burgeoning of love's frail tender blossom, *da capo d la fin*. Spring, love and roses. I know 'em all."

"Well, by the great horn spoon," said Grandsir uneasily, "I am a fool to be surprised at anything in this establishment. What comes next, I wonder?"

"Well, next," said Ogden, glancing at the clock, "I am going to ride in on my way to appear against our unfortunate capture of last night. You know when they took him off last night—or this morning, rather—they would have it that Cotter was in on the thing, and the burglary was a frame-up from the inside. I told them to look beyond the frame at the picture of our gallant hero on his bed of pain. I was eloquent, in my graceful fashion, and prevailed. You know, granny, I think ahead, of the long stretch of years before us when

(Continued on Page 112)

SUBSTANCE · FORM · AND · COLOR

Concrete, made with Atlas, meets all industrial building needs

EVERY building material meets its most severe test when used for industrial purposes. In many structures, personal, school or community pride condones unnecessary extravagance. But the structure built for economic purposes must be built economically, as well as substantially. And today beauty is also demanded in all structures.

The Montgomery Ward building in St. Paul, housing and symbolizing a great institution, naturally required dignity of design. It required permanence, strength to bear great loads, and economy. And both architect and owner wisely chose a beautiful exterior finish, stucco made with Atlas Portland Cement.

Concrete, made with Atlas, contains within itself every essential for modern building. It is economical, permanent, adaptable to any shape or form, and now has the fullest range of color possibilities. The same qualities that make Atlas the choice for outstanding industrial and public structures make it equally desirable for the home.

And by Atlas improvements concrete has been made not only economical and varied in its possibilities, but a building material of dependable quality, one of the reasons Atlas is known as "the Standard by which all other makes are measured."

Between the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor—the building material dealer—who brings Atlas to the public cheaper than by any other method. Any architect, contractor or prospective builder is invited to write this Company regarding the possibilities of concrete, made with Atlas.

The ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT Company

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

CHICAGO BIRMINGHAM INDEPENDENCE, KANS.

PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES DAYTON OMAHA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Atlas Portland Cement

Atlas White Portland Cement

This YALE

The Men that gave the World the Flashlight CREATED YALE the greatest Flashlight of them all!

YALE FLASHLIGHTS come to you as an achievement—the world's finest flashlights! Ready to stand the severest test, ready to prove their dependability, their strength! Wherever a flashlight can do a job, a YALE will give perfect performance. It will throw a beam of penetrating light and ferret out the darkest corners.

Many important improvements in flashlight construction are in YALE—points of superiority that make YALE *the greatest flashlight of them all.*

You will quickly recognize YALE superiority in service and in dependability. As to beauty of design and construction, YALE flashlights are "to the manner born"—as handsome to look at as they are sturdy in construction and practical in use.

There are twenty-one different YALE models, each filling a definite flashlight need. *Prices from* $1.00 *to* $5.00 *complete with batteries.*

FLASHLIGHT

$1.00 Complete

Yale Mono-Cells

YALE Mono-Cells represent a real advancement in battery construction, because they cannot short-circuit in a flashlight. Note the safety margin of sealing wax that seals the cardboard jacket to the cell, so that it cannot slip or expose metal. It makes contact with metal impossible.

YALE *Mono-Cells alone have this feature.*

Rigid laboratory inspection of raw materials and rigid supervision of manufacturing processes make every YALE Mono-Cell a perfect one. The name YALE on the cell is your assurance of absolute dependability.

For better service, demand YALE Mono-Cells. They fit all tubular cases. They make any flashlight better—and YALE FLASHLIGHTS BEST!

YALE Flashlights are sold by the better Electrical, Hardware, Drug, Automobile Accessory and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere

YALE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Chicago - BROOKLYN - San Francisco
Manufacturers of
FLASHLIGHTS MONO-CELLS
RADIO "A" and "B" BATTERIES
STORAGE BATTERIES
DRY BATTERIES

A Real Yale *complete for $1.00*

HERE is the greatest flashlight value the world has ever known. A full-fledged, rugged YALE Flashlight, consisting of a handsome 6¼ inch triple nickeled case, Edison Mazda Lamp, and two YALE Mono-Cells, complete, for $1.00. It will do the job you have a right to expect of *any* flashlight, *regardless of the price you pay*.

(Continued from Page 108)

our lives will be barren of looters, lunatics and lovers, and I do not relish the flatness of the prospect." He rose and clapped Mr. Crewe affectionately on the shoulder. "Well, I'm off. It is rather a come-down for a man like me, heretofore connected only with nation-famous bank robbers, to have to appear against a common spoon lifter. Still, I must do my duty as a citizen. I got you off, anyway, so you can go out and refresh your spirits with Barlow. A rousing old altercation on Scioto soil versus fertilizer will make a new man of you."

"The man is an obstinate pig-headed opportunist," said Grandsir. "But I thank heaven for someone who is not in any way connected with the phantasmagoria of my household."

Mr. Crewe on his way to this encounter stopped the passing Tarry in the hall. "Miss Shirley upstairs?" he said, searching meanwhile for the old straw hat which had again taken to its reprehensible practice of disappearance. "Resting, is she?"

"She's walking around her rooms in a way to drive one frantic," said Tarry morosely.

"Yes? Yes?" said Mr. Crewe. "Too upset, I suppose, to attend to our little matter of needing a butler or two?"

"Not at all," said Tarry. "I asked her if I should send for someone and she told me it was all arranged. She told me to see that there were beds for three, Mr. Crewe."

"Three?"

"She said three," repeated Tarry, as one who washes one's hands in more than the perfumes of Arabia. "The like of the goings on in this house this week is enough to worrit a body into the tomb."

Grandsir stared at her. "Well," he said finally, "I suppose it is all right. She has been made nervous by the affair of last night, and wants men in the house."

"You mark me, Mr. Crewe," said Tarry. "She's never given a thought to that burglar except as he run foul of Mr. Cotter." And with a snappy nod Tarry returned to her mistress.

Grandsir gazed after her retreating figure, every angle of which was intensified by her emotions. "Slugs!" said he, half aloud. "Anthony, you keep your mind on slugs and you may win through."

Thus it was, somewhat later, that Bill, crossing the hall to the Chinese parlor with a cup of hot bouillon for his charge, and seeing an arrival at the front door, let the sheriff into an apparently deserted house. The absence of the family seemed to occasion him no undue disappointment. In particular he did not deplore the lack of the young gentleman. Fruitless pondering on that stripling's conversational glibness had produced no enlightenment. Atlanta, he felt sure, did not grow apples. Oranges, maybe. He gave it up. Other and more satisfactory matters obsessed him. He beamed expansively at Bill.

"How's the patient?" he asked genially.

"Coming on," said Bill bluntly. He was familiar with Gideon Gray in his capacity of feed purveyor to the animals in the quad, and he saw no reason for changing his manner when Gray came to the front door in his superior rôle of sheriff. "Want to see the boss?"

"No, not just now," said Mr. Gray. "I want to speak to your man."

"Who, Mr. Cotter?" Bill shook his head. "I don't think you can see him."

"Don't you worry," said the sheriff. "I'm not here to bring trouble. I got this case all doped out, and I want him just to confirm a word or two. Who said I couldn't see him?"

"Nobody exactly said anything about your seeing him," admitted Bill. "Doctor Daker wants him kept quiet. 'Tell him nothing' was his orders to me."

"Well," said Gray pleasantly, "I'm not going to tell him anything. He's all right, you know. I just want a word or two with him in private. What's that? Broth for him? You let me take it in to him, and I'll see he downs it. He don't stand to lose anything by me."

After all, the hand he extended for the cup was the hand of the law, not the merchant, and Bill reluctantly yielded. "Don't you go raring him all up now," he warned the sheriff. "Doctor Daker will certainly make you hard to find if you are up to any mischief. Here's the room. I'll give you five minutes."

"You'll stay here till I come out, young man," said Mr. Gray, and let himself into the Chinese parlor, carefully carrying the steaming cup of bouillon. He closed the door on Bill.

The patient opened a pair of damaged but still keen gray eyes at the sound, and looked at this stranger.

"Here's your soup," said Mr. Gray affably.

"Thanks," said the man in the bed.

Having arranged the cup on a little table that swung over the recumbent one, Mr. Gray composed himself in a comfortable chair. The red-haired man looked at him several times, but asked no questions.

"I've come by quite a lot of information since I saw you yesterday," said the sheriff, his waistcoat filling as he leaned back in the chair.

"Yes?" said the other.

He put a bent glass tube into the broth and sucked at it meditatively. Under his pajama jacket his heart had begun to jump slightly. He would sit quite tight and say nothing. Of this fat foolish-looking man he had not the slightest recollection. But one can sometimes learn from a fool, who will babble when wise men are silent. He lifted an eyebrow at Mr. Gray, as if encouraging him to proceed.

"Yes, indeed. Yes, indeed," wheezed the sheriff. "We got The Slinker. Think of that!"

"Gratifying," mumbled the man, without taking the tube from his mouth.

"Of course I knew all along you wasn't The Slinker, but your giving out that your name was Cotter naturally puzzled me."

"Na-naturally," said the other. So he himself had said his name was Cotter! He wondered why it didn't sound right to him.

"Since then—you haven't heard? Perhaps you shouldn't ought to be talked to? I just want one little bit of information from you, sir. Nothing to distress yourself about. I'd like to know for my own satisfaction if I've doped this out."

"I am not distressed in the least," said the patient calmly. "Oblige me by removing this cup. Just swing the little table away. Thank you. Pray sit down again and go on." To the sheriff's annoyance he closed his eyes.

"You ain't going to sleep, are you?" inquired that worthy.

"Nothing is further from my intention," said Mr. Cotter. "I can concentrate better with my eyes shut."

"Well," began Mr. Gray with elephantine archness, "young men are up to a lot of little games that get us old fellows to frettin' around, trying to understand 'em. You had me guessing, and I'm frank to say I'd like to know if I haven't guessed you out pretty near complete. You came on here from Stockbridge, didn't you?"

There was a pause. Finally one eye of the man in the bed opened. "You stipulated for one piece of information," he said with a queer breathlessness. "Is that it?"

"Lord, no," said Mr. Gray. "Let that go. If I'm right, you came from Stockbridge, and if I'm wrong you can tell me when I finish. That all right?"

"Oblige me by locking the door," said the patient, and closed his eye again. Under the bedclothes his hands buckled into fists. With the certainty of death and taxes, illumination was coming at last.

Mr. Gray not unwillingly complied. When he came back to his chair he resumed, "Now what you came here for is your own business, of course, and I'm not the man to pry into sacred matters. I have my own suspicions, of course."

This was disappointing. The sick man looked at him briefly in reproach. Moreover, the strain of this attention was beginning to tell upon him. A giddy faintness made the bed seem to rock. "Don't leave out anything," he said, half panting.

"Well, you got here, and you had a fight in the Mill Woods or near it with this here Slinker. He gave you that black eye, and I reckon he knocked you some about the head. Because how otherwise could he make off with your clothes and your car? Then for reasons I don't pretend to understand, being, as I say, an oldish man and past thinking up the wild things that young men amuse themselves with, you stayed on here as the butler. Some kind of a bet, I guess you had on. Anyway, last night comes a bit of a row in the house, and you get hurt. Somewhere in between there you must have put the young lady here on to letting me know about your car that Cotter had took. For sure enough, as Miss Crewe wised us, we found it in New London, and The Slinker in the hospital with his legs broke. That's the whole of it now, ain't it? And your taking the name of Cotter was just as you told Mr. Partridge, an impulse come from seeing it on that envelope in The Slinker's clothes you had on. Your name is really Diggory Chase, now, ain't it? You just say yes to that, and I'll go along."

The man in the bed by a supreme effort opened his eyes. He looked blankly at Mr. Gray a moment, made no sign of answer, and fainted quietly. His lips parted in a dreadful helplessness.

The sheriff was appalled. Struggling to his feet he hurried to the door and called in Bill. "He's gone off," said Mr. Gray in a frightened whisper. "Dash some cold water on him. What do you give him?"

"You get out of here!" snapped Bill, remorse and rage tearing at him. "I shouldn't of let you in, you big stiff, if you hadn't 'a' had your badge on. Now I'll get blamed for this!" He caught up a pitcher of iced water from the table, and plunging his hand in it flicked the chill drops into the white face on the pillow. "You get out and stay out, and keep going," he went growling on at the discomfited Gray. "If Doctor Daker finds you here, you'll be too scattered to pick up. Here, sir, take a sip of this."

As he bent in anguish over the prostrate man, one gray eye feebly opened and winked. "Get him out," murmured the man inaudibly.

Bill needed no urging. He put down the glass and fairly pushed the stricken feed merchant from the room. "Get out, you human silo," he said furiously. "Maybe you've killed him. Coming in to gab to a sick man like that. Don't let Daker catch you, that's my advice. The nags would all die of hunger before you got around with another bag of oats." He closed the door on the sheriff and returned to the bed.

"Honest, sir, are you all right?" he whispered.

The invalid looked at him briefly. "Give me a drink of water, Bill," he said weakly. "What was that old guy raving about? I think I did pass out for a minute."

"Gassed, that's what you were," said Bill vindictively. "I shouldn't have let him in only he's county sheriff."

The sick man slowly sucked up water through his tube. "Tell you what, Bill," he murmured. "We don't need to tell anyone he was in, do we?"

Bill flushed a little. "Very good of you, sir."

"No. What does it matter? You just let me lie quiet here awhile. I'm—all in, Bill."

"That's right, sir. You just rest. If I'd known that old windybag was going to tire you like this I'd of spread him so thin you could see through him."

Quiet settled on the sick room, where the patient lay with closed eyes, unmoving in the bed, and Bill, nearly as motionless, sat at a distance in a chair. It had not needed the doctor to tell Bill this personage was not really a butler. Bill had been a chauffeur too many years not to know a gentleman when he saw him, though he had never ceased to marvel at the brown clothes this friend of his governor's had first appeared in. But back of all liveries and hand-me-downs, or even high-hatted splendor should he so next elect, Bill saw this lad in the khaki of the A. E. F. You couldn't fool Bill.

However, he was shy on knowledge of invalids, and sat watching this one with an extremely anxious intentness. Never, except in the case of those who had gone west, had Bill ever seen a man lie so utterly without motion. Even his breathing was not registered in any lift of the bed clothing. It was time for Doctor Daker's return and Bill would have given his wages to see the doctor walk in. But suddenly after a seeming eternity of strained watching, Bill's heart gave a joyful thump like the whack of a happy dog's tail. For the man in the bed had chuckled, unmistakably. His eyes did not open, but he did chuckle. And Bill with a grin of sympathy settled easily into his chair and let it ride.

When Doctor Daker did come at last, he was waylaid in the hall by Shirley Crewe, who had been waiting for him.

"Yes, I am late," said he with a quizzical smile at her. "Any news?"

She shook her head. "I am going in to see him," she said fixedly.

Daker dropped his gloves into his hat. "He will probably burst out crying," he said. "He is horribly afraid of you."

"Of me?"

"You see, Tarry told him you two were engaged to be married."

She regarded him a moment nonplused. "Well," she said at last, "that rather breaks the ice, doesn't it?"

"It bade fair to break his heart," Daker assured her. "He doesn't in the least want you, Shirley. Whereas I do."

"Get along with you," she laughed. "Anyway, he will want me when he sees me."

"There is nothing more unscrupulous than a woman, once her mind is made up," mused the other. "Well, I will go in and prepare your victim. If you stand close to the door you will hear his piteous protests."

"No, but seriously," said Shirley. Her lovely face flushed. "Don't you think it may be right? You say yourself, he is not getting any forrader with himself. You must be the judge of it, after all, Doctor Daker. Can it do him any harm?"

Daker tossed up his hands. "Harm? No. It may all click into place when you tell him who he is."

She drew a long trembling breath. "Well, then ——" she said.

And Daker, accepting it as her amen, turned and left her.

She stood, waiting, eyes on the door, so intent that she did not hear a step behind her, nor know that her grandfather had come in from his garden and was standing almost beside her, until he touched her on the arm. She turned, only half aroused, and met his kindly and reproachful look.

"Secrets?" he said gently.

Tears welled suddenly into her eyes. "Oh, Grandsir," she whispered and crept into his arms. "It—it's Diggory, and he doesn't know it."

"Diggory!" said Mr. Crewe softly in amazement. He held her tenderly. "Who's Diggory? Not—by the great horn spoon, not Cotter?"

She nodded against his waistcoat and wiped her eyes.

"Well, dash me!" said Grandsir fervently. "And these Chinese gentlemen?"

"Oh, have they come?"

"If you would look over my shoulder, darling," said Mr. Crewe, "you would see them."

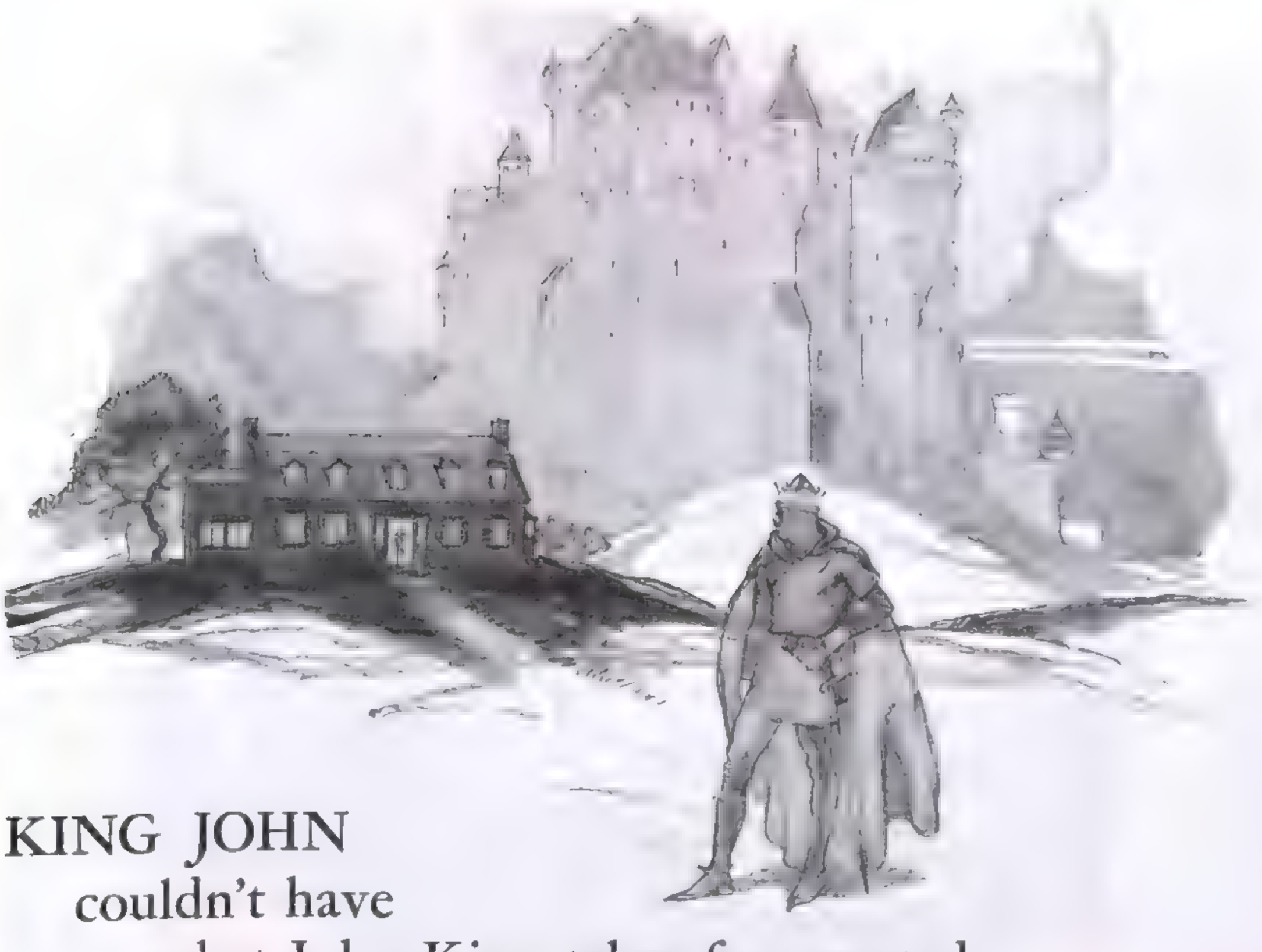
Shirley raised her head. Against the green baize door at another turn of the hall stood a little row of smiling China boys in dark blue silk pajamas, cheerfully bowing their salutations. More than dozens of times had they waited upon this beautiful lady. Wider and wider became their grins as she smiled at them.

"Oh, aren't they nice?" she murmured.

Grandsir acknowledged it. "On many a screen and jar, on many a vase and fan," he suggested. "They are—Diggory's?"

"Yes," she said, and added to the patient little trio, "You can see Mr. Chase very soon."

(Continued on Page 115)



KING JOHN
couldn't have
what John King takes for granted

KING JOHN'S CASTLE, with all its servants, was about as comfortable as a barn in comparison with John King's little house on South Main Street. Steam heats every room in John King's home; water runs at the turn of a faucet, gas cooks his meals and electricity makes a new day out of the hours when King John had only a smoky rush-light to go to bed by.

John King's servants are these elemental forces that were feared, wasted or ignored a century ago. Pipe, fittings and valves—made by Walworth—carry them through his house. Walworth valves and fittings equip the gas works as well as the great power plant that supplies him with electricity.

Whatever you build, you need Walworth

Wherever there is a plumbing installation, a gas range, a modern heating system, or a power plant there is a job for Walworth valves and fittings. For eighty years Walworth has cleared the way for American engineers—bettering the methods of installation and improving the manufacture of the thousands of items that are responsible for the guidance and control of everything that flows.

Specify Walworth valves and fittings to your architect, contractor or engineer and leave the rest to him. Walworth products are planned for efficiency and built for permanence. The line is complete, and Walworth engineers and distributors are at your service for consultation and advice on any problems in the equipment and maintenance of a piping installation.

"Whatever You Build You Need Walworth"

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING CO., Boston, Mass.
Plants at Boston and Kewanee, Ill.
Sales Units and Distributors in Principal Cities of the World

WALWORTH

VALVES, FITTINGS AND TOOLS

for STEAM, WATER, GAS, OIL AND AIR

IT'S *ALL* WORTH—IF WALWORTH

WHY HEINZ BEANS ARE OVEN BAKED

We have no quarrel with anyone who desires to boil beans, but it is the Heinz belief that beans, to be at their best in flavor, digestibility, and nourishment, should be baked with dry heat in real ovens—as Heinz bakes them—and which entitles us to say "baked" on the label.

Heinz Baked Beans are twice hand-picked for the selection of only the finest and best, and then oven-baked to perfection in the largest, cleanest, and best equipped food kitchen in the world. *Just heat, serve—and enjoy.*

New salad-making recipe booklet sent for four cents in stamps · · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

(Continued from Page 112)

"Velly please," chanted the Orientals in a subdued chorus.

"I'm to go in and see Diggory," said Shirley, looking up into Grandsir's face.

"Yes, yes," he agreed tenderly.

"Doctor Daker thinks ——"

"He thinks everything will be all right then," guessed Grandsir. "I—I fancy it will be." He took her face in both his hands and kissed it. "Later on, you might tell me all about it."

He led her over to the door when Daker appeared, and both men stood aside deferentially for her to enter. To all appearances she was again quite self-possessed, but her heart beat cruelly.

"There is no change?" she whispered as she passed the doctor.

He shook his head.

The man in the bed lay with his eyes turned upon her as she went in. His face reddened slowly from chin to wrinkled and twisted brow.

"Miss Daker?" he said.

Shirley came to the side of the bed. "My name is not Daker," she said very quietly. "That's the doctor's name—Daker. My name is Crewe, Shirley Crewe. Do you remember it?"

"I'm sorry," he said slowly, in the depths of distress. "It—it does not seem as if I could have forgotten—you." This was indeed a mild statement. Shirley in all her young beauty looked certainly unforgettable. Her great eyes held his steadfastly but with a wistfulness that smote him. "Won't you—won't you sit down?"

But she continued to stand near him. "I think perhaps you will remember me in a little while," she said, trying to speak quite calmly. A terrible sense of dread was creeping over her, and a sickening doubt of her power of self-control. She wanted to drop beside him and take his head into her arms. She wanted to kiss him. Never in all her life, it seemed to her, had she wanted anything so much as to touch him. And suppose—suppose he never did remember? She bit her lip quite sharply to keep back a rising sob. Panic seemed to be rising about her, rolling upward like smoke around her.

He closed his eyes for a moment, and under the bedclothing gripped his fingers upon his palms. "I'm afraid," he said rather unsteadily—"I am afraid this is rather tough."

The sound of his voice strengthened her a little. "Would you like me to tell you who you are?" she heard herself saying, surely the most curious question woman ever asked of man.

He looked at her again, waiting.

"You are Diggory Chase," she said, her voice shaking on the dear words. And she paused, almost holding her breath. Surely the name should go off in his brain like an alarm in a sleeping house. But nothing happened.

He merely repeated, "Diggory Chase?" and lay looking up at her.

Shirley's locked fingers twisted cruelly together for a moment, and then parted. "Will you give me your hand?" she said, putting her own out on the bed.

Quite slowly he drew one hand out from under the covering, and she took it quietly in hers. "You must just try to believe that it will all come back to you," she said.

"You are being very kind to me, I know," said he vaguely. "Very kind."

"It's—it's not kindness," said Shirley, and her voice broke. She dropped to her knees beside him and laid her face on his hand. "I love you, Diggory," she said. "Oh, my darling, are you never going to know me?"

A wave of deeper scarlet rushed up into the man's face. The other hand came out from hiding, quite unclenched, and caught at her. With both hands and an astonishing amount of strength he drew her closer.

"Say it again," he whispered.

"I love you, Diggory," she repeated, half sobbing.

He held her in a clutch that almost hurt her. "Could a man forget that?" he murmured.

"But that you haven't forgotten," said Miss Crewe rather hysterically. "You never knew it. I never told you so before. I didn't know it myself."

"And it is true? Or are you just sorry for me? Look at me."

Her blue eyes spilling tears, she obeyed. "I love you," she said for the third time.

"Then kiss me," said Diggory Chase hungrily.

A few minutes later a gentle knock at the door put an end to a very satisfactory silence. Shirley raised a rather disheveled head, a very beautiful and blushing face.

"They're getting anxious," she said with a soft laugh. She rose, still holding the clutching hand that would never willingly let her go again. "We will have to let them in," she said, and softly called permission.

Daker, with Grandsir just behind him, opened the door upon a very eloquent tableau. He came forward with a grave smile at Diggory, which swung to a questioning look at the girl.

"It's all right?" he said kindly. "He remembers?"

"Bless me, I don't know!" she gasped, and looked down at her lover.

The men laughed.

"It's all right; I remember," said Diggory contentedly.

Grandsir came to his nearer side and held out his hand. "I understand that you are Diggory Chase," said he. "It appears Shirley was quite right in expecting you to come after her. She told me to drive you off the premises."

"She has thought better of it, since," said Mr. Chase. His hand yielded to a cordial clasp.

"Just so," assented Grandsir. He looked briefly at his granddaughter and gave a little sigh. "I am sorry to intrude more visitors upon you, but there are three Chinese boys out here who would like to look at you a moment. They seem to have done considerable worrying about you."

"My word!" said Diggory. "Did I bring my whole outfit with me?"

"No, dear," said Shirley. "I sent for them. We needed a few servants, and I thought we might just as well all spend the summer together."

Three saddle-colored lads in dark blue silk filed silently in and stood bowing and beaming at the man in the bed, who clipped a few singsong syllables at them, that set them to nodding like porcelain mandarins. Behind them came the marveling Ogden, who had watched them enter with a fear that his eyes were seriously deranged.

"What ho?" he said blankly, taking in the extensive group about the bed.

"What ho, yourself," returned his erstwhile butler. "I don't seem to remember you either. But my name is Diggory Chase and I am going to marry Shirley."

"Great balls of smoke!" said Ogden. "You're not the Diggory Chase who pitched for Yale in '23?"

"Yes, I can remember that at any rate."

"Well, Shirts, you are in luck," said Ogden with brotherly cordiality. He came around to salute his sister's cheek and gaze with sophomoric adoration at the home-run king. "And marrying a man with indigenous servants, too!" he added as his eyes swept the room.

Three grinning yellow faces saluted him. They knew and liked his kind.

"You'll pardon me," said Doctor Daker, moving away. "But counting myself there are just six men too many in this room. You agree with me, Miss Crewe?"

"Yes, yes, we must be going," said Ogden briskly. "Well, Diggory, old man, cheer up. Married life is a curse, but you're unusually well fortified. You are handy with a billet of wood. And really your positive genius for forgetting who you are would be quite wasted on a bachelor. And when did you wake up, so to speak?"

Diggory glanced up at Shirley and laughed. "My friend the sheriff called this noon and gave it all away," he said. His fingers tightened on Shirley's, anticipating the sudden pull she gave her hand.

"This noon?" she cried. "Then ——"

"When they have all gone out," said Diggory, "I'll tell you how hard it was to pretend not to know you. The last time I asked you to marry me you ran away. If I had grabbed at you—oh, Shirley, how did I know? You might have run away again. I just hung on to the mattress and prayed."

"We have all gone out," called Daker as he closed the door.

(THE END)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

But are the things they ought to be—
Just early morning babies, pink and white.
—Arthur Guiterman.

The Work of Vested Interests

DESPITE the warm weather, the income tax, the antics of the younger generation and the shocking display of agility at street crossings, a great wave of prosperity seems to be slowly but surely inundating the nation. It is high time, or higher, for all chronic croakers to shake off their lethargy, if any, and awake to our peril.

The menace in the situation cannot be too vigorously stressed. Tremendous harm already has resulted. Happiness pervades the air. Smiles are sprouting where only sighs should be allowed to grow. People who ought to be moping around with long faces, wringing their hands and lamenting the hard times, are openly and somewhat blatantly rejoicing.

Unless something is done, and done swiftly, unemployment will soon be wiped out, bank accounts will flourish, automobiles will multiply faster than ever, and an epidemic of downright contentment will spread throughout the land.

It is not quite clear just what we can do to stem the rising tide. Many people believe that a special session of Congress would afford the necessary relief, but others are thoroughly convinced that the time has now passed when this might have been of any avail.

Nevertheless, Congress should be called into special session at once. Even though nothing else can be accomplished, at least let an investigating committee be appointed to hold hearings and find out what corrupt and ruthless interests are back of this nefarious effort to foist prosperity upon the workingman. There is a widespread and probably well-founded belief that the scurrilous outrage can be traced to the present administration. It also is quite probable that a thorough investigation will disclose the sinister influence of Wall Street, the railroads, the Supreme Court, the capitalistic press and an insatiable populace forever craving more luxury and pleasure.

At any cost, the predatory powers who promoted this terrible calamity must be ferreted out and hailed to the bar of justice. In the meantime, all true pessimists should awake to the gravity of the situation and set themselves to the task of devising ways and means whereby the country may be forthwith and permanently put on a diet of dry crusts, low wages, discontent and good old-fashioned groans.

—Harry L. Roberts.

two things are necessary for a happy Vacation.
Safe Money and personal Service
American Express Travelers Cheques supply both

Wherever you go—away from home, nearby or far away—to cities, mountains, or the sea—

However you go—by train, or boat, or motor, or tramping along on your own gas—

Whatever you go for, or however long you stay—

More than anything else you need Safe and Serviceable money—that kind of money that crooks have no use for—and that, if lost or stolen (uncountersigned), entitles you to a full refund—money that is spendable anywhere, acceptable everywhere—

Money that is better than cash everywhere you go because of the helpful personal service it extends to everyone who carries it.

The whole strength of the American Express Co.'s Financial, Commercial and Travel organizations is back of these Cheques. Their Safe and Serviceable qualities have been perfected through 33 years of persistent effort in the interest of travelers, through the development of the American Express international chain of offices around the world and through the personal service of its representatives in 26,700 Express Offices in this country.

Again—carry American Express Travelers Cheques on your vacation this Summer and compare the pleasant feeling of security you will have with the days when you worried about the safety of your loose money.

Issued in $10, $20, $50, and $100 cheques, bound in a small, handy wallet. Ask your banker about them. They cost 75c per $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS and EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries; or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

A BATTLE PIECE: NEW STYLE

(Continued from Page 9)

hands, they swiftly dealt out their wares. "Ultimatum! War!" The laden omnibuses, their roofs a mass of shouting passengers erect upon their feet, ceased to make progress through the human flood. "Ultimatum! War!" There was no doubt of the authenticity of the news. "War! Official!"

The voices, hushed for a moment in an awed verification snatched from the stop-press columns of the sheets snatched from hand to hand, broke out again in discordant confusion of multitudinous comment. War once more? It was almost incredible, unimaginable. The crisis had been so sudden, so utterly unexpected, so appallingly swift in its growth. A voice, excited, high-pitched, rang out hysterically in the first line of a patriotic song. It was taken up on the instant by thousands of voices thrillingly in unison, in an intoxication of community with the surrounding mass. The song finished in a roar of cheers. Another voice yelled frenziedly: "Are we downhearted?" The answer came in thunder, "No-o-o!" The mob swirled, cheered, and sang under dozens of magically produced little flags. At a distant window of the government building the tiny figure of a popular politician was haranguing, inaudibly, a sea of heads. The sight of him evoked a storm of acclamation. They assured him, repeatedly and emphatically, that they were not downhearted.

Two young men stood at the edge of the crowd.

"Silly blighters!" said one of them. "They don't know what it means. Those yelling enemy eaters never went to war in their lives—and never mean to go. They think it's an opportunity to earn easy money and shout 'Win the War!' to the poor ruddy infantry doing the job in the front line. They ought to have a taste of it. Remember Passchendaele, Jimmy?"

"Some," asseverated the other with grim succinctness. "What are you going to do about it?"

The other stared in meditation for a moment.

"Oh, join up, I suppose," he said savagely. "It's our country after all."

"Come on then. We'll try for the same regiment. These screaming flag waggers make me ill."

The Corinthian-pillared smoking room of the great club was unusually full that afternoon. Members stood about in groups that talked excitedly with altogether unwonted gesticulation. The unwritten law, which insisted on a decorous churchlike hush within these august walls, was ignored, forgotten. Someone had already spread a large war map on a board; amateur strategists argued over it, demonstrated in advance the stages of the enemy's eventual defeat. Other men gathered around the bringer of the latest rumor, were thrilled by highly spiced, tremendously secret items of "inside" information; capped them with others they had been told by someone else. The wildest yarns found credence, or at least debate. The only things that were indubitably certain were that war would begin at midnight, that the Stock Exchange had closed down indefinitely, and that the enemy would infallibly be beaten.

The congenital stubborn *a*-plus-*b* pessimist had not yet had time to make his appearance—or was discreetly silent in this orgy of excited optimism.

The one problem which puzzled everybody was that the enemy could have been so recklessly insane as to provoke the heavy punishment which was certainly coming to him. Still, it would be a long war—that was inevitable—a war in which the ultimate resources of two great belligerents would be brought into play before the finish. It was rumored that the government had already decided to call a million recruits to the colors, had already given orders to the shipyards to lay down half a dozen new battleships. That, if true—and the "insiders" swore it was -was indicative of the government's estimate of the duration. It would be six months before the million new men were sufficiently trained for the field. The battleships, at the earliest, would not be available until sometime next year. But the measures—so said those who knew—were eloquent of the energy and resolution with which the government, happily a strong government, was going to prosecute the war.

An eminent politician, who happened to find himself sitting next to an eminent retired general, assumed an air of profound but unrevealable knowledge as his companion mentioned these rumors, asked for his opinion. As a matter of fact, it was the first he had heard of them; he was not—not yet, he would secretly have said—a member of the cabinet, then holding its first war conference behind closed doors. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you may rely on it that the government will be fully adequate to the situation," he said diplomatically.

"I hope they are!" replied the general with emphasis. "You can take it from me, the country won't stand any fumbling and muddling about, this time. I hope you political chaps realize it. First thing to do is to introduce conscription at once, for everybody—no exemptions—munition workers as well. We're going to need men, millions of 'em, before this war's finished. You take it from me. The last war'll be nothing to it. You've got a damned good staff—best in the world—but it can't make bricks without straw. The country's got to give us the men."

The words evoked an echo of memory in the politician. Just such words—they seemed the very same, he seemed almost to be hearing them, repeating an exact experience—had been used to him by an exalted staff officer in the last war—at G. H. Q. itself, when he had been a visitor there during one of the great battles. He seemed again to hear the vibration of the windowpanes, the thudding of the distant guns. He remembered the ironic quiet of those headquarters whence hundreds of thousands of men were ordered into deadly conflict, into an inferno that was strangely remote, unimaginable. They had demanded men, and they had used them up—squandered them—to a big enough tune in all conscience in that last war. And this war—was it going to be the same over again? Worse, this time? Those poor devils of infantry! His brother had had a son in the infantry—killed of course. Thank God, there was no one of his own he cared about. Might wangle a job on the staff for that cousin of his wife's, though. She'd be at him to do so. He broke these thoughts, turned to the general.

"Will you be going out?" he asked. "Or are you ——" He truncated his question delicately.

"Got my orders," said the general with cheerful emphasis. "My fellow's already packing my kit. I'm getting a corps. Want experienced men, you know. Yes, I'm for the tented field once more." He beamed an almost schoolboyish satisfaction. He glanced at his wrist watch, jumped to his feet. "'Pon my word—had no idea it was so late. Must be off—I've got to catch a train—join my command. Good-by—and don't forget—conscription for everybody! Have a thought for the poor devils on the staff who are trying to fight the war for you!"

The politician smiled up at him.

"Good-by—and good luck!" he said. He watched the general's burly figure stump briskly to the door, the figure of a thoroughly happy man, stopping as he went for a radiant word with some acquaintance. There was at least one individual who was enjoying this new war. Natural enough of course ——

Left alone, his ear was caught by the conversation of two men sitting in deep armchairs just in front of him.

"Yes," one of them was saying, "they're sure to float a war loan—at once. Might be worth while trying to pick up some underwriting—sure to go well—first burst of patriotism. Worst of these early war loans, they always fall to a discount as money gets dearer. Still, I suppose I shall have to take a whack—did last time—must support one's country ——"

"Quite, quite," agreed the other, with a tinge of insincerity in his tone. "Do the same myself. Up to us to set an example, be patriotic. But just as soon as the Stock Exchange opens again I'm going to put my brokers on to getting me an assorted parcel of armament shares; could have picked 'em up for next to nothing a fortnight ago. Wish I'd only known!"

"I've got a nice little few myself," remarked the first man. "Been laying 'em in at bargain prices for a long time. Felt sure there'd be another war some day. But I shall want all my spare funds to enlarge my works. I'm going to launch out this time. The demand for munitions is going to be terrific. They'll want mountains of 'em—mountains!"

The politician had a vision of thousands of smoking factories feverishly producing guns and shells month after month, thousands of other factories turning out all the diverse equipment for a vast army, fighting year after year. More than last time! It was very probable.

Last time, his brother, one of the biggest munition manufacturers, had incidentally become a multimillionaire. Sad that he had lost that only son. There'd be a holocaust again, he supposed—hundreds of thousands, millions of lives lost.

That distant slaughter scarcely seemed real. H'm! Couldn't be helped. War. Somebody had to do the fighting. He couldn't be expected, at his age. His brother—money had to be left somewhere; his own branch of the family would eventually benefit, more than ever now the game was going to begin again. There'd be taxes, of course—heavy taxes—but still, all right on balance. Not the sort of thing to think of, though. Patriotic. Rise to the occasion. Think of the country. The old general was right.

That last war had taught the country something. There'd be no muddling this time. A Minister of Munitions would be appointed at once. Why not himself? He'd suggest it delicately to the chief. He saw himself hailed as the savior of his country, on a ladder that led to the dizziest political heights. He glanced at his watch. Cabinet meeting would be finishing. Just as well if he got along, perhaps—showed himself, offered his energies in—er—any capacity where he could be useful. Yes. Strike the iron while it was hot. He rose from his chair. As he passed the two men inclined toward each other in close and confidential conversation, he caught the fragment of a phrase: "Not the thing to shout from the housetops of course, but—war—ill wind that brings nobody any good ——"

The phrase stuck in his mind as he got his hat, gloves and stick from the rows of pegs. "Ill wind that brings nobody any good." Yes, it might, if he were prompt, make his political fortune. He emerged from the grimy classic portico of the club. It was a beautiful late summer afternoon. He would walk. The street was a vista of great buildings suffused with a golden radiance. Beyond, toward the center of the city, immense piles of commercial palaces overtopped one another in competitive announcement of the wealth they symbolized. An unending procession of omnibuses and motor cars roared and whirred along the thoroughfare. The sidewalk was thronged with well-dressed pedestrians hastening on their private affairs. It all looked curiously normal. War seemed a myth, an abstraction, so remote was it from this prosperous actuality.

Suppose they bombed the capital—not little raids, like the last time, but seriously. An alarmist newspaper article occurred to him. Nonsense. He had discussed that possibility with a service member of the club; been reassured. Neither side would bomb capitals, for the sufficing reason that both sides could play at it. "How the devil are you going to carry on a war if the staffs blow each other to atoms? It would be just chaos." That was logical common sense. War would be what it always had been—masses of men hurled at each other on far-away battle fronts by cold-bloodedly scientific staffs.

Minister of Munitions—yes—strike the iron while it was hot.

In other quarters of the city, queues were already forming outside the recruiting offices. A young, shabbily dressed man stood with a feather-hatted woman watching a lengthening file of these impatient patriots.

"Join up?" he exclaimed derisively in answer to her timid question. "No ruddy fear! I've 'ad some, I 'ave. Let them other poor softs 'ave a go! I've 'ad all the shells and mud I want. Me for munitions and big wages. Good old war! I 'ope it lasts ten years!" He turned to the woman, a grin on his face. "We're going to make a pile, Liz—you watch it! And we'll save some of it this time! Hooray for the good old war!"

He joined in a mighty cheer as a military band came crashing and blaring down the street, an endless river of bayonet-glistening infantry behind it, on the way to the railroad station.

In the enemy's country that evening, a vast aerodrome was ranked with a mass of machines standing stationary almost wing tip to wing tip as for an ostentatious exhibition of aircraft. Numbers of uniformed men bustled about them, coupling or uncoupling the petrol and oil pipes that twisted like serpents over the ground, wheeling up handcarts loaded with machine-gun ammunition, clambering up and disappearing into the fuselage. From time to time there was a startling outburst of loud detonations, a whir that jerked quickly to a roar as one of the machines, without moving from her place, tested the efficient functioning of her engine. Waiting thus, their outstretched wings reddened in the last rays of the now all but disappearing sun, emitting sudden clamors now here, now there, they seemed like a great flock of monstrous birds, impatient to rise from the ground in some fantastic mass migration. At a little distance from them, along the strip of concreted pavement in front of the administrative offices of the aerodrome, a couple of officers—one tall, gaunt-faced, beak-nosed; the other short and rotund—paced backward and forward. The short man was the commandant of the aerodrome. The tall man was the senior commanding officer of four divisions of fast fighting aircraft, one of which was that ranked in mass upon the trampled turf.

The aerodrome commandant was excitedly loquacious.

"That intelligence report! I cannot get over it. It is colossal—it is as if we had arranged it ourselves! They go to war, those fools, just as if it were the last time. They learn nothing—they forget nothing. They keep this great flock of aeroplanes for their mighty army, and that great flock of aeroplanes for their mighty fleet, and the general and the admiral, they will not let them go, whatever happens. They will beat their breasts and say, 'How can we fight if we have no aeroplanes?' And their mighty army and their mighty fleet, they will not fight at all. Ha! Ha! Ha!" He laughed full-throatedly, with a childish delight. "They will not even begin to fight. They

(Continued on Page 121)

HOT

Now you need Sunoco X Heavy

Recommended for

Buick
Chevrolet
Chandler
Cleveland
Dodge
Durant
Essex
Hudson
Hupmobile (4)
Jewett
Jordan
Lexington
Maxwell
Moon
Nash
Oakland
Oldsmobile (4 and 6)
Paige
Peerless
Reo
Rickenbacker
Rollin
Star
Studebaker
Velie

Consult Sunoco chart or write for booklet if your car is not listed.

Your crankcase in hot weather shows a temperature of from 150° to 175°.

Naturally your oil thins down.

X Heavy being a heavier bodied oil than is usually recommended for motors shown in the left column, safeguards your engine as no other oil will, and helps to keep it cool.

The fact that Sunoco is a pure, wholly distilled motor oil makes it possible to use Sunoco of heavier types without causing hard carbon deposits or gummy, harmful deposits in the crankcase.

Sunoco "Special" for trucks and the larger automobiles, and Sunoco "Chat-R-Free" for Fords are both absolutely pure oils, giving a maximum of lubrication. Use "Sunoco" and keep your motor clean and healthy.

The Sunoco Chart displayed by every dealer shows which type of Sunoco is best for your car.

Stick to its recommendations.

SUN OIL COMPANY, Philadelphia

Sun Oil Company, Limited, Montreal
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities

SUNOCO

THE DISTILLED OIL

HOOD

Look for the Hood White Arrow!

The Hood White Arrow is a time tested guarantee of design, materials, and workmanship. Look for this identifying mark — for safety, economy and dependability.

HOOD

BETTER RUBBER PRODUCTS SINCE 1896

Pneumatic and Solid Tires - Rubber Footwear - Canvas

Look for the WHITE ARROW!

Why Hood Balloons should be your choice

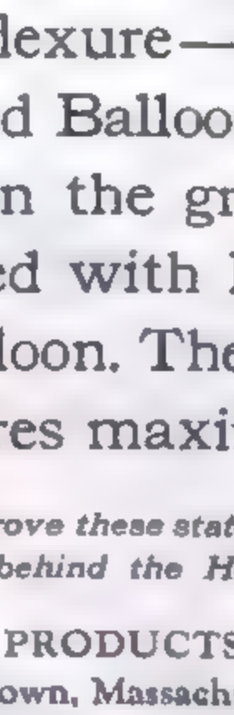
BALLOON TIRES have arrived. Over ninety percent of the new cars this year carry balloons as standard or optional equipment.

This means a new interest in tire performance. New standards are being set. The favorites of yesterday must prove their case again.

The facts now point conclusively to Hood Balloons. The Hood Flat Tread shows less destructive side-wall flexure—insures longer balloon tire life. A Hood Balloon at proper inflation puts more rubber on the ground—gives better traction—more speed with less motor overload than the average balloon. The Hood self-cleaning, non-skid tread assures maximum car safety.

Let the tire itself prove these statements to you. Get the facts—they're behind the Hood White Arrow.

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.
Watertown, Massachusetts



RUBBER PRODUCTS

Footwear - Rubber Heels and Soles - Rubber Specialties

van Turo

THE YOUNGEST VAN HEUSEN

For Smart Summer Comfort. A new low collar with longer points

The Van Turo will not wilt. Like all Van Heusens it is one single piece of smooth, strong, multi-ply fabric. Nothing sewed together, no need for starch. The loom has woven the fold in, woven a faultless curve in, woven comfort and smartness in. For all occasions it is the World's Smartest, most comfortable, most economical collar.

Ask your dealer for VAN CRAFT, the new shirt with the VAN HEUSEN collar attached.

VAN HEUSEN

PATENTED

the World's Smartest COLLAR

12 STYLES PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK CITY 50 CENTS EACH

(Continued from Page 116)

will be just two big nuisances to their government. What was that we learned at school—*Quos vult perdere, prius dementat?* They are not mad, no; they are imbecile—incurably imbecile. But they will learn something before morning, those fools. They will not have ten fighting squadrons to send up against you, my friend—and you have forty—forty! Ah, how you will enjoy yourself!" He laughed again, in an ecstasy of anticipation.

The tall, gaunt-faced officer did not reply. He strode along, his hands behind the back of his unbuttoned leather flying coat, scarcely hearing the babble of his companion, his mind filled with a thousand and one technical details. At any moment now he ought to get the signal to start. Provided that no last-minute delays were occurring at those distant aerodromes whence the heavy bombing squadrons should be already starting, at those other aerodromes whence his other fighting squadrons should soar into the air! He had done everything possible. But with the approach of the fateful moment, his imagination conjured up all sorts of fantastic disasters, wrecking this long and carefully prepared plan.

An orderly ran out to him from the office hut, saluted with exaggerated automaton-like smartness, obsequiously announced that he was required on the telephone.

The officer entered, picked up the instrument. He recognized the voice of the chief of his service, distant in the capital.

"His Excellency? Yes. Quite ready. Yes. No change whatever in the plans? Good! We can go ahead then? At the appointed hour?" He glanced at the watch on his wrist. "In five minutes. The bombers have started? Splendid! We shall intersect their course—overtake them. Yes. There will be no enemy resistance worth mentioning. The fighting squadrons rendezvous as in Scheme C—no modifications. Yes. There need be no apprehensions at your end. We shall overwhelm him before he knows what is happening to him, while he is making plans for what he is going to do with his army and navy next year. Yes—historic moment!" The gaunt-faced officer laughed into the telephone, evidently reciprocating a laugh at the other end. "You are right—beginning of a new epoch!" He glanced again at his watch. "Four minutes! I ought to be getting to my machine. Trust us, Excellency. Thank you for your good wishes."

He put down the receiver, turned to a junior officer seated at an adjacent table.

"You've held the lines clear? Signal the other divisions. Start at the hour. Scheme C unmodified."

He went quickly out of the office, answered the question of the waiting aerodrome commandant with a curt affirmation, submitted for a fraction of a moment to an effusive handshake, an enthusiastically uttered "Good-by—and good luck!" from the rotund little man who waddled after him as he strode rapidly across the rank turf to where his command machine lay awaiting him, the last red glint of the now vanished sun shining on its cambered horizontal planes.

He clambered up the fragile ladder into the interior. Its extremely limited space, open to the sky except for the upper plane overhead, was already, it seemed, excessively crowded with the four men inside—the pilot seated at his controls, the wireless operator with his receiver clamped over his head, the two machine gunners still fiddling with their weapons, one in the center, one toward the tail. But there was an exiguous seat left vacant for him, just behind the pilot. He slid into it, took a thick-barreled pistol from a rack in front of him, fired diagonally upward. A little ball of green light sprang into the dusky air, hung poised.

He did not see it fall. Instantly, with a deafening roar, the engine started, held itself for a moment at a sustained pitch of overwhelming, violent sound, leaped to a yet fiercer intensity, fiercer and yet fiercer. There was a rush of air overhead, a rush that became as solid as a stream of water, a slight shock underneath, a quick succession of lessening bumps. They ceased. He stood erect, head and shoulders exposed to the buffeting blast, gripped at his seat for support as the machine canted, banked, circled in a rising spiral; saw below him the other machines, each with a little star of light upon it, taking off from the ground one after the other.

They had been climbing, circling for fifteen minutes by the little clock on the instrument board. The barograph registered 5000 meters. The sun, which from the earth had sunk below the horizon, was once more plainly visible, its radiance orange-gold on the planes that poised themselves with delicately equilibrated rise and fall in the twilight-blue air. The sky behind them was full of other aeroplanes, circling, maneuvering, rising, their wings flashing back this upper sunlight in their birdlike evolutions. The earth below was an undifferentiated gloom. The engine roar was a sustained violence to the ears to which one was already habituated, forgot.

The gaunt-faced officer sat at his little seat behind the pilot's back, the earpieces of a telephone that gave him communication at need with his four companions strapped over his head under his flying helmet. In front of him was a chart marked with long red-ink lines that converged at different lengths and continued finally as one. It indicated the route of the other divisions, starting from a necessitated fan of bases, with which he would presently make contact and carry forward with him in one great flight of death-dealing monstrous birds, miles broad across a night sky. A regulation-curt voice sounded in the earpieces of his telephone. It was the wireless operator, reporting that all machines had now safely left the ground, had attained the required altitude. He took the thick-barreled signal pistol from the rack, fired it over the edge of the cockpit. Two little balls of red and green light jumped into the air, hung like bright jewels. His machine completed a circle at an acute tilt, came to a level keel, remained there with only the slightest undulating rise and fall. The compass card on the instrument board stabilized itself, indicated a course pointing direct for the enemy's capital.

They had been flying for an hour. Once more the sun had set. Beyond the wide-stretching canopy of the upper plane the first stars were appearing in a blue sky that was bereft of radiance. They had already made junction with one of the other divisions of fast fighting craft, were racing through the upper atmosphere in two great wedges, the flank machines of which were scarcely visible, except that the tiny yellow points of the lights they carried became at every moment more and more definite in the gathering gloom. The pilot, stolid-backed at his controls, suddenly raised his hand, waved it. The gaunt-faced officer rose to his feet, met the rush of air that strove to tear the head from his shoulders, looked ahead and downward. At a slightly lower altitude, dotting an immense expanse of gloom with their flying lights, was a vast array of machines speeding in the same direction as themselves.

They were, to the first glance, much larger craft than the swift fighting planes he had been leading, their inclosed boatlike hulls supported by wings of more than double the spread. He recognized them as the bombing squadrons, already concentrated. Far away through the dusky night he perceived the minute scintillations of the other fighting squadrons, still distant but coming up at a hundred miles an hour, exact to the rendezvous. He sat down again in his seat, switched to contact with the wireless operator, telephoned rapid orders to be transmitted by short-range radio to the division commanders; received, in due course, the succession of their acknowledgments. When those evolutions were completed, the bombing squadrons were embedded as a central nucleus within a surrounding swarm of the fast fighters that would protect them, and the whole vast fleet, instantly sensitive to the control of that one gaunt-faced man in the glow-illumined cockpit, rose in a long upward slant, aped forward in the freezing chill, the rarefied atmosphere of 7000 meters. A little more, and they would need the oxygen cylinders.

For two hours more they had rushed through the night. The profoundly blue-black sky was an infinite void in which incomputable myriads of stars burned with a white and strangely brilliant incandescence, naked of their habitual veils. From the engine exhausts of the command machine roared fierce blow-lamp blasts of bluish flame, speckled with evanescent yellow sparks, that never varied in their yard-long length.

The similar emissions from the immense swarm of machines that followed it were lost, except for those close behind, in the nocturnal azure. Only the multitudinous firefly glimmerings, the fluctuating occultations of the rearward stars almost from horizon to horizon, indicated the formidable mass racing through the air.

So far there had been no sign of the enemy. Suddenly, far ahead and below, a point of intensely white light sprang into existence, was instantly an immensely long white vertical shaft tapering downward to its origin. It swung across the sky, was a milky veil across the lower stars. Another and another leaped forth, some remote, apparently short and thin; others near, in long broad bands of dazzlingly brilliant radiance. They continued to spring from the darkness below, from source after source, were grouped in great sheaves that diverged and methodically searched the starry sky. The droning roar of the hundreds of engines had doubtless long ago been picked up by the enemy's sound-ranging instruments, would now be loud in menace. The gaunt-faced officer spoke sharp orders into the telephone to his wireless operator. That vast flight of machines widened its intervals, rose still higher. Even as he was speaking, vivid little splashes of yellow flame jumped out of the dark air ahead and below. The enemy's anti-aircraft guns had opened fire.

That gunfire increased and continued. The twinkling, vivid little yellow shell bursts multiplied, renewed themselves incessantly. Their sharp, vicious cracks were occasionally just audible despite the engine roar. The machine lurched, sank and bumped in the violent disturbances of the air. Every now and then an aeroplane was illumined like a white moth on the broad finger tip of one of those questing searchlights. The wireless operator had already reported one or two casualties, negligible in their overwhelming strength. The gaunt-faced officer held on grimly to his course. He had all those batteries marked on his map. Presently he would be beyond their range. Farther on there would be yet another barrage of gunfire to cross. Before then, almost certainly ——

Yes. Suddenly his machine turned with a jerk and swerve, dived almost perpendicularly, shot up again, swung round. The officer swiftly buckled his safety strap, glanced to see his two machine gunners crouched at their weapons, their barrels spitting flame. Arrived from nowhere, another aeroplane was racing almost alongside them, spitting fire from under its broad wings marked with the hostile sign. Just for an instant that parallel course continued, and then, with equal suddenness, two more machines seemed to fling themselves downward from the stars, in a spitting fury of fire. The hostile machine crumpled—he saw, in the briefest of visions, the gunner in it jerk round in astonished alarm—disappeared.

The gaunt-faced officer, secured to his seat by the safety belt, rose to the maximum permitted by his strap as his machine whirled round and upward again, glanced around him at the star-powdered sky. From horizon to horizon the vault of heaven was glimmering with tiny sharp flashes, with tiny lamps that swooped and circled and twisted in a maze of dizzy evolutions, was stabbed at all angles by the short search beams of aircraft questing one another in deadly conflict, while from far, far underneath the nervous enemy ground searchlights stretched immensely up into the sky. Already, wrapped in vertically upward-streaming garments of tattered flame, aeroplanes, near and distant, were plunging helplessly down, down, down to destruction. The enemy's fighting squadrons, desperately outnumbered, were sacrificing themselves in their hopeless battle. The gaunt-faced officer smiled grimly with satisfaction. He sat back in his seat, telephoned an order for transmission to the bombing squadrons.

That night, in the doomed capital, the theaters played to capacity houses. The excitement of war stimulated the herd instinct of congregation, and a subconscious primitive need to assert the fact of community found expression in the frequent wild outbursts of cheering, the thrillingly unanimous chorusing of patriotic hymns that, from every one of those densely packed auditoriums, constantly interrupted the performance. In most of those theaters the curtain had just gone up on the third act when the players suddenly paused in their parts and the manager stepped forward to the footlights. He announced, with a deprecating gesture, that an air-raid warning had just been given, and that the government requested the audience to disperse calmly and without panic, but to regain their homes as quickly as possible. The orchestras stood up, stoically played the national anthem to steady the suddenly pale, startled audiences as, snatching their wraps and coats, they crowded up to the exits, surged out into the streets.

That premature after-theater traffic crush was at its height. Throngs of men and women in evening dress clustered anxiously round tall gold-laced commissionaires, who blew shrill whistles for the motor cars that impeded one another in their competitive maneuvers; throngs of excitedly chattering men and women hastening on foot toward subway or railway station; streams of omnibuses packed beyond the limit with passengers; shoals of taxis that sped honking along the gleaming asphalt—when suddenly, without warning, every electric lamp in the city was extinguished. The government, warned of the swiftly approaching menace, had telephoned the power stations to cut off the current. It dared not leave this vast target illumined in a blaze of light for the enemy. A minute or two later, siren-screaming police automobiles came tearing through the streets, insisting that the lights of every vehicle should be likewise doused. The city was plunged abruptly into a darkness pitch black by comparison with the recent glare, through which thousands of terrified men and women hurried and ran toward their homes, glancing up at every instant to that sky of suddenly brilliant stars, in which the long white fingers of searchlights groped and quested. A clamor of voices came from the gloom below. It was incredible that this menace should come so swiftly! War did not begin until midnight.

Only a minority had reached definite shelter, when suddenly the air was filled with a murmurous drone that swelled and swelled on a panic-bringing note. The enemy planes! Women shrieked; men and women alike darted for doorways. Those few, bold to temerity, who stood out in the street and glanced up to the pitiless stars saw vivid little yellow flashes flickering briefly under those patterned constellations. A moment later came the hammering reverberations of the anti-aircraft guns, the whining wail of shells rushing upward in ever-renewed shoals, the crack-crack-crack of their vindictive bursts. And, louder still, dominating those quick angry petulances from below, came the awful, overpowering, vibrating roar of hundreds of machines. They seemed directly overhead. The next moment there was a heart-stopping, screaming rush through the air, a momentary dreadful silence—and the first bomb burst in a great sheet of blinding

Ready in the old KitBag

"Every Morning with Whittemore's

BUSINESS men who pay particular attention to details of grooming leave nothing to chance. For that reason, Whittemore's polish in the form they prefer is packed along with the razor and tooth brush. The "Every Morning rub" with Whittemore's shoe polish is as essential as the care given hands and face. It takes no time at all when the habit is formed.

Whittemore's Oil Paste Shine Polish is Black, Russet, Oxblood and Brown has stood the test of time. Is universally recommended by shoe and leather manufacturers for like all Whittemore shoe dressings it is scientifically prepared to retain the life and natural lustre of leather.

Whittemore's Bostonian Cream in liquid form to clean and polish all Tan, Black, and all colors of kid and calf leather footwear has no superior in the world.

There are Whittemore preparations to clean and renew the color of every kind of footwear. Among these is Whittemore's **Cleanall** which removes spots, stains, etc., from clothes, and upholstery as well as silk and satin footwear.

Just ask your dealer for Whittemore's

WHITTEMORE BROS.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes Are Superior

flame as high as the houses, a rending detonation that seemed sufficient to overthrow the city in its colossal violence. Few of those in the vicinity heard it. They were dead.

Again and again came those appalling hideous rushes through the air, followed by the upleap of searingly vivid flame, the mighty riving crash and thunderous roll. There was now no need for street illumination. In a score of places buildings were burning furiously, their windows a lurid red, their roofs vomiting great tawny flames that licked dense climbing convolutions of black-and-yellow smoke. They illuminated a city that was an inferno of human agony, illuminated empty streets that were strewn and piled with bodies, illuminated streets where vehicles yet raced and panic-mad mobs of men and women rushed blindly anywhither. It seemed that that rain of giant bombs, that constant eruption of house-high flashes in which whole blocks of buildings disappeared, those detonations violent beyond human endurance would never cease.

And yet, suddenly, they did cease. The bombs still hurtled, more rapidly indeed than ever, from the sky, but their descent no longer terminated in explosion. They struck in a glasslike brittle smash, splashed walls and pavements with a yellow fluid. The streets ran with it. And those still out in the open found themselves choking in an atmosphere that burned their throats, found their limbs being burned as by corrosive acid. Those in the lower rooms of houses found the air more and more unbreathable, ran in panic-stricken, futile attempt to make doors and windows gas tight. Hour after hour that rain continued—continued until the searchlights were extinguished and the last anti-aircraft battery had ceased to fire—continued till the conflagration-lit streets of the city were silent and deserted, and only those fortunate inhabitants huddled in the upper rooms of lofty buildings were immune and capable of effort. It continued desultorily until the dawn.

In the first sunshine of that brilliant, clear-skied dawn, the chief of the air staff, his head shrouded in a gas mask, picked his way along a street of ruined buildings, where progress had to be made cautiously around immense excavations where ignited gas mains still flared, blackening the riven earth.

All that night of terror he had sat in an upper room, dealing with the wireless reports that unceasingly came to him, swiftly framing an ever-varied complexity of orders transmitted back by wireless to the units under his control. The sum total of the news was appalling. The squadrons of fighting machines released reluctantly, under peremptory orders from the cabinet, by the army and navy, had arrived late, only to be destroyed in detail by the enemy. The country was virtually defenseless in the air. Its chief aerodromes had been raided, devastated. Even as he had left that temporary office, safely above the gas zone, the wireless had reported simultaneous attacks on the two most important seaports. A great munitions district had just previously announced that it was being deluged with gas bombs. The army, in process of entrainment, was immobilized all over the country. The navy had withdrawn itself into its distant war harbor, was in terror of an attack from the air. The only slight satisfaction that remained to him was that the heads of the government, profiting by the warning that he had broadcast to remain in upper rooms at the beginning of the gas attack, were safe, and he had managed to keep in wireless touch—the telephone no longer functioned—with them. He was obeying now the summons to an emergency war council in that room where only yesterday he had striven to prevent precisely this appalling tragedy. There was a drone of aeroplanes in the air as he went along the devastated and deserted street. He looked up, saw two machines he recognized as hostile circling over the city. They dropped no bombs, were evidently merely watching.

The building he sought had miraculously escaped destruction. He entered its sandbagged doorway, guarded by soldiers in gas masks, went up the broad staircase. Two civilian janitors, grotesque in gas masks also, stood by the doorway of the council room. He was expected. The door was opened for him.

Within, in the room darkened by closed shutters and inadequately lighted by half a dozen candles, a mask-shrouded figure sat at the old chief's desk, was flanked by three other masked figures seated on adjacent chairs. He recognized, with a queer little shock, that the figure at the desk was the veteran chief himself. The old man's voice came strange and muffled through his mask. The air in that room was poisoned.

"We have just received this," he said. "What is your opinion?" He passed across a message form.

The chief of the air staff glanced at it. It was a wireless message from the enemy demanding instant and unconditional surrender. Alternatively, it threatened systematic destruction of every industrial area in the country. He read it with almost a physical blow at his heart.

"What do the other services say, sir?" he asked through his mask.

The old chief shrugged his shoulders.

"They say they are impotent—can't move," he could hear the strain in the old man's voice as he exerted it. "In any case, it would be weeks before they could exercise any effective pressure on the enemy. In the meantime we should be blown or gassed out of existence. They suggest bombing the enemy's capital."

The chief of the air staff shook his head.

"Impossible. I still have bombers. I have no fighting machines to protect them. We can't retaliate."

"Is there anything we can do?"

Again the chief of the air staff shook his head.

"Nothing, sir."

He saw the eyes behind the horn pieces of the gas mask. They shocked him in their agony. A strained voice came muffled from the mask:

"You were right. A different kind of war—and they've won it!"

NOTES ON NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 14)

two miles away, Little Sister possessed herself of the card case and ceremoniously left cards at the four adjoining apartments, right and left, above and below.

In the opinion of the visitor from the Southland, New Yorkers are not neighborly. Yet they are in their own fashion, a fashion imposed on them by the scattering complexity of metropolitan life. They are not cold or callous, they are even cordial and helpful; and on occasion they disclose their innate kindliness. Last spring I went to the exhibition of Sargent's portraits, accompanying a friend who has a weak heart. The undue exertion brought on an attack, and I had to guide him to a chair. Instantly those who were in the room with us came forward to be of service, getting water, telephoning for my friend's physician and seeking out one of the custodians, who invited us into a private room to rest until the doctor could come. No villagers or small towners could have been more solicitous.

An Essentially Friendly People

Again, look at the unseemly crowding and shoving to be seen during the rush hours at the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge. You gaze at a struggling mob, seemingly an impenetrable mass. But let a woman stumble or a child fall at the feet of that surging crowd, and it manages to withdraw so as to make a little space, which is defended by strong arms until the woman or the child has managed to stand upright again. When New Yorkers are forced to think about others they are swift to show that they are as kindly as the Americans are wont to be. When they are not under this compulsion, every one of them goes about his own business, thinking only of that.

I told Rudyard Kipling once that the French sociologist, Gustave de Bon, recalling the motto, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," had asserted that the French really preferred equality to liberty, whereas the English cared little for equality, insisting rather on liberty. And Kipling replied, "And you Americans like fraternity best. The American is a good fellow and he accepts the other man as a good fellow also!" That is to say, we are essentially friendly, far more than any other people.

This characteristic of Americans in general is perhaps even more characteristic of New Yorkers, whose friendliness sometimes verges on familiarity. I have arthritis, which makes me weak in the knees. A year or two ago when I got off an omnibus on the Riverside Drive—and I do this like a crab with a jag—I apologized to the conductor for keeping him waiting. Lending me a helping hand, he said heartily, "That's all right, pop; take your time!"

When I walked away I wondered what would happen if a London bus conductor had addressed an Oxford professor as "pop."

Another reproach is brought against New York, that we are ungratefully careless in returning the civilities and courtesies we may have received when we visited other cities, where the inhabitants may have done their best to give us a good time, only to find that we neglect them, more or less, when they return the visit in the expectation that we in our turn would be as glad to see them as they had been to see us. There is not a little justification for their resentment. Yet there is at least this to be said in our behalf—that we New Yorkers are wont to bring exactly the same accusation against the Londoners. When a visitor from across "the salt, unplumbed, estranging sea" carries with him satisfactory letters of introduction, we New Yorkers are likely to welcome him to our homes and to put him up at our clubs and to make him acquainted with our friends, only to be disagreeably disappointed in our turn when we go abroad by the discovery that our former guest is not as much interested in us as we were in him and that all he feels himself called upon to do is to ask us to dinner at his club, where he does not even introduce us to the other men at the table.

One-Way Cordiality

On reflection, however, we ought to be able to perceive that the attitude of the Londoner, even if it is lacking in cordiality and even if it is perhaps even a little ungracious, is not entirely unreasonable. London is an ancient city, the capital of the British Empire, on which the sun never sets. New York is a newly rich town, not the capital of the United States, but only the largest of many large cities. The English visitor comes from "our old home"—as Hawthorne called it—from the "center of things"—as he thinks it—and we Americans dwell far out toward the periphery of the circle. We are glad to welcome him and to ask him for the latest gossip about the notable Europeans whose sayings and doings have been made known to us by our newspapers. Naturally we are likely to put ourselves out for him far more than he is likely to be tempted to put himself out for us, coming as we do from a city and a country remote from his sphere of interest.

As the man from London is made much of in New York, so the man from New York

(Continued on Page 125)

FOR SUMMER IRONING

The famous Nichrome heating element in the new Simplex distributes the heat evenly over the entire ironing surface. It prevents sticking and makes for smoother, easier going. But of paramount importance, particularly for summer ironing, is the fact that the patented Simplex construction keeps the heat where it belongs—in the base, NOT in the face.

The Unbreakable Plug
with Cool Handy Grip

THE unbreakable all-steel plug of the new Simplex, with its ever-cool ball grip, SNAPS in and out in a jiffy.

It makes no difference what you want to iron, filmy lace or real heavy fabrics, you can get just the temperature you want when you want it and as *long* as you want it.

There are no delicate adjustments or moving parts to invite trouble.

And when you buy a Simplex you get features that are obtainable in no other iron—the unbreakable all-steel plug—the air-cooled rest-stand and the air-cooled terminal guard. You get, too, an iron whose beauty is a joy forever and that will LAST almost as long. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Simplex TODAY. Or, if he is unable to supply you, send the coupon and pay for your Iron and Cord-Set when the postman delivers them to you.

SIMPLEX
Electric Heating Pad
$7.50

The Simplex Electric Heating Pad provides as much heat as you want, when you want it and as long as you want it. Nothing to fill—nothing to spill. Costs less to operate than the ordinary electric light bulb. Many Simplex Pads are in use after thirty years' service. Write for "Treat it with Heat," an interesting and amusing movie booklet—it's FREE. Or, send the coupon and pay the postman when Heating Pad arrives.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEALERS!
If you do not know the nearest Simplex distributor, write us for his name and address.

Simplex
ELECTRIC IRON

Standard 6 Lbs. Weight

$4.50 COMPLETE WITH ALL-STEEL UNBREAKABLE PLUG

THE CORD-SET

The Cord-Set furnished with Simplex Irons fits all makes of electric appliances. The complete Cord-Set—all-steel, unbreakable plug with guaranteed contacts, 6 feet of Simplex heater cord and two-piece lamp-socket plug—*if purchased separately*, $1.75. Send the coupon and pay the postman when the Cord-Set arrives.

COUPON

Simplex Electric Heating Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

*Please send me a Simplex Iron with Cord-Set—the Cord-Set alone—Simplex Heating Pad—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement

Name _____

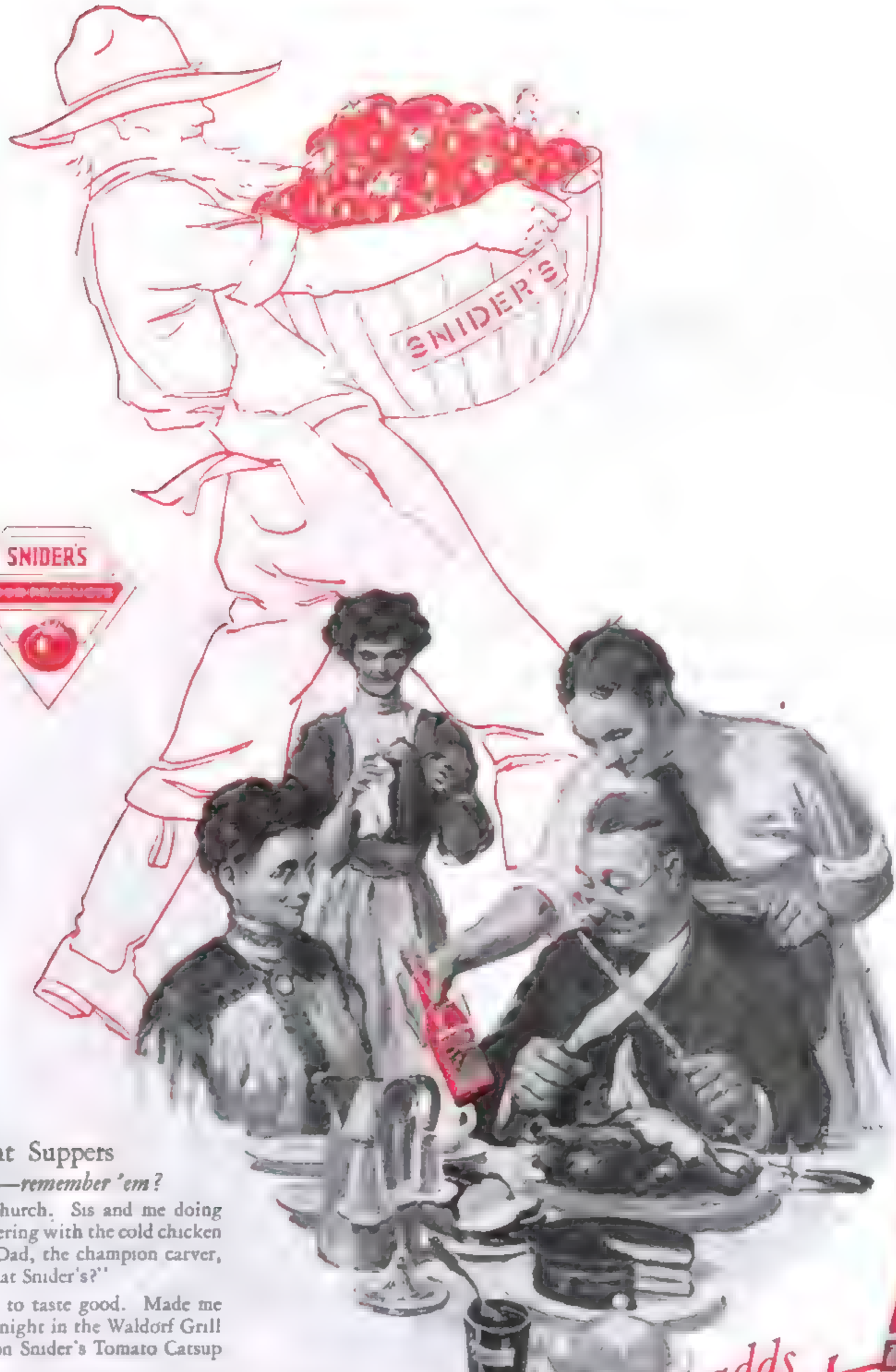
Address _____

Dealer's Name _____

_____

*Cross out articles not wanted

Made by the makers of the well-known Simplex Sunbeam Heating Pads, Cord-Sets, Ranges Etc.



Sunday Night Suppers back home—*remember 'em?*

Hired girl gone to church. Sis and me doing rough and tumble catering with the cold chicken and preserves. And Dad, the champion carver, with his "where's that Snider's?"

My! but food used to taste good. Made me think of it the other night in the Waldorf Grill when they brought on Snider's Tomato Catsup with the cold duck.

"Nothing but Snider's for me", Dad used to say. I can hear him now. And Dad was some connoisseur on catsup.

adds zest

Snider's TOMATO CATSUP

CHILI SAUCE - COCKTAIL SAUCE - TOMATO SOUP

(Continued from Page 122)

is made much of in Chicago, the man from Chicago in Indianapolis, and the man from Indianapolis in Muncie. In like manner does the man from Muncie think himself to be more or less neglected in Indianapolis, the man from Indianapolis in Chicago, the man from Chicago in New York, and the man from New York in London. I am not surprised at this, yet I cannot but regret it, for it does not make for good feeling; it is not quite in accord with our native kindliness. I suppose the same thing is likely to happen in other countries—in France, for example, when the man from Carcassonne goes to Marseilles and when the man from Marseilles goes to Paris. Probably it is unavoidable and even inevitable. The inhabitant of the bigger place is likely to be always a little condescending toward the inhabitant of the smaller place; and Stevenson was never shrewder than when he declared that "the pleasures of condescension are strangely one-sided."

There remain two other accusations for me to repel, that New York is dirty and that it is ugly.

Both of these accusations were true, once upon a time; and neither of them is true today. Thirty-odd years ago Rudyard Kipling set down in cold print certain impressions of New York; he asserted that it was "bad in its paving, bad in its streets, bad in its street police, and but for the kindness of its tides would be worse than bad in its sanitary arrangements." He catalogued one after the other the more flagrant defects of our municipal housekeeping and housecleaning:

"Gullies, holes, ruts, cobble-stones awry, curbstones rising two to six inches above the level of the slatternly pavement; tramlines from two to three inches above street-level; building materials scattered half across the street; lime, boards, cut-stone, and ash-barrels generally and generously everywhere, wheeled traffic taking its chances, dray versus brougham, at cross-roads; sway-backed poles whittled and unpainted; drunken lamp-posts and twisted irons; and lastly, a generous scatter of filth and more mixed stinks than winter can carry away."

Thanks to the Automobile

That was written in 1892. It is a little exaggerated—but only a little. It bears almost no relation to the facts as they are in 1925, only a generation later. There are now no cobblestones and very few gullies, holes and ruts; only infrequently are curbstones badly set; trolley tracks are level with the asphalt pavement; building materials are—as far as possible—restricted to their proper places, although the restrictions might be more rigidly enforced; the traffic squad of the police does its work so efficiently that its methods have been imitated in London and in Paris; the unsightly poles have been cut down, the telegraph, telephone and electric-light wires having been put out of sight, and the trolley wires also—which is not yet the condition either in London or in Paris; lamp-posts are no longer intoxicated, and there is not now a scatter of filth in our streets, which are not only swept regularly and properly but flushed when need be. That these avenues are still disgracefully littered with all sorts of rubbish must be admitted—more's the pity!—because we Americans have not yet learned to be as tidy outdoors as we are indoors.

I interrupt myself here to note that a part, and a goodly part, of the improvement in the condition of our thoroughfares is due to the automobile. Fifty years ago we had miles of actual cobblestones, taken from the fields and the brooks; forty years ago these were giving place to granite blocks; thirty years ago we were trying various kinds of wooden pavements. I remember that Col. George E. Waring complained to me that the rough surfaces of our streets made it impossible for his White Wings to sweep effectively. Then came the automobile, which demanded the smoothness of asphalt laid on a concrete foundation; and thereafter the White Wings could both sweep and flush. Moreover, the automobile drove out the horse, whose habits are not refined. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell told me a quarter of a century ago that he had had the dust which sifted into his Philadelphia house analyzed and found it to be more than three-quarters horse droppings. Furthermore, the departure of the horse was followed by the disappearance of his stable, so that the number of flies was greatly decreased. Of course this improvement in paving and this abolition of the dust and of the fly—both dangerous to health—is not peculiar to New York, but our city has not lagged behind in profiting by the conditions; and New York, like most other American cities, is in this respect at least no longer inferior to London and Paris; it may be superior because of its more abundant water supply.

Ceasing to be Ugly

New York is no longer dirty. Is it still ugly? I grant that it was ugly sixty years ago when I came here to live, uglier than many of our older American towns with their arching elms. It lacked the old-time flavor of Boston and the neat trimness of Philadelphia. There was the dignified City Hall; but it was soon to be disgraced by the companionship of the abominable courthouse and of the atrocious post office. There were many quiet dwellings dating back to the early years of the nineteenth century; but most of our newer buildings were designed by architects who were as untrained as they were uninspired. The more ambitious residences were likely to be built of brownstone, a material of many disadvantages. Even worse was the unintelligent use of cast iron to imitate marble. I am glad to be able to report that brownstone has gone out of fashion and that the cast-iron horrors are being torn down. Today most of our architects are trained and a few are inspired.

Today New York is ceasing to be ugly, although it has not yet the casual picturesqueness of London or the ordered loveliness of Paris, where we behold the final flowering of an inherited artistic tradition. It is ceasing to be ugly because, like many other American cities, it has attained to the desire for beauty, even if it has achieved actual beauty only now and again.

In some ways Nature has been bountiful. First of all, there is the entrancing approach by sea from Sandy Hook to the Battery. J. Fenimore Cooper was frequently provoked to wrath by the absurd comparison of the Bay of New York with the Bay of Naples; and it would be equally absurd to suggest other parallels: Venice, for example, and Constantinople, captivating as they are each in its own way. All I can claim is that no one of them surpasses the Bay of New York in its appeal, and that no one of them has any aspect as impressive as the sight of the powerful mass of the skyscrapers as these are disclosed by the rising sun when the incoming ship passes in from the Narrows, the topless towers uplifting themselves from the waters with the matchless massiveness of medieval castles. Later the hesitating vessel turns into the lordly Hudson, wherein the fleets of the world may ride at anchor and where the line of wharves leads up to the prolonged Riverside Drive, nobler than any other water-edged park known to me. Certainly no other drive has the Palisades to enchant the eye.

"There, now, is your insular city of Manhattan," said Herman Melville in the opening chapter of Moby Dick, "belted round with wharfs as Indian isles are by coral reefs. Commerce surrounds it with her surf and commerce has supplied the money for its embellishment."

Nature provided opportunity for art, an opportunity not fully improved as yet. Let me cite the impression of two foreign visitors. A Scandinavian professor of the fine arts arrived here with a letter of introduction to an artist friend of mine; when he presented this an hour after he had left the dock, he said, "Why didn't anyone tell me"—and he was almost trembling with excitement—"that New York was the most beautiful city in the world?" The head of the commission of engineers sent here by the French at the time of the Chicago Exposition was taken with his associates around the harbor on a specially chartered steamboat; and when they rounded the Battery and began their brief voyage up that strong arm of the Atlantic which we call the East River, he looked up at the reversed arch of the Brooklyn Bridge and said slowly and with cordial appreciation, "How beautiful that is! How well done it is! How well it has been thought out!"

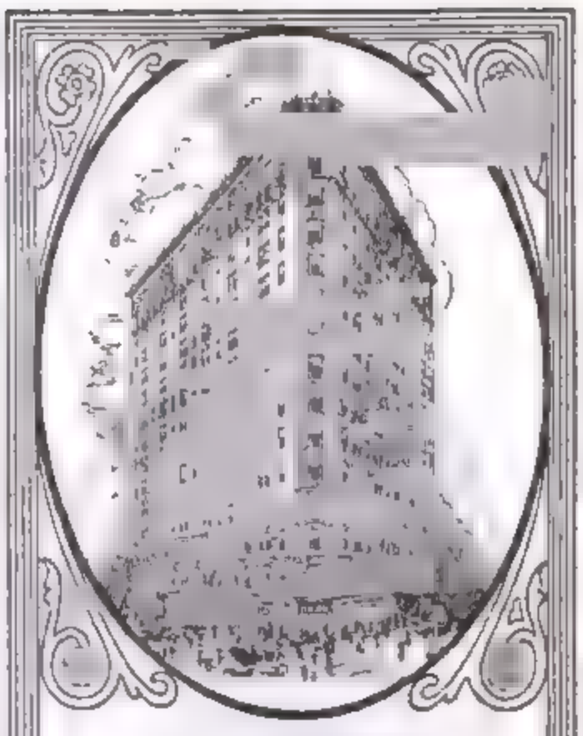
The East River was the gift of God, but the Brooklyn Bridge was the work of man. We have at least one other work of man which demands equal praise—Central Park. That is indeed wholly the work of man, for Nature did nothing for it, since it was made of unlovely material, waste land with unsightly rocks tumbled at random, with few trees and with little soil for trees. That acute critic of art and architecture, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, once asserted that Central Park was the finest example of American art. For this we New Yorkers may take the credit. We made it ourselves and we taxed ourselves to pay for it. We did not inherit it from a royal past as London inherited St. James's Park and Hyde Park and as Paris inherited the Tuileries gardens and the Bois de Boulogne. In time, the making of Central Park stimulated us to acquire and improve a series of other parks in the outskirts; and it suggested to other American cities to go and do likewise, with the result that the several states are now making parks and that the nation has set aside for the uses of the whole people vast reservations of natural beauty.

Avenue of the Allies

Here I crave permission to digress again and to call attention to the fact that what has been done to provide ourselves with open spaces, what has been done by city and state and nation in the past fifty or sixty years, has no parallel in Europe. It is a testimony to our sense of fitness that we have made memorials of our battlefields, something as yet unattempted by any European people. This is a deed of which we have good reason to be proud.

I have quoted the opinion of the Scandinavian professor that New York is the most beautiful city in the world—an opinion which I should not dare to proffer as my own; and I am moved to accompany it with the opinion of an Englishman, familiar with all the great cities of Europe, that Fifth Avenue is the most beautiful of all the streets he had seen. This opinion is his; and I do not venture to indorse it. Yet when I recall the glory of the stretch from Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street when we had entered the war and when we gave an enthusiastic welcome to Marshal Joffre and the other delegates from the nations with which we had at last associated ourselves, when the flags of all these peoples floated from every window, when Fifth Avenue was festooned with colors, when it became for a week the "Avenue of the Allies"—when I recall this wonderful vision I am at loss to name any street which could be called more beautiful.

Even when Fifth Avenue is no longer the Avenue of the Allies, it is an avenue of palaces not to be matched in any capital of the Old World. Much of its dignity is due to the efforts of the Fifth Avenue Association, a self-organized body which is doing all it can to make our celebrated street worthy of its reputation. It has provided, at its own expense, artistic bronze traffic towers. It has persuaded the erectors of new buildings to diminish as far as may be the dimensions of their necessary sheds and scaffoldings and to make these temporary structures seemly and sightly. It has prevailed upon owners and tenants to minimize the lettering of their signs. It has done



Every Possible Modern Convenience at

HOTEL LINCOLN

Indianapolis

There are 400 outside rooms in Hotel Lincoln and each has tub or shower bath, free electric fan, circulating ice water, double bed, easy chair, reading lamp and wooden light-proof transom.

RATES AT HOTEL LINCOLN

Remember 275 of our 400 rooms are priced at $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 for one: $4.00, $4.25, $4.50, $5.50 and $6.00 for two

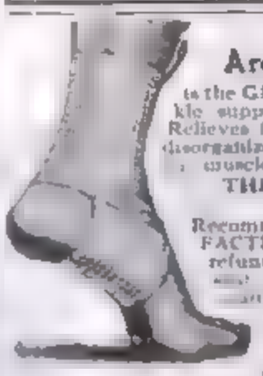
Large Light Sample Rooms

Conveniently located in the heart of Indianapolis, Washington Street at Kentucky Avenue

The National Highway passes the hotel

Two blocks from the Union Station, one block from Traction Depot, with the world's largest exclusive Interurban Motor Bus Station on the same block.

Management R. L. MEYER



DR SIMMS Arch and Ankle Supporter

is the GENUINE AND ONLY elastic ankle supporter that supports the arch. Relieves foot pains instantly. Restores disorganized bones to normal. Strengthens muscles

THEY MAKE YOUR FEET FEEL GOOD

Recommended by Physicians SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded AT YOUR DEALER'S or [illegible] $5.00

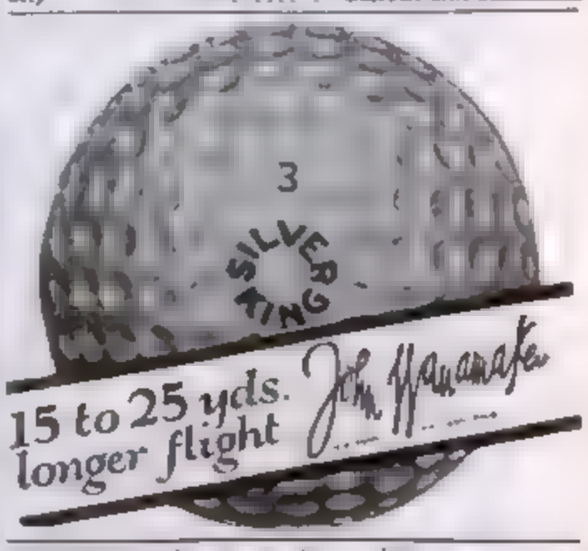
CHAS. QUENZER, INC. Suite 201, Quenzer Bldg. 81 Reade Street, New York City

Please send me FREE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET on DR. SIMM'S ARCH AND ANKLE SUPPORTER.

Name .....

Address or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....



TANKS

The WHIR of 6 MILLION WHEELS

WHEREVER the hum of industry is heard, there you will find "American" Pulleys. More than six millions of them are transmitting power in nearly every country of the world.

There are single plants equipped with as many as 25,000 "American" Pulleys.

Back of such widespread use must be value, economy and the test of time—in the case of the American Steel Split Pulley, this test spreads over nearly thirty years.

When you install "American" Pulleys and "American" Hangers in your plant, you are making a protected* investment.

A dealer near you carries them in stock. You will find his name and address in MacRae's Blue Book.

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia

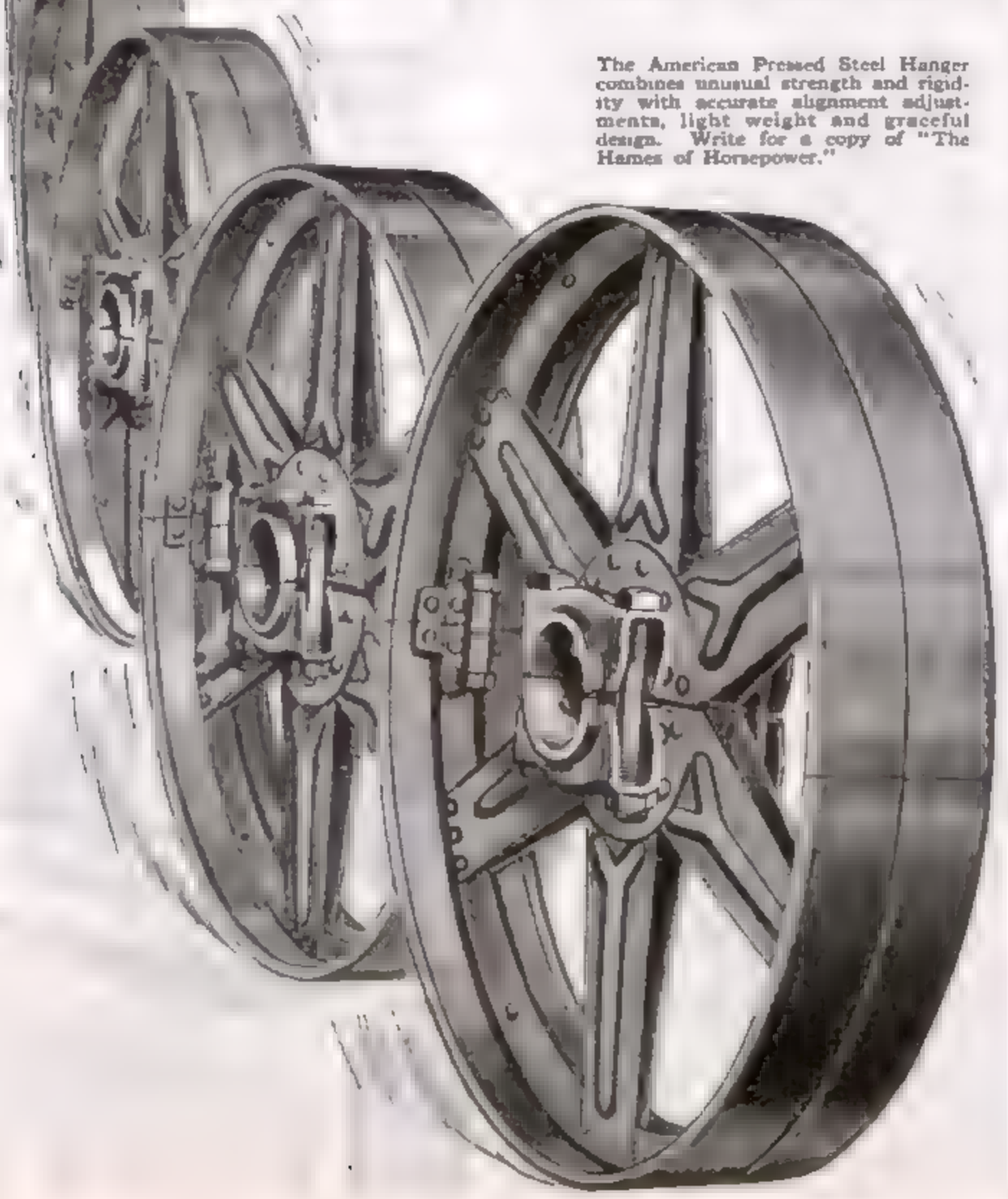
*Both "American" Pulleys and "American" Hangers are guaranteed. Write us for a copy of this unusual guarantee

AMERICAN

PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS

PATENTED PATENTED

The American Pressed Steel Hanger combines unusual strength and rigidity with accurate alignment adjustments, light weight and graceful design. Write for a copy of "The Hames of Horsepower."



this not by the aid of any legal enactment, but by moral suasion, by the force of an enlightened public opinion. Unfortunately it has not yet been able to prevent the owners of certain buildings from making their profit out of violently colored advertisements, shrieking at us from the housetops.

I think that many New Yorkers have failed to notice how billboard advertising has been restrained because of the desire for beauty. Our omnibuses do not carry any paid advertisements on the outside—although they often do carry gratuitous announcements of celebrations and exhibitions. Nor are the trolley cars disgraced by the flaring appeals such as disfigure public vehicles in every city of Europe. In like manner the superb railroad stations, more spacious and more sumptuous than any on the other side of the Atlantic, have also been kept free from the advertisements which outrage the eyes of Americans on the other side of the Atlantic. Of course I do not wish to suggest that New York is alone among American cities in this regard for decency. All I venture to say is that New York has set a higher standard for itself than any city in Europe. Here again we remark the potent effect of the desire for beauty.

I have already remarked that New York—and of course the other American cities likewise—have made and paid for their parks, whereas the capitals of Europe acquired theirs without cost or effort; and I have now to add that this is true also of our libraries and our museums. These outward and visible signs of the desire for beauty have increased mightily in the United States in the past half century, without having received any aid from the nation or from the several states, whereas in the capitals of Europe these institutions are all supported by the public funds. It is the government of Great Britain which pays for the upkeep and for most of the accessions of the National Gallery and the British Museum; and it is the government of France which provides the money needed for the sustaining of the Louvre and the National Library. The residents of London and Paris do not have to dip into their own pockets for these treasure houses of art and literature; they profit by the fact that they live in the capital of the country.

Investing in Beauty

Here in the United States this is what the residents of Washington may do, but not the dwellers in New York or Chicago, in Philadelphia or Boston. A loud laugh would resound throughout the United States if any one of these four cities should ask aid from the national treasury. Our American achievement has been due wholly to private enterprise and to the public spirit of the inhabitants of our cities; and this achievement is the more honorable because the inhabitants of our cities have not only to support our museums and our libraries, but have had to create them, since there were none on this side of the Atlantic which we could inherit from our ancestors.

I wonder how many of the thousands who flock daily through the doors of the New York Public Library, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of the American Museum of Natural History, and through the gates of the Botanical Garden and of the Zoölogical Garden—I wonder how many of these thousands recognize how characteristically American is the method according to which these noteworthy institutions have been founded. It is as simple as it is ingenious. A group of citizens got itself incorporated as a board of trustees; it got itself chartered; it explained to the public its purpose, asking for donations, bequests and annual subscriptions; it applied to the municipal government for a grant of lands and for money to erect its halls—sometimes also for appropriations to care for these buildings and their contents. The results of this partnership between the municipality and the voluntary organizations have been eminently satisfactory, the city housing the treasures given by the individual citizens. That is the American way of doing things. Its success has been due to the lavish generosity of the public itself, glad and proud to pour out its money for the advancement of science and the preservation of art. In Europe such a venture would be unthinkable. It is due to our reverence for learning and to our desire for beauty; and it is natural that New York, being the largest and the richest city in the United States, should lead the way.

In other certain fields of endeavor New York has also been a pioneer. It was here that the United States Sanitary Commission was founded during the Civil War; and this was the inspiration for the Red Cross. It was here that the Children's Aid Society came into being, and also the first Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It was here that the system of zoning was first applied extensively, and also, if I am not in error, the first restriction of the heights of buildings and the first prescription of setbacks on the upper stories of our densely populated towers of Babel, a restriction which is bringing about a pleasingly picturesque diversification of our sky line. It was here—at least I have been led so to believe—that the earliest Tenement House Commission was created to make the homes of the poor fit for human habitation. It was here—and I am in no doubt as to this—that the mightiest effort has been made to provide a city with an abundant supply of pure water, beginning with the Croton Aqueduct early in the last century and culminating later in the Catskill Aqueduct, an undertaking surpassing any achievement of Rome when it had the riches of its vast empire to draw upon.

New York's Growing Pains

This is a roll call of things well worth doing and worthily done. To have drawn it up may appear unduly boastful. None the less does the contemplation of these items justify a little resentment at the assertion made not so many years ago by a politician who knew New York only by hearsay that "New York was a city of kites and crows." Yet I should be lacking in candor if I did not follow this list of good things well done with another of the things we have failed to do. Look on this picture and on this.

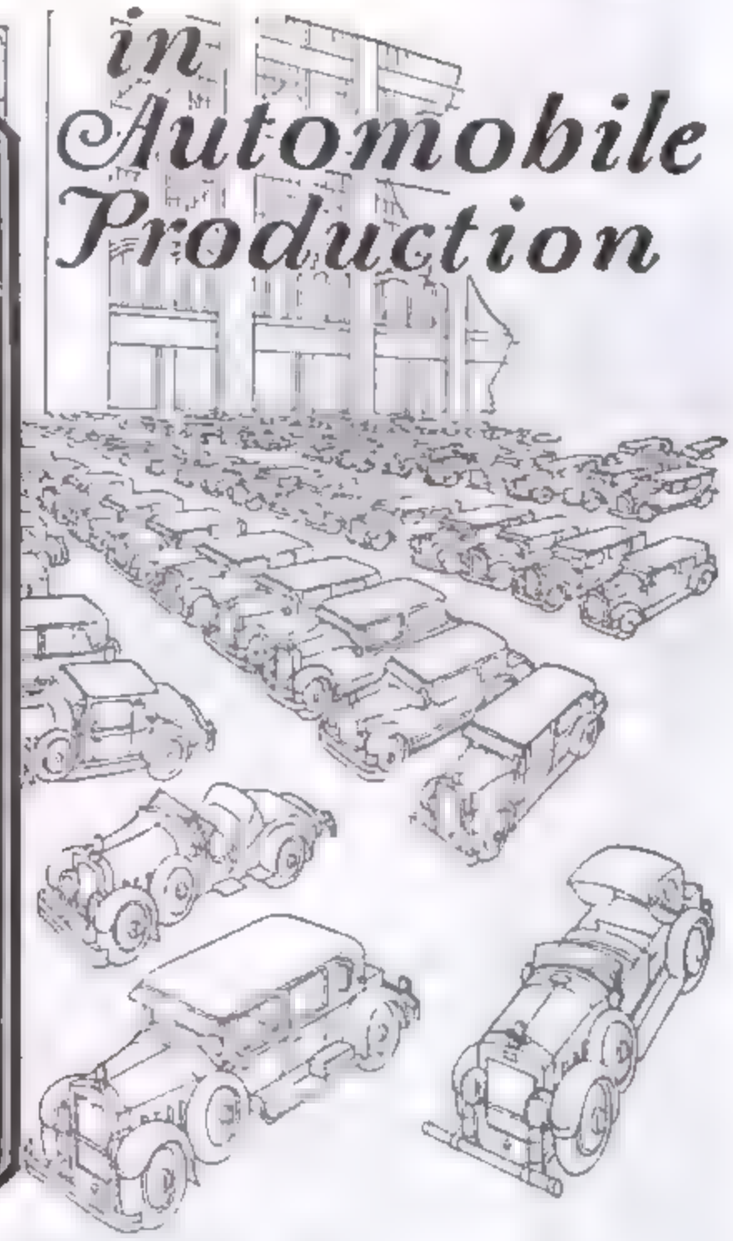
We still permit huge and often hideous posters to disfigure our housetops and our roadsides. We still allow the unthinking to litter our streets disgracefully with newspapers and other rubbish. We still tolerate a cruel crowding during the rush hours. We have not kept up our parks as they deserve to be maintained. We have not satisfactorily solved either the traffic problem—which is getting worse as the city grows—or the transportation problem—which is due in part to the narrowness of Manhattan Island girt about by three rivers. And finally our city government is no better than it should be—probably no better and no worse than that of Chicago or Philadelphia or Boston. But we have removed all justification for the bitter gibe of Lovell, which punctured our complacent self-sufficiency in the middle of the last century, when he declared that New York was not like Paris—"It is only plaster of Paris, a bad cast of a Bernini original."

As I said in the beginning, I am not a native of New York, but I have lived here for not far from threescore years and ten. I have seen the city change its aspects, most of these changes being for the better. I do not know whether or not its immense expansion is to be accepted as a benefit, but it is a fact to be reckoned with. When I came here in 1858 the population of Manhattan was about eight hundred thousand, and now the population of the enlarged city is more than six millions, probably larger than that of any other city in the world, if we take an equal radius from the central point.

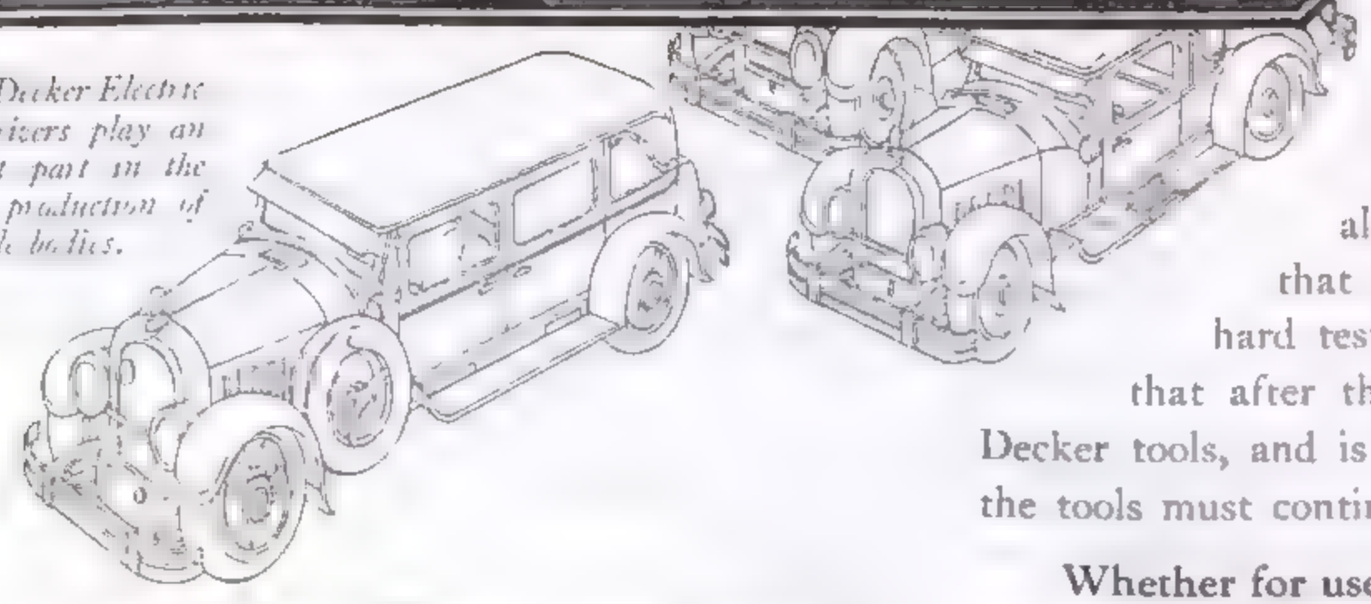
I pause here to point out that the little town at the toe of Manhattan contained barely twenty thousand people at the close of the Revolution, when it was evacuated

(Continued on Page 128)

One Reason Why America Leads the World in Automobile Production



Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers play an important part in the quantity production of automobile bodies.



THE use of Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers (illustrated above), Portable Electric Drills, and Electric Grinders by the largest production plants in the country means a great deal to you.

BECAUSE when production plants use Black & Decker tools, it means that their Engineers and expert mechanical men have analyzed the tool from every angle—it means that a few of the tools have been given a hard test over a long period of time—it means that after the plant has standardized on Black & Decker tools, and is using hundreds or thousands of them, the tools must continue to perform satisfactorily.

Whether for use as production tools by manufacturers of automobiles, bodies, engines, and parts, or whether for use by Engineers or Millwrights for general purposes, Black & Decker tools stand preëminent, and have contributed their share towards enabling the United States to lead the world in automobile production.

You can secure BLACK & DECKER Portable Electric Drills, Electric Screw Drivers, Electric Socket Wrenches, Electric Tappers and Electric Grinders from the leading Mill Supply, Machinery, Plumbing, Sheet Metal, Automotive and Electrical Supply Houses.

The BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO., Towson, Maryland, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory—Lyman Tube Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

Branch Offices with Service Stations at

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO ATLANTA DETROIT BALTIMORE
BUFFALO PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS DALLAS CHICAGO MINNEAPOLIS
KANSAS CITY CLEVELAND MONTREAL TORONTO

BLACK & DECKER

With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch

Look for this mark on the shaft no matter who is the maker of the club. You will then know you are getting a true Bristol Steel Shaft

Five Reasons why so many golfers are adopting the Bristol Steel Shaft

IN the recent U. S. Open Golf Championship at Worcester practically 40% of the professionals (including Willie MacFarlane, the winner) used one or more Bristol Steel Shafted Clubs.

Golfers give the following five big reasons for liking the Bristol Steel Golf Shaft.

1. Perfect balance. Lighter than hickory, it throws the weight nearer the head where you want it.
2. Uniform quality. There can be no "seconds."
3. Strength. It will stand the gaff of hard usage without losing any of its snap.
4. It will not warp.
5. After once selecting a Bristol Steel Shafted Club perfectly balanced for your swing, you can duplicate that same "feel" in any number of other clubs.

All golf club manufacturers make clubs equipped with the Bristol Steel Shaft.

Six Golf Booklets Free—Write for these six valuable golf booklets written by the well-known instructor, Herbert Lagerblade.

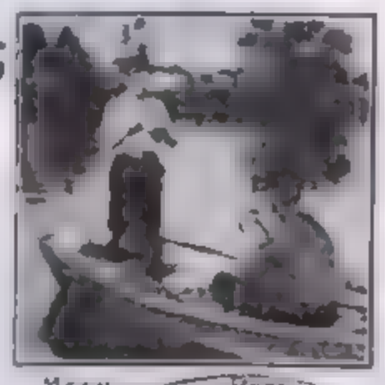
THE HORTON MFG. CO., 510 Horton St., Bristol, Conn.
Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

"Bristol" Steel Golf Shaft
Patented Nov. 23, 1915

Every fisherman wants this Tackle Catalog

FOR years in the realm of fishing tackle these have been the leaders—the choice of the best anglers—Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines, Meek Reels and Blue Grass Reels.

Write today and let us send you free our new illustrated catalog describing fully and giving the prices of all models. It is a book which will be of the utmost value to every fisherman.



Meek Reels
"Bristol"
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

(Continued from Page 126)

by the British. The twenty thousand in 1783 were almost as diverse racially as are the six millions now nearly a century and a half later. Before the end of the eighteenth century the original Hollanders had intermarried with the conquering English and had absorbed the few Huguenots. Then the New Englanders pushed their way in, to be little more warmly received than were the subsequent Irish and Germans, who toward the end of the nineteenth century were also intermarrying. It is in the lifetime of men not yet old that the less easily assimilated hordes from the Mediterranean and the Balkans, from Poland and Russia, began the invasion which threatened to overwhelm the earlier peoples of more closely allied stocks. We had thrown our doors open, or at least we had left our gates unguarded; and we liked to boast that New York was a melting pot and that the confusion of tongues would not prevent a fusion of races. But the war made us aware that our city was no longer a melting pot; it was only a mixing bowl.

Before the war we received annually more than a hundred thousand aliens of all sorts, often the least desirable. During the war this immigration ceased; and since the war we have had a severe restriction of immigration. A shrewd observer has pointed out that between 1910 and 1920 our foreign-born population increased only a few more than sixty thousand a year, while our birth rate was double our death rate, New York being one of the healthiest cities in the world. In 1910, so Mr. Ernest Harvier has pointed out, the foreign born were 44 per cent of the population, and in 1920 they were only 35 per cent—which justifies a hope that in 1930 they will be less than 25 per cent. And then perhaps the mixing bowl will again become a melting pot. Then also, probably, the Italian quarter, the Greek quarter and the Syrian quarter will shrink year by year as their inhabitants slowly and steadily become Americans.

More than once have I heard New York called the least American of our cities; and I can see why this assertion could be made. None the less do I hold it to be false. Those who know New York best, those who have seen its soul, are unanimous in thinking that New York is really the most American of all. This, at least, is my own belief, although I must confess that I should not find it easy to give valid reasons for the faith that is in me. I may, however, buttress my belief by quoting the testimony of a Southwesterner, a man who dwells on the far side of the Mississippi, Mr. Louis Dodge, of St. Louis:

"New York is not an isolated unit. It is part and parcel of all the nation, of all the world. Certainly much of the best in America has gone into its making. It is the work of our sons and daughters, of our brothers and sisters. It is the apex of our Western civilization. It would be a stupid pose to deny this. It has in greater abundance than any other American city the best in painting, in sculpture, in music, in all manner of art treasures. And are not these the agencies by which we measure civilization? Its people are more richly endowed than we of the inland. It has the stored treasure; it is the gateway to all the seas. The American family—whether it will or no—sends the best of its children to Manhattan Island, and it follows them with the best of its bread and meat, the best of its apples and corn, the best of its songs and prayers.

"Not Washington but New York is our real capital—the capital, the head of our best achievement. Of old it was the fashion for rustic minds to speak contemptuously of New York—to magnify its wickedness, to invent evil garments for it to wear, to belittle its wit and wisdom. The new fashion is better. This inclines toward candor and praise. We are learning to value that which we have helped to make, that which is in part our own. We go to New York for inspiration, and to be gratified, to be made larger. We go as to an exposition, to see the wonders of our time. And we are abundantly rewarded."

On a memorable occasion Daniel Webster, defending his alma mater before the Supreme Court, declared that "Dartmouth is a small college—but there are those who love it!"

I trust that I may not be deemed overbold when I venture to borrow this saying and to modify it. "New York is a large city, but there are those who love it!" And I am one of them.

THE TRIPPER TRAP

(Continued from Page 19)

He turned where the road ended in a loop circling a great beech tree, and having reached the Shoreway, turned off into the grassy lane that led to the Pockett home.

He saw a living scarecrow harrowing a small plowed field, limping over the broken ground, and watched a while, struck with the grotesque contrast between the man's condition of gaunt and shabby penury and aching toil, and the loveliness and undoubted value of the bit of dreamland that was his.

"Hey, Laban! Laban Pockett!" he shouted as Silas, the horse, turned slowly at the farther end of the field. "Don't you think the owner of the most valuable site on Patacookset shore might afford to sit down and take it easy a while?"

"Whoa, there, Silas! Can't neither—if you mean me. The way the frost catched aholt o' me, bendin' over to roll rock an' pry up roots for that dog-gone road, settin' pains me wuss'n standin', an' standin' wuss'n goin', Quintard! Blame thing's set me away back in my farmin' too. This here ownin' valyable property don't raise no grain for the stock nor no 'taters for Sue 'n' me, nor nothin' only extry taxes, so fur!"

"Selectmen raise your valuation?"

"More'n doubled it, so's I dunno how ever I'm a-goin' to pay the bill."

"What do you care? You'll sell the Pen now, before it's time to pay. It's worth more than I told you, now you've shown it up."

"Wal—I dunno what anybody wants to pay money for no such a rocky, windy, hell-swept old nubbin o' good-for-nothin' land for, but I hope I hain't wasted the best part of eight months' labor on it for nothin'. If anybody's fool enough to buy it, I wisht they could take it away with 'em. I swan, I hope I seen the last on it!"

"They'll buy it, fast enough. You wait a bit!"

"I be a-waitin'."

June brought the summer folks, swarming along in automobiles, more and more; July filled the hotels and boarding places, and Mr. Pockett was still waiting. He grew sullen, brooding over his lost labor and heavy tax bill. Trying to catch up with his work, he never left the farm, avoiding the Shoreway and the Pen. Mrs. Pockett, hopeful still, spoke no more of dreams to come true when the five thousand dollars should be theirs, fearing to irritate him.

One Saturday afternoon a car came purring up the lane and stopped at the gate. A little thin man sat at the wheel, a stout woman in the tonneau, and the man called to Laban, coming from the barn, and asked if he worked for Mr. Pockett.

"Boy an' man," said Laban.

"I am James T. Chidwick, of Chester," the little man announced. "I wish to see Mr. Pockett."

"You got your wish."

"What's that? What's that? I don't get you!" said Mr. Chidwick, frowning.

The lady interpreted. "He seems to mean that he is Mr. Pockett."

(Continued on Page 131)

Instant Knowledge of Position Through ELLIOTT-FISHER *Accounting Machines*
is the Key to BUSINESS CONTROL

INSTANT knowledge of the position of entrapped miners through modern means of communication is vital in making modern mining safe. The Elliott-Fisher accounting machine is the modern method of inter-department communication that gives to business executives of today instant knowledge of financial position. It is that instant, accurate knowledge of your business which enables you to control its destiny. The Elliott-Fisher machine is different from all others. It has a flat writing surface which makes it more adaptable than other machines. It can do more work, and more kinds of work. It has become standard accounting equipment in successful business enterprises all over the world, both large and small. A list of Elliott-Fisher users reads like a "Who's Who" of international business. In thirty-one years the service behind this fast, accurate and adaptable accounting machine has made the Elliott-Fisher Company the largest exclusive manufacturer of accounting machines in the world. Elliott-Fisher Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Branches in principal cities.

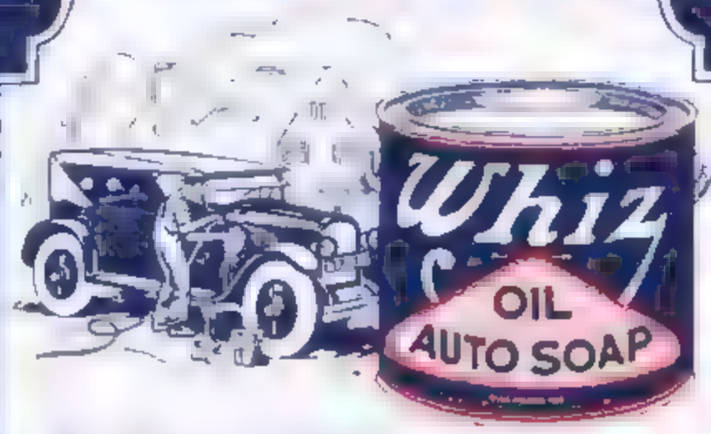
Kaufmann's, "The Big Store," Pittsburgh, says:
"... we have handled ... guarantees an instant accounting ..."

Service and Supplies are second only in importance to machines. You can depend absolutely on E-F Service and EFCO Supplies

Elliott - Fisher

ACCOUNTING MACHINES *with the* FLAT WRITING SURFACE

A Well-Kept Car Serves Longer



WASH IT RIGHT

To keep a car looking well, keep it clean. Mud and dirt, if not removed promptly, will spot and stain the finish. Cars washed with *Whiz Oil Auto Soap* are washed *right* - they retain their finish.

Whiz Oil Auto Soap is made from vegetable oils, is guaranteed to be pure and neutral, and not to damage any surface not affected by pure water.

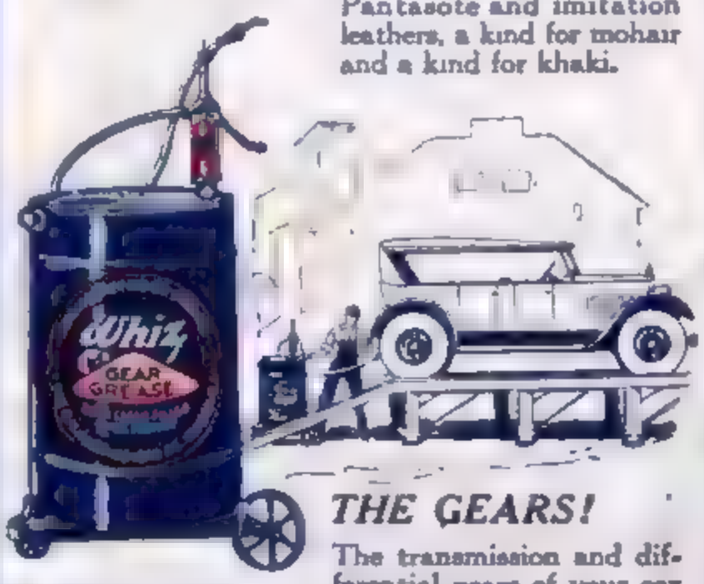
EASY TIRE REPAIRS

Until you use the *Whiz All Rubber Patch Outfit* you will never know how easily tire repairs may be made. The can bears complete instructions and contains everything you will need except a little gasoline. The patches are applied cold, grip instantly, hold permanently and stretch with the tube.

Carry a *Whiz All Rubber Patch Outfit* in your tool kit and be prepared.

RENEW THE TOP

Whiz Auto Top Dressing not only makes old tops look new, but water-proofs them and adds years to their usefulness - preserves them against wear and weather. It is easily applied and dries thoroughly over night. There is a kind for leather, Pantasote and imitation leathers, a kind for mohair and a kind for khaki.



THE GEARS!

The transmission and differential gears of your car are most vital and subject to very hard usage. Insure ease of operation and long life by using *Whiz Gear Grease*. It makes the gears function perfectly under all driving and weather conditions. It follows the gears - always forming a filmy cushion between the metal parts, preventing wear and noise.

The Same Age, But -

One has been neglected and looks it. The other, well-kept and almost like new. One owner *never* uses *Whiz* Products. The other knows from experience what we mean when we say, "*A Well-Kept Car Serves Longer*"

He knows that *Whiz* Auto Products add years of satisfactory service to the life of a car - that *they make old cars look new and keep new cars from looking old.*

It's the neglected "little things" that mar a car's appearance, and makes you and your family lose all pride in it. There is no excuse for it - *Whiz* Products are inexpensive and easy to use.

Be fair to your car. Use *Whiz* Auto Products. Over 103,000 dealers sell and recommend them. There are many of them for many needs - to mend and waterproof old tops and make them look new, to renew the appearance of cushions, to repair leaking radiators, to preserve and restore the beauty of the finish, to stop spring and body squeaks, to mend tires, to insure proper lubrication and for many other purposes.

Go to your dealer today and ask about *Whiz* Products. More than 41,000,000 packages were sold last year - *they must be good.*

THE R. M. HOLLINGSHEAD CO.
General Offices and Factories, Camden, New Jersey, U. S. A.
BRANCHES IN 42 PRINCIPAL CITIES

Whiz

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

98
QUALITY
PRODUCTS

Sold Everywhere—Ask Your Dealer

(Continued from Page 128)

"That's right, marm. I'm him."

Mr. Chidwick stared. "H'm! Not Mr. Pockett who is the owner of a sort of island or peninsula called the Pen?"

"Guess like enough I don't look to you like I wasn't the owner o' nothin', don't I?" said Mr. Pockett. "Wal, I be. Why?"

"Oh! Excuse me. I—er—understand the place is for sale."

"I'm here to sell it."

"Quite so, quite so. What's your price?"

Mr. Pockett took fright. He dared not name the incredible sum. How could any man be such a fool as to pay so much for that sorry bit of waste land and a view? The man would pay something, but ——

"Well? Well?" said Mr. Chidwick impatiently.

Mr. Pockett, still dumb, heard behind him his wife's amiable company drawl. "Guess Mr. Pockett don't hear ye. He's just a mite deef. Five thousand dollars is what he's askin'."

Mr. Chidwick glared and fidgeted. His wife put up a razorlike pair of eyeglasses and examined Mrs. Pockett.

Laban, fearing that all was lost, loyally supported his wife. "It's wuth it. Yes, sir, it's wuth it. Y'see, they's consid'able timber an' a blame good road ——"

"Yes, yes!" snapped Mr. Chidwick. "Whether it's worth it depends on whether I want it or not. If it suits me, I'll take it. If it don't, I won't. Can't tell till I've looked it over. Get in—here, in front. Now, where is it?"

"Lovely," sighed Mrs. Chidwick as the car rolled slowly between the hemlock pillars and came out on the neck. "That glorious lake! Those noble trees!"

"Consid'able cordwood," Mr. Pockett agreed, with rising hopes.

"Looks the very place for us," said Mr. Chidwick. "Secluded. A private road, Mr. Pockett? Not highway?"

"All private from the Shoreway out, an' the road goes with the rest on it."

"Good!"

The car rose to the wooded oval, rolled along to the loop and stopped. There, under the trees, were a dozen or more automobiles. Some fifty or sixty persons, men, women and children, were enjoying themselves after the innocent manner of their kind, sitting in groups upon the ground at lunch, strolling in couples, fishing from the shore, peeling birch bark.

Mr. Chidwick turned and looked at his wife; with sympathetic understanding she returned his gaze; together, with infinite distaste, they uttered the one word, "Trippers!"

Word, look and tone were lost upon Mr. Pockett; neither for the moment did he notice the peeled trees, the traces of burned-out fires here and there, nor the papers, boxes, rags, bags, bottles and all the refuse of a score of camps and picnics with which the place was strewn. Upon his mind vision and enlightenment were dawning. Plain on the license plates of the cars he saw the names of neighboring states—Mass., Vt., N. Y., Conn., of distant ones—Cal., Ky., Mich. He saw happy faces, men, women, children gathered there for pleasure. Just how that varied throng should have been drawn from far and near to choose that particular spot was beyond his understanding. The fact remained that they were there. The place was desirable and desired, popular and sought.

Delighted, he waved a hospitable hand. "Hey, folks! Make yerselves to hum! Clad to see ye here! Have a good time!"

Some of the nearest groups turned and looked. "Beaver!" squealed a young girl incomprehensibly. There was mirth, a pleasant murmur of voices.

"Well, well, well! Welcome to our fair city, Pop!" bawled a fattish man of middle age. The mirth increased.

Mr. Pockett was conscious of no derision. An inspired fit of salesmanship was upon him.

"There, Mr. Chidwick? You can see for yourself how folks like it here. Come here from all parts o' the country to enj'y theirselves. Guess I hain't put the price none too high—have I?"

"Let's get out of this!" The disgust in Mr. Chidwick's face and voice was not to be mistaken. He started the car, swung round the loop, sped over the neck and stopped at the Shoreway.

"You've a beautiful place there, Mr. Pockett. I'd have paid your price without hesitation—but it's spoiled, for me."

Mr. Pockett stared like a dumb creature in pain. "You—ain't a-goin' to buy it?"

"I am not."

Mrs. Chidwick leaned forward. "Mr. Pockett, we sold our old country place last fall. We loved it—we'd had so many, many happy summers there. We sold it because the neighborhood had become infested with trippers."

"Some insect?" asked Mr. Pockett, puzzled.

Mr. Chidwick gave a sort of bark. "Of the most pestiferous kind. Short for trespassers."

Mrs. Chidwick explained. "People like those on your land. They came in their cars. They wandered over our grounds, and picnicked there, and left their garbage and rubbish. They picked our flowers and stole our fruit. They cut and defaced our trees. They broke our hedges and shrubbery. Not all at once, of course, but gradually, from time to time, and it kept growing worse. We couldn't prevent it. The police couldn't. The trippers came from everywhere, and kept on coming, more and more. Now—we find the same conditions here. It's a beautiful place. Lovely! Lovely! But—they defile the face of Nature, Mr. Pockett, and their name is legion!"

"You mean—you'd like it only for the automobile folks an' the old cultch they've throwed around? Why, I'll clear 'em all out for ye—folks an' rubbage!"

"Not for me," said Mr. Chidwick. "I'm looking for a place where they don't come."

"Might find one up to Brocksledge," said Mr. Pockett bitterly. "They say Judge Whittemore up there wants to sell his farm. Only you couldn't git your own automobile within four mile o' there."

"That will bear looking into," said Mr. Chidwick to his wife. "But we'll take Mr. Pockett home first."

"I ain't a-goin' home, not yet. Was you, mebbe, goin' to Patacookset Village? Would it be any harm if I was to ride with ye that fur? I'm a-goin' to have the law on them—what was it you called 'em?—them trippers."

Mr. Chidwick's tone was skeptical. "Wish you luck!"

From Patacookset, late in the day, Mr. Pockett trudged homeward three miles along the Shoreway. A few years before, it had been a pleasant, quiet country road, sweet with the voices and fragrance of the woods. Now the rank taste and smell of gas with the dust of the whirring cars made him cough and wheeze; as night came on, their approaching lights blinded him as he stepped into the ditch to be out of their way; from several he was hailed with rude banter and shrill laughter.

At home, he went first to the barn. Everything was in order for the night.

"Wal, Laban, here you be! Is that man a-goin' to buy the Pen?"

"Hain't I told you fifty times over to leave them chores lay till I git home?"

"This makes fifty-one, then, Laban. Ain't they a-goin' to buy? Was five thousand too much? Had I ought to said less?"

Mr. Pockett flopped into a chair on the porch. "'Twarn't that, Sue. 'Twouldn't 'a' made no diff'unce if you'd 'a' made it one dime. He wouldn't take it as a free gift; an' I guess they won't nobody take it—way things is."

"Why—Laban!"

"This here Chidwick was all ready to pay five thousand. His woman commenced squealin' with joy when she seen it from the Shoreway. Only, come to git clear out on the Pen, there was a lot o' folks with automobiles from all over the United States, eatin' an' foolin', an' the hull place littered up with leavin's. Wal, sir, Susie, he quit right there!"

"He must 'a' been crazy!"

"Wal, I dunno. Chidwick he sold out where he was located, just 'cause them trippers kep' a-comin'. Claims once they git started you can't git rid on 'em."

"Why, Laban, 'course you can! They ain't got no business there!"

"No more has hen mites got no business on a hoss, but oncet on him, you can't hardly git 'em off."

"Can't you git 'em arrested?"

"Not for just treespassin'. I went on over to the village an' seen L'yer Hawkes about that. He—I dunno—I couldn't make much out'n his talk—only they warn't nothin' to do as he could see, wuth near what it'd cost. Looks like you 'n' me worked ourselves all to rags an' bones for nothin' only to pay extry high taxes on a free picnic an' campin' ground for everybody 'twixt here 'n' Californy."

Mrs. Pockett stood a moment staring out into the dark. "They's pork an' beans in the ovin," she said suddenly in a comfortable voice. "I'll go dish 'em up."

Mr. Pockett heard the oven door clang, the brisk clatter of dishes—something that sounded like a sob—a brave little snatch of song that quavered and broke—sobs unmistakable.

He went back into the kitchen. Mrs. Pockett, setting a steaming dish on the table, smiled up at him.

"There, there, Susie! You go on an' cry all you're a mind to. 'T'll do ye good, like as not. I'd jine ye if I knowed how!"

"Oh—Laban!" She hid her face against his shirt, his arms about her, a big hand patting her thin shoulder.

"There, there, Sue! It'll all come right, old gal. I'll make it. I'll keep them trippers out o' there if I have to stay right there an' shoo 'em off. We'll sell the Pen 'fore snow flies."

"Mebbe. I dunno."

"Yes, sir, Susie, we'll begin tomorrer. They'll be a lot on 'em around, bein' Sunday, an' I'm a-goin' right down there, fust thing."

"S'posin' the men git ugly an' act up? You can't do nothin' agin a gang on 'em, Laban."

"Wal—I ain't so spry as I was. I'll just tell 'em peaceable how I'm a-goin' to do a little mite o' shootin' on my land there pretty quick an' they better be some safer place. I'll take the shotgun along."

She thrust him away, holding him at arm's length, darting fire through the tears. "Laban!"

"Dunno's you got any call to say my name like it was a cuss word, Susie."

"Laban Pockett! You won't neither take no shotgun!"

"Wal, then, I won't."

"You won't! An' you aint' a-goin' down there without none neither. I know you, Laban! You think you're a-gittin' old, an' so you be, but you won't never be old enough to be let loose, bull mad in a crowd, gun or no gun!"

"What be I a-goin' to do, Susie? Set down an' be trompled?"

"You're a-goin' to set down an' eat your supper. Laban—sometimes—I hain't got no patience with you!"

The night brought counsel. Mr. Pockett arose at dawn and worked like a beaver. Before breakfast a stout gate of spruce poles closed his new road at its juncture with the Shoreway; it was locked with a heavy padlock; a sign forbade trespass.

"Guess they won't nobody dare bust that in. Whyn't I think to do it sooner?"

Flapjacks and maple sirup and his wife's approval awaited him.

"There, now—ain't you done better'n goin' to law or fightin'?" said Mrs. Pockett.

Mr. Pockett, with the content that follows surmounted tribulation, ate heartily, slept until noon and ate again.

It was not until afternoon that he missed his ax. He had left it, he remembered, in a clump of spruce where he had cut poles for the gate, and went over to recover it.

(Continued on Page 133)

Your Barber Will Tell You that

Koken's Tonique De Luxe

Is The Fine Hairdressing That Has Stood the Test of Time

KOKEN COMPANIES ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

A·R·G FORD FENDER BRACE

Every Ford Needs Them

Don't drive your Ford around with the fenders sagging and rattling. Install A R G Braces, front and rear, when your car is new—and you'll never regret it.

A. R. G. FENDER BRACES

improve the appearance of your Ford and prolong its life. They brace the whole body of the car. Made of drop-forged steel, and guaranteed to wear

Front Brace $2.50
Rear Braces, per pair $2.50

Sold by Dealers everywhere, or shipped postpaid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfied.

DEALERS: Write for liberal sales plan.

A. R. G. AUXILIARY SPRING CO.
Dept. P. Birmingham, Ala.

Works in Oil

Try one of these plugs in that oily cylinder, and see the difference. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* If your dealer cannot supply you order direct from us. State model of car **$1.50 Postpaid.**

DURO COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

DURO

The INTENSIFIED SPARK PLUG

PATENTS. Write for free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK". Send model or sketch of invention for Inspection & Instructions Free. Terms Reasonable.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D.C.

The Magic of Print

THE old patent-medicine fakir who held forth on street corners at night with his flambeau torch and his amazing, rapid-fire lingo knew well the magic of print. And the army of quacks who followed him have made use of the same magic. Most men and women accept without question *printed* statements which they might discredit were the same words *spoken*.

Never before in the known history of the world has there been such an orgy of fake "cures" as there is today. We are living in so wonderful an age—such marvelous scientific discoveries have been made—such amazing feats have been accomplished—that people believe almost anything is possible. The "quacks" are quick to take advantage of this credulity. You will find them trailing along in the wake of every announcement of important medical research, with false claims of their "discoveries", their fake mechanical appliances and special treatments, their "health institutes" and their offers of free diagnosis and treatment by mail.

"Read the Label!"

"DON'T take my word for it that this medicine will cure you! Don't take anybody's word! Read the label and see for yourself," the street corner patent-medicine fakir urged as he held up a bottle containing some colored liquid guaranteed to cure a long list of ailments and diseases. His confederate in the crowd asked to see a bottle—and then the sales began.

Millions for Fake "Cures"

Fake-medicine labels are more cautious than they used to be. The U.S. Government, through the Federal Food and Drugs Act, forbids false or misleading statements on the trade package. But this Act does not prohibit lying statements in advertisements, circulars, or window displays. The vultures who prey on the sick rarely exploit "cure-alls" today. They are too clever for that. Instead, they advertise various remedies each guaranteed to cure a specific disease—tuberculosis, cancer, diabetes, kidney trouble, blood diseases, skin eruptions, epilepsy and almost every other serious ailment. And the dollars—millions of them every year—roll in to enrich these ghoulish quacks whose profits are tolled from human lives. They trade upon the fear of death and heartlessly swindle the last penny from desperate, sick people.

But even worse than this theft of money is the murderous waste of precious time for which these quacks are responsible. Sick folk are pitifully easy victims. They experiment and hope—tragically—until it is too late. Waiting even a few weeks to try out a new patent medicine or a course of treatments at some dubious "health institute", may mean death which might have been prevented by the right medical care.

Cancer and Consumption "Cures"

Of late there has been a renewed wave of advertising of specific cancer and tuberculosis "cures"—the most despicable and cruel of all frauds perpetrated upon sick people. No medicine has ever been found that can be depended upon to cure these diseases—despite seemingly substantiated claims of manufacturers. Testimonials count for little. Many quacks are still using testimonials signed by people who died years ago from the very diseases of which they claimed they had been cured.

When a cure for tuberculosis or cancer *is* found it will not be necessary for the discoverer to advertise. Any experimenter who finds a remedy for either of these scourges will be acclaimed the greatest benefactor of our generation. Magazines and newspapers everywhere will shout the glorious news of his discovery. Instead of being crowded away in a few inches of advertising space, the story will blaze in front-page headlines! Do not be deceived by the magic of print. Avoid advertised "cures". If you are sick see your doctor.

Although no specific remedy for the cure of tuberculosis has been found at the time this is written and scientists are working constantly on the problem—there are literally hundreds of nostrums offered to the public as guaranteed cures.

Against this cruel exploitation of the sick, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company invites the cooperation of editors and publishers everywhere.

It is true that the tuberculosis death rate has been reduced about 50% during the past ten years and each year shows an improvement. This great battle is being won by a campaign of education through which people are being taught that although tuberculosis cannot be cured by medicine it can be prevented and even checked in its early stages and perhaps be permanently arrested—by fresh air, sunshine, rest and the right kind of nourishing food.

Booklets giving recent and authoritative information concerning tuberculosis and cancer will be mailed free upon request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 131)

Halfway down the lane, beside his blueberry patch, stood a small car. Two well-dressed women were picking his berries; they had several quarts.

"You fond of blueberries?" he asked at length.

The taller woman gave a slight scream and an indignant glance, and went on picking. The other, who was pretty and aware of it, put on a baby face.

"But naturally," said she.

"Wal—so be I. An' them are mine."

"Oh—I thought they were wild!" the pretty one explained.

"Of course," said the other coldly, "we were not aware that they belonged to anyone."

"You can dump 'em on that there flat rock. I need 'em. An' please to take your automobile off my land."

"Come, Margaret," said the sour one, "before the person grows still more impertinent."

"Hush, Elizabeth," said the sweet one; "I don't think he means to be. Please, sir, is there no wild land near here—that doesn't belong to anybody? Where everybody can pick berries?"

"So fur as I know, land in civilized countries is mostly owned. So's berries."

"We are so sorry for trespassing," said the pretty one, getting into the driver's seat and taking the wheel.

"We—are—not!" cried the other as the car departed, taking the berries.

"What in time is schools for?" was Mr. Pockett's reflection. He felt, however, unusually well that afternoon—well fed, well rested, hopeful, free, in the dry July heat, from any reminder of rheumatism.

He picked up his ax and went on to look again at his morning's handiwork.

The gate, torn from the posts, hinges and staple, lay beside the road; the sign was broken and defaced.

The ax shook in his grasp.

"Dang my hide an' horns! Now who done that? I swan to man! I bet I locked somebody in an' they had to bust out!"

A touring car rolled past and out along the neck to the Pen.

As he watched it with growing wrath, he smelt the sharp sweet odor of burning pine. The light breeze blew from the Pen; the fire was there; a dark smoke arose from among the trees.

He hurried toward it. Remembering Mrs. Pockett's admonitions of the night before, he put down his ax and went on.

On the oval, near the loop of the road, was the car that had just passed; beyond it were two big passenger trucks.

Several tents stood near the shore; the largest bore a red banner with an inscription in black:

THE DEAD GAME SPORTS CLUB

A fire was burning merrily within the loop, scorching the trunk of the big beech; a dozen men were gathering dead limbs, feeding the flame.

Ugly voices were on the air. A tough lot—the Dead Game Sports, of Milchester, on their annual outing.

The touring car had turned the loop and stood, with drumming engine, headed out toward the neck.

A tall man of middle age, heavy and strongly built, in tan Norfolk and knickerbockers, stood beside it; in the back sat two young women.

They watched Mr. Pockett's approach with a cool interest that helped to madden him. He stopped breathless, confronting the man.

"Who give you leave to be here? You take your automobile an' your womenfolks an' git out!" he barked between gasps.

"My dear sir!" said the stranger mildly. "I was about to do so, but your manner makes it a little difficult—doesn't it?"

"In other words," said the younger woman, leaning forward with a smile that must under ordinary circumstances have won Mr. Pockett, or any other man, "be nice to us and say 'Please'!"

Smile and words were merely one blur to Mr. Pockett, who hurried on to the group about the fire.

"Put out that fire!" he yelled.

The Dead Game Sports turned upon him the half-closed eyes and protruding jaws affected by members of that organization as the marks of their dead gameness, the insignia of the very hard-boiled.

Mr. Pockett elbowed in among them, thrusting them aside, stamping out the spreading edges of the fire, kicking at the burning sticks.

"Don't set yer old w'iskers afire," someone advised carelessly.

Mr. Pockett was jerked backward, staggered grotesquely, recovered his balance and stood panting, speechless, glaring.

The Dead Game Sports exchanged appreciative winks and sidelong nods of understanding. Here was regular stuff, amusing, safe and wholesome—an old country fool, alone, futile, standing up to the membership of the toughest little club in the tough little city of Milchester.

"Bugs," someone explained.

A fat man in a moist pink silk shirt, near-Panama and presumably once white trousers, stood forth and, chewing his cigar, looked Mr. Pockett over with critical eyes. He spat.

"Say, m'friend! Thuss is a gemp'man's private party, see? And no hicks ain't invited. Beat it!"

Mr. Pockett had recovered breath enough to answer.

"This here's my private ground! An' I'll beat somethin', blame quick, if ye don't git off'n it!"

"Ah, go tie yerself out!" said a member. Others offered unprintable suggestions.

Mr. Pockett's voice came back to him full and strong. "You dirty hounds!" he roared with a stride forward. "Get out o' here, an' keep on goin' till ye git to hell!"

The foremost of them drew back a little. A long pale youth with incredibly broad shoulders swaggered up to him.

"Who ya talkin' to?"

"I'm a-talkin' to a pack o' dog-gone fools 't hain't got no more sense 'n to set a fire in my woods—an' you're one on 'em!"

It must be said in extenuation of the young man's act that he was anæmic, weak, that he was hard put to maintain that reputation for dead gameness the club demanded in its members, that he was somewhat confused by the influence of extremely poor liquor.

"No man hands me that line o' talk and gets away with it," said he, and struck Mr. Pockett a back-handed blow across the mouth.

The blow, although as a measure of attack it left much to be desired, was potent in an unexpected way. It wrought a little miracle, conferring upon Mr. Pockett's aged frame a flaming instant of complete rejuvenation.

His heavy, knotted fist swung in a smashing uppercut, the young man fell hard, the sharp stub of a dead limb, weather-hardened, projecting from the trunk of a tree, caught his temple as he fell, tearing away skin and flesh, bruising the bone.

The other Dead Game Sports backed away. Their toughness was not quite of the heroic order; they had not expected this, and needed space for readjustment of ideas.

The miserable lad lay still, blood on his pale face, rather a horrid object, for the inordinate padding of his jacket, set awry by his fall, gave a grotesque effect of dislocation.

Mr. Pockett, long unused to violence other than that of weather, tremulous with reaction from his rage, aghast at the result of his blow, bent over the pitiful body and touched it with a shaking hand.

"I hope—I hain't—harmed ye none," he faltered. "But—you hadn't really ought to hit an old feller like me."

This seemed to the Dead Game Sports more in keeping with the fitness of things. It was one of the unwritten articles of their fraternity that members should stand by a fellow member in a pinch. They were not, they felt, the men to stand by and see one of their number mishandled by a hick or rube.

They began to give tongue, defiling the fragrant summer air with vile abuse. Other members were coming up from the tents and shore.

"Croak the old hellion!" "Rush him, boys!"

Mr. Pockett stood fast, breathing hard, his big fists a little lifted, ready for their share in the mauling.

Something else happened. Past him, from the rear, a compact, tan-colored mass hurled itself bull-like into the group, upsetting three with the first impact, wheeling, charging again with massive shoulders, smashing right and left with mighty fists on rib and wind and jaw. Right and left the Dead Game Sports tumbled, scattered; a strong hand gripped Mr. Pockett's arm, whirled him about, dragged him along; he was thrust bodily up into the touring car; a voice panted beside him:

"Wind isn't what it was—fun while it lasted—too many of 'em, though—better hop it 'fore they pull themselves together!"

"Jackie," said the older woman, laughing, "you're almost as good as new!"

"And they told me I had flat feet and a murmur!" said the stalwart Jackie, shaking his curly head. "Haven't had such fun since that last and only touchdown in the '04 game. 'Member, Isabel? Wind isn't up to much though. Wow!"

The younger woman touched Mr. Pockett lightly on the sleeve.

"Are you quite all right, sir? Those beasts didn't hurt you?"

"Me? No'm—yas'm—I mean, no, I be."

"Hurt him, Kittie?" laughed Jackie. "Hurt a man that carries an uppercut like that? The cleanest knock-out I ever saw, sir!"

"Jack!" said Isabel. "They're up to something back there. Better step on it."

The car rolled away. As it passed along the neck, inspiration seized upon Mr. Pockett. There is one law, well known and blessed by every farmer in the state, that he who sets a fire in or near a woodland without leave of a forest warden is food for the penitentiary and liable to heavy fine.

"Lemme out here, lemme out!" he begged as they reached the Shoreway. "Wait an' I'll show ye somethin'!" he called back as he made for his ax.

A great hemlock beside the new road leaned slightly toward it. Mr. Pockett swung the ax. Long ago he had been called the best axman on Timbertop; he had not lost his skill.

The sharp bit took the chips out steadily; in a few minutes the great tree quivered to the top, swayed, groaned at the heart, and with a roar from the rushing top and a thundering crash of boughs and thud of trunk on earth, lay across the road.

Mr. Pockett drew the back of his hand over his forehead and returned to the car.

"If them trippers hain't got a cross-cut amongst 'em, or a sharp, man's-size ax with a mighty handy man to use it, they won't git them automobiles out till I'm a mind to let 'em," he explained. "Now if I can git the constable 'fore they make up their minds to quit an' walk home—we got 'em."

"Jump in, dear sir. Which way?"

"Straight as you're headed, three mile to Patacookset Village."

The car jumped—it seemed to Mr. Pockett that the village flew up and encompassed it. A majestic figure in blue and brass halted the speeding car and rumbled in ponderous rebuke.

Mr. Pockett interrupted: "Say, Joe, you want to come on over to the Pen with plenty help an' arrest about a dozen trippers been havin' a fire in the woods. This man'll tell ye all about it. I'm goin' to swear ye out a warrant."

"Fire in the woods? Are they there yet? Don't need no warrant if they be."

"You bet they be. I got 'em kind o' bottled."

The chief constable of Patacookset vanished; his voice was heard from within the corner drug store booming out orders over the telephone.

The Bristles can't come out. They are held forever in a grip of Vulcanized hard Rubber

ALL DEALERS 35¢ TO $10.00

Ever-Ready
Sterilized ~ Guaranteed
SHAVING BRUSHES

SANFORD'S
The Original
FOUNDTAIN PEN
INK

ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

NAIL CLIPPERS
Gem

MEN—
Thousands of men everywhere carry this convenient pocket manicure on watch chain or key ring. Cuts easily and quickly. Keeps finger nails trim and clean. Pocket size 35c at drug and cutlery stores or write us.
THE H. C. COOK CO., Ansonia, Conn.

HOWARD'S IDEAL BATHING CAP
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
A neat tight head shape pure gum rubber bathing cap. Smart. Smooth fitting. Long wearing. Natural rubber color only. Each cap packed in sanitary glassine envelope. Four sizes: Misses, Women's, Bobbed Hair, Boys for children, and Bobbed Hair Boys' size. At best stores or one dollar, postpaid direct from
$1.00
RALPH M. PIPER, MARYSVILLE, OHIO
Sole Distributor

ERICKSON LEGS
Warranted not to Chafe
Beginners Get our Test Leg Booklet Free
E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Washington Avenue N.
Minneapolis, Minn.
The Beginning—1917

CLARK'S 6TH CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD
Superb Laconia Jan 23 incl Hilo. Peking 138 Days, $1251 to $1500. MEDITERRANEAN new Transylvania Jan 30 incl Lisbon Jan 15 to Piraeus Egypt 62 days $600 to $1150. SOUTH AMERICA to Buenos Aires new S S California, Feb 4 50 days, $550 to $1250. Norway in 1920 $550 to $1300.
Longest experienced management.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

"I will take mine ease in mine Inn"

MANY well-travel'd Persons do tell us that The Benjamin Franklin is unique amongst the Hostelries they visit. Since, as they affirm, here is found both Old-fashion'd Hospitality and New-fashion'd Convenience.

In Truth, it is our Aim to make this an Inn where every Guest shall feel at Ease and at Home. The Public Rooms are designed not to Overawe with Extravagant Splendor, but rather to Please with Refinement of Decoration and Invite with Solid Comfort.

So, Too, the Guest Rooms are made Homelike and Restful, with an atmosphere Residential rather than Institutional. And so, many Philadelphians do make their Permanent Homes in this House.

A great Inn this is, indeed, with Guest Rooms numbering over Twelve Hundred; yet Personal Attention is assured to Everyone by a Floor Clerk on each floor, with but an Hundred rooms to Serve.

Here you are promis'd Warm Welcome, Courtesy, Alert Attention to your Needs, and Thought upon your Comfort, Always.

Each guest room has outside light and air, bath and circulating ice water.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street

DIRECTION HOTELS CO OF AMERICA
Operating the largest chain of modern, fireproof hotels in the world

Horace Leland Wiggins, *Managing Director*
Charles F. Wicks, *Resident Manager*

A truck, equipped for forest-fire service and manned by six firemen, roared round the corner and halted. The populace began to gather; the chief came out, swept the throng with a discriminating gaze and chose ten of Patacookset's best and bravest. A huge covered van arrived, the ten climbed in; the touring car, honored by the addition of the chief constable to its passenger list, led the way; truck and van followed to the Pen.

About the fallen hemlock stood a sullen swarm of Dead Game Sports, muttering specifications as to the fate of the obstructionist when caught, uttering maledictions, calling upon the powers of evil to assist in his discomfiture, watching two of their number who hacked despondently at the tree with hatchets.

"Hey!" cried Mr. Pockett, alighting and advancing. "Leave that be, will ye?"

The Dead Game Sports surged forward with hostile demonstrations, but wilted at sight of the blue uniform and ominous buttons of the chief.

"Pick 'em out," said he, and Mr. Pockett, corroborated in each instance by the energetic Jack, identified six. They were herded into the van, all but the injured youth, who, whether from the effect of Mr. Pockett's uppercut or that of remedies administered out of private stock by sympathetic friends, was unable to walk and had to be carried, chanting at intervals:

"I'm a hard-boiled egg
With a busted shell ——"

The rest of the Dead Game Sports, unaccused of crime and clamoring against the iniquity of their detention, were permitted, on payment of a joint consideration of twenty-five dollars to Mr. Pockett for the privilege, to chop and saw a way through his tree with tools borrowed from the forest-fire equipment, and depart in their trucks in the dignity of innocence, threatening vengeance.

The chief constable, with his six prisoners and their guards, set out in the van for Penstock jail at the county seat; the firemen, having dealt officially with the smoldering embers of the fire, roared away home.

"Mr. Pockett," said the man Jack, "my first name is doubtless known to you by now; my other name is Blair. Mr. Pockett, Mrs. Blair; our sister, Miss Mavis. We have to thank you for the fullest, gladdest afternoon of our existence. Crown the day by letting us take you home."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Blair, "what a charming little old house!"

"Think so, marm? Wal—ain't no doubt about it bein' little an' old anyhow. Come in, folks, won't ye, an' let Mis' Pockett feed us some blueberries an' cream right cold out o' the spring house."

While this came to pass and the younger women, chattering gayly, thrilled Mrs. Pockett with an account of the afternoon's events, Blair was thoughtful, gazing out of the window.

"Mr. Pockett," said he at parting, "we weren't just trespassing when you found us down there. Could you—be persuaded to sell your farm here—house and all?"

"Me? Could I! Wal—but I swan, you'll have to ask my wife. I dassn't. Y'see, she's got a kind o' what you'd call sentimental 'tachment for the place. You know how 'tis."

"I know," said Mrs. Blair. "And that's nice of you, Mr. Pockett."

"I'd like to sell ye the Pen, though—where we was today."

Blair shook his head.

"Not large enough. It's perfect for a house site and home grounds."

"And doubly endeared to you by historic associations since this afternoon, Jack," said Miss Mavis.

"He had the time of his life," said Mrs. Blair.

"True. But I need more land. Got to have a golf course. Not for myself—you and I are not old enough yet to imagine golf is exercise, Mr. Pockett—but for my wife and sister and their guests. Ouch! And I want a place where I can keep a man to take care of things."

"And a cow," said Mrs. Blair.

"And chickens," said her sister. "Live chickens that lay eggs and crow at dawn."

"'Twouldn't do no hurt to ask an' see how she takes it," said Mr. Pockett doubtfully. "Susie!"

"Wal?" inquired Mrs. Pockett, appearing on the porch.

"Mrs. Pockett! Your husband—and it's very nice and loyal of him—positively declines to sell this farm—house and all—unless you are quite willing. I hardly dare ask if you will part with this home of yours."

Mrs. Pockett stared.

"Part with it? Land alive, woman! That's been my one ambition in life ever since I come here as a bride!"

"H'm!" said Mr. Pockett. "You hain't never said nothin' about no such ambition before."

"'Twarn't attainable—before."

"That settles it then, if —— What's your price, Mr. Pockett?"

"Wal—now ——"

"Sixty-five hundred dollars," said Mrs. Pockett calmly. "Five thousand for the Pen—you'll find that's real cheap, come to figger on water front, the way shore property's sellin' here—an' one thousand five hundred for the farm—stock, tools an' furnishin's throwed in." Her gaze grew tender with the happy light of eyes that look on a beloved home at a weary journey's end. "An' I'm a-goin' to git us a little store down to the village, where Laban an' me can sell notions to the summer folks, an' I hope for your custom when we git a-goin'."

Mr. Blair's sturdy frame had seemed to stagger ever so little, but recovered as he felt the gentle pressure of his wife's hand on his and heard her dovelike murmur, inarticulate but conveying with all the force and distinctness of spoken words the message, "Take it, pig, or I'll make you wish you had!"

"I am sure your store will be a success, Mrs. Pockett," said he rather pensively. "Well, Mr. Pockett, as soon as the deed is ready."

"You ain't the man to let them trippers scare ye off, be ye?" said Mr. Pockett, comparing Blair favorably with Mr. Chidwick, of Chester.

"Ah, but we're trippers ourselves, Mr. Pockett," said Miss Mavis.

"That's so. I'm going to change the name of the Pen," said Blair thoughtfully. "I think we'll call it—The Tripper Trap."

Your telephone – product of magnifying glass standards

"CHECK it up with a magnifying glass", is a frequent rule in making Western Electric telephone apparatus.

Indeed there are here many manufacturing operations of so delicate a nature that they are carried on entirely under a glass. The filament of a switchboard lamp, for instance, is one-sixth the thickness of a human hair.

Eternal vigilance down to the smallest detail is the price of a good telephone. Western Electric practices this at every stage of the work from the careful selection of raw material all the way through to the final inspection.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Note the luxurious leather upholstery of this special cabriolet by Le Baron, on Pierce-Arrow chassis. The exterior of this car is shown below.

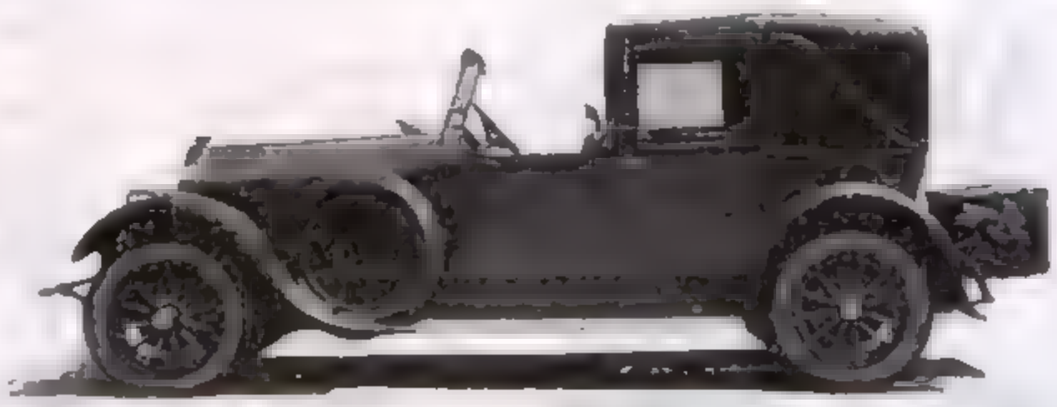
APPROPRIATE

An instinctive insistence upon the *appropriate* marks the man or woman of position.

Hence, among the leaders everywhere, it is inevitable that their choice fall upon leather as the material for the upholstery of their closed cars—just as it is unthinkable that they should prefer any material other than leather for their shoes.

Nothing takes the place of
LEATHER

The correct shoe of today wins its beauty through *simplicity* of line and *integrity* of materials. All leather, of course. And with that happy combination of style and service which only American makers seem able to attain.



Nothing takes the place of
LEATHER

You see the beauty of leather upholstery at a glance—but only use can show you its superior comfort, cleanliness, and endurance. Leather, always the upholstery material *par excellence* of the custom body builder, is found in the smartest closed cars.

CHOCK-GEE, NO GOT

(Continued from Page 13)

American village which fringes the Pacific at the international line.

From Imperial Beach one smuggler drove a scout automobile over a little-used back-country route, diagonally across the fan, to locate the stations of immigration patrols then on duty. Finding one road clear he returned to Imperial Beach, where he picked up his partner and the three aliens, then started north again by this road. Near Warner's Ranch, more than sixty miles inland, the smugglers drove straight into the arms of an immigration patrol which had chanced to take station on that road after the scout work had been completed.

To the immigration officers the good fortune of their catch rested not so much upon the taking of prisoners as it did upon the identities of the smugglers involved. The pair were known to have been engaged in running Chinese for the smuggling syndicate which supervises most all such endeavors of a strictly professional nature.

"If those fellows have quit Chink shoving and have turned to the European racket," one of the officers declared, "it's safe to assume that the Europeans are adopting the Chinese methods. That means an organization such as the Chinese have perfected, and that means a tougher job for us."

The Land of "Plenty Dolla"

There is in existence, with headquarters in California and agencies in every large city in the United States and China, a company backed by American-Chinese capital and engaged exclusively in financing the smuggling of Chinese into this country. In China an individual decides to cut loose from the wheel of hopeless squalor and to try his luck in the land of "plenty dolla." He makes known this desire at the nearest agency of the finance company and there virtually sells himself into slavery for $1500, gold—that is, he gives bond for that amount, from which he will be discharged only when it has been paid out in cash and with usurious interest to the company in the United States. No matter where in this country he afterward may live and work, his wages, less a pittance allowed for living, will be the property of the company until principal and interest have been paid. As your laundryman can tell you if he will, the Chinese knows too much about the tong-and-highbinder systems to harbor any delusions concerning possible evasion of the debt.

With the bond arranged—in some cases guaranty is required from the emigrant's entire family, including cousins—Lee, or whatever his name may be, is placed aboard a vessel which lands him on the Mexican coast, where he is met by another company agent, who takes him to Ensenada, Tia Juana, Mexicali, or some other town in Lower California, unless Chinese chance at the time to be noticeably numerous in the village, in which event the prospective border runner may be cached at an outlying ranch. Word is sent to the company's headquarters that Lee is awaiting transportation across the line. The office checks up on Lee's bond, which by this time has been received through the mails, and sends word to the agent in Mexico that Lee may be turned over to an American who at a certain time will be at a designated point on Mexican soil armed with proper credentials.

Company agents in other California cities now call in professional smugglers—they work customarily in pairs—who have notified the agent that they are awaiting assignment. The smugglers receive papers which call for delivery to them in Mexico of as many Chinese as they are willing to handle on one trip, the numbers running from two in a load to as many as sixteen. They receive also a sum for expenses based upon the distance from the Mexican line at which they are hired and upon the point in the United States to which they contract to deliver the contraband. They are told where and when the agent will meet them in Mexico, and from then on Lee's fate is in the smugglers' hands.

Whether or not Lee attains his heart's desire and residence in the United States, his $1500 debt is now binding until paid. If the luck is bad and Lee is caught, he is returned to China, where he has about as much chance of earning $1500, gold, in a lifetime as the family goldfish have of growing into whales.

If, however, Lee's smugglers are successful and he becomes in time a full-fledged "box-car native"—as his enemies of the immigration service call him—he is then faced with the task of disarming suspicion for the balance of his days. Methods for solving this problem in which he is instructed by fellow countrymen, and which include everything from a counterfeit chock-gee to a counterfeit mother in San Francisco—probably a Chinese slave-woman, who lays claim to more offspring of the Lee variety than she can count—are so numerous that they cannot be detailed here. But with his safe arrival in the haven of his choice, or the one which the company may have selected for him, Lee's smuggling bond becomes negotiable paper.

Of the $1500 in principal, the company pays $500 in cash to the smugglers who transported Lee across the line. For the rest, there has been the expense of steerage passage from China to Mexico, Lee's keep while awaiting the smugglers, salaries and commissions to agents who had a part in the deal, the smugglers' expense money, and finally, after the overhead has been cared for, the enormous profit to the astute financiers who hold stock in the smuggling combine.

Within recent years very few Chinese have attempted to enter the United States through channels other than those provided by the syndicate. One reason has been that professional smugglers employed by the company offer the best chances of success in running the border guard; another is that the Chinese have learned from the bitter experiences of those who have tried it that there is grave danger in carrying upon their persons the money necessary to finance an independent smuggling deal.

When Smugglers are Cornered

Only the other day I chanced to be in an immigration office while five newly captured Chinese and their two smugglers were being searched. The five aliens spoke dialects representative of such widely scattered parts of China that communication among themselves was almost impossible and the whole five did not assay a total of ten dollars cash.

It may be worthy of note also that the two smugglers were old hands at the game; one had been released from a Federal penitentiary less than three months before, after legal expiation of another smuggling enterprise.

Some idea of what may happen to the alien who does attempt to finance his own way across the Mexican line may be gained from the experience of one quintet whose venture came to a disastrous end. Occupants of a ranch house near Mountain Springs were awakened one night by a Chinese who had crawled to their door with eleven knife wounds in his body. The ranchers summoned immigration officers, who followed the wounded man's trail for two miles back across the desert to a spot in Mexico where they found the bodies of four other Orientals who had been stabbed to death and robbed. In this case the smugglers evidently had preferred to risk wholesale murder in Mexico at $500 a head rather than capture by the United States border guard. The wounded Chinese told the inspectors that he, too, had been robbed and left for dead, the men who had been hired to smuggle him going so far as to knock out of his upper jaw several gold teeth which had been put in by an American missionary-dentist in China. He displayed the toothless cavity to support this declaration.

For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee may be peculiar, but he is a rank novice, the immigration inspectors believe, alongside the desperado who, for a price, will help him across the Mexican line into this land of unanimous Oriental desire. The smuggler of human contraband tops the bootleggers' social scale. To the immigration official he is known as a bad man to tackle, and by him is accorded a respect commensurate with the risk that may be involved in his capture. An incident which occurred a few months back on the main highway between Tia Juana and San Diego offers an all-sufficient characterization of the men and women whom the immigration service must combat.

Two Chinese Sardines

The United States Customs House and Immigration Inspection Station on the California side of the international boundary at Tia Juana are at the edge of a highway connecting two villages of that name—one a hamlet in the United States, the other in old Mexico. A few feet to the south of the stations a barbed-wire fence marks the border line for some distance on either side of the road, at which point there is a gate for the use of travelers.

On a quiet afternoon when little business of international scope was in progress half a dozen American inspectors of the various frontier services who were lounging in the shade of the station piazzas saw a roadster automobile of expensive make roll in from Mexico and stop for examination. In the driver's seat was a man of appearance in keeping with the evident costliness of his conveyance, and at his side a fashionably dressed young woman of more than ordinary attractiveness. The two were catalogued mentally as wealthy sightseers, and the officials anticipated nothing unusual as they arose to go through with the routine inspections.

The immigration officer finished in short order; the rakish, narrow lines of the automobile body, its palpable lack of space for the concealment of a child, precluded suspicion; there was no rear compartment and the trunk rack was empty. The prohibition officer noted that neither the man nor the woman had been drinking. Customs Inspector Al Schlanze made the usual inquiries concerning purchases in Mexico and went over the car with skill born of long training in the detection of smugglers' dodges, examined all pockets and seemingly possible hiding places, then stood back with a reassuring "That's all."

The driver of the roadster pressed his starter and went into low gear, but as he tried to shift to second he experienced some difficulty with his clutch. He shot a furtive look at Schlanze and tried again with his gear lever. The clutch continued to balk and the woman voiced an ejaculation quite out of keeping with her previous demeanor, in which the inspector caught something more than anger or impatience. Another look from the driver roused Schlanze to action.

"Hooch!" he yelled over his shoulder, and leaped for the running board of the car. The driver jammed his gears into high, but as the car plunged into racing speed Schlanze caught an iron brace supporting the top and pulled himself to a standing position to the rear of the roadster door. A forty-five-caliber bullet tore through the side panel of the car and ripped through the officer's sleeve. It was followed by half

Smothers Flies!

POISONOUS insecticides are dangerous. Flyosan contains no poisonous ingredient. It *cannot* harm you or the household pets. Yet no poison can be more deadly to flies, roaches, bedbugs, moths or ants.

Spray Flyosan into the air and no insect can live even in the crevices of walls or floors. Flyosan coats over their breathing surfaces and smothers them to death almost instantaneously.

COLONIAL CHEMICAL CORP.
Reading, Penna.

Flyosan

SAFE INSECTICIDE
FLIES BY THE ROOMFUL

Mosquitoes, Roaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants
Moths and other Insect Pests

BILL

Movies	25¢
Soda	10¢
Ball Game	50¢
Top	10¢

Boys' Fun Bill Paid by Us!

YOU need pocket money for real boys' fun and we'll pay you cash every week as commission for selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. In addition, you can get valuable Prizes *without cost*. We'll help any boy (in U. S.) who writes TODAY to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Sales Division
725 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

To earn over $100.00 weekly on liberal cash commission basis as local representative for nationally known line of personal and business Christmas Greeting Cards and Stationery monogrammed. Send references with application for territory at once to DEPT. A. THE PROCESS ENGRAVING COMPANY, Inc. Crawford Ave. at 18th St., Chicago, Ill

11,000 Banks sell the

Official Travelers' Cheques

Of the American BANKERS Association

A·B·A American BANKERS Association Cheques

"TRAVEL MONEY"

Buy them at your own bank.

Most widely used: 650,000 travelers last year cashed 6,000,000 A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheques totaling $136,500,000. Carried all over the world by experienced travelers.

Safer than money to carry on the person while traveling

Easy to cash: Accepted by hotels, shops, banks and ticket offices at home and abroad. Cashed in foreign countries at current rates of exchange. No necessity for changing funds carried in A B A Cheques when crossing frontiers. A convenient way to carry travel funds because not dependent upon banks or banking hours. Cashable day and night, business day and holiday

Easy to use: You sign them all when you get them. You sign each one again when you use it, in the presence of the person who cashes it. That's all

Handy: Provided in small, compact bill folds in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Light and easy to carry

Nice to handle: Clean, crisp, fresh and handsome as new bank-notes

An identification: Your countersignature enables you to identify yourself, saving you the embarrassment of having a personal check refused, and avoiding annoying delays

Good for customs: Officially authorized by the U. S. Government for acceptance in payment of customs duties.

Like the Magic Carpet, A B A Travelers Cheques take you wherever you want to go

FREE TRAVEL BOOKLET

Ask your own bank for the A·B·A (American BANKERS Association) Travelers' Cheque booklet, "Travel Trails," which contains information valuable to all travelers. Or write us direct.

The Agent for the payment of all American BANKERS Association Travelers' Cheques is

BANKERS TRUST COMPANY

NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

a dozen more shots as rapidly as an automatic pistol could belch them. Schlanze doesn't know to this day whether the man or the woman fired the gun.

Throwing his body backward as far as he might and still keep his hold on the brace, the customs officer sent a fusillade from his own pistol through the back panel of the car top in the direction of the driver's seat.

With a wild lurch that hurled Schlanze across the highway, the big car plunged into the roadside ditch. The woman screamed once and was silent.

The officer limped over to join the other inspectors who had run to the scene of the wreck. Together they pulled the man and woman from their seats and picked up a forty-five-caliber automatic pistol from the floor of the roadster. The man was dead. The woman had been stunned when her head was thrown against the windshield.

Careful survey of the automobile convinced the border officers that whatever contraband might be stored in the machine must be concealed in the body structure, and search revealed a V-shaped compartment with an opening cunningly contrived beneath the seat. They ripped into this with the expectation of finding a quantity of liquor, and discovered two Chinese curled up in a space which had been specially designed to accommodate two fully grown persons who might be willing to travel like sardines in a can.

Even after the Chinese stood in the road the inspectors found it hard to believe that they had been crammed into the space from which they had been taken. The Orientals jabbered volubly to each other for a moment, glanced at the body of the man to whom their transportation had been intrusted and relapsed into stony unconcern. Later they were deported.

Efforts to learn the true identities of the man and the woman proved fruitless, although the woman admitted that they had been working for the syndicate. Flattered by the admiration which the officers expressed over the design of the automobile, she stated that her partner and she had made thirteen trips across the Mexican border and return from Los Angeles and points north and that on each trip but the last had run the gantlet of immigration patrols with their quota of two Chinese at the standard pay of $500 a head. On the strength of twelve successful ventures they had purchased their expensive car and had rebuilt the rear end to suit their further purpose. A moment later the prisoner was equally chagrined to hear that her own ejaculation at the delay in gear shifting had much to do with the disastrous ending of the first expedition in the new car. At her trial she refused to give any additional details of her connection with the syndicate and was sentenced to three and a half years in prison. Her flashy roadster was sold at public auction.

The Use of a Scout Car

While the methods employed by white smugglers in freighting aliens into California are as varied as the minds which conceive them, the automobile at present appears to furnish the motive power of most plots calculated to out-fox the immigration authorities. Cars utilized range from ancient flivvers to the most expensive machines of high power and luxurious equipment. To combat the motorized smuggling expeditions the immigration service has worked out a system of road patrols by which a constant check is maintained on all traffic moving north along the main highways which cross the fan. Patrol of the by-roads is only as effective as the number of men available for the work will allow.

Use of a scout car seems to be standard strategy with the alien smuggler who operates by automobile. In this, just prior to an attempt to run his human contraband north, one smuggler rides alone over the fan to locate current stands of the immigration patrols. After he has worked out a route that is clear of inspectors, the smuggler speeds back to the hiding place near the border where the aliens have been concealed, picks up his load and his partner, then makes his dash for it, hoping that in the meantime no patrol will have moved to the route which he has chosen. As the immigration men, in seeking to overcome the handicap imposed by lack of numerical strength, are constantly shifting their stations day and night, there is something of zest to this game. Some of the shifting may be done in line with predetermined plans, but much of it simply follows hunches on the part of the officials. It is rather remarkable how often these hunches lead to results.

Immigration Patrolmen Nukols and Montgomery followed a hunch one night and moved their stand to Oak Grove, a crossroads hamlet in a sparsely settled portion of the fan. Due to a shortage of men the two officers were working twenty-four hours a day, catching sleep as best they might, and at an hour which seemed too early for smugglers' liking they were catnapping by the side of the road. Nukols was awakened by the noise of a high-powered automobile roaring north. He had dozed off again when he heard a car going south with the engine working at normal speed.

"That's a scout," he told Montgomery, and he admits the thought was another hunch.

The officers took their stations in the road and a few minutes later were almost run down by a big automobile speeding north. The driver ignored their commands, their flashlight signals and their pistol shots, so they piled into their own car to take up a wild chase which ended when the patrolmen ran their quarry into a blind cañon. The driver of the captured automobile seemed familiar, but Nukols and Montgomery ignored this until they had taken into custody two Chinese who were bundled upon the floor of the tonneau.

An Old Offender Caught

At the Riverside County jail the officers recognized the white prisoner as a man who twice before had been arrested for smuggling Chinese, the last time previously at almost the identical spot where his pursuit had started the night before. Less than three weeks prior to his third arrest he had been released from prison on parole under the sentence imposed with his second conviction.

The prisoner confessed that while still in jail he had made arrangements with the smuggling syndicate to resume operations immediately his freedom was gained, and had worked out the plan, to try alone, which had gone awry. He had driven from Los Angeles south to a cañon near the border, hidden his automobile and gone on foot across a desert stretch into Mexico. There he had met the Orientals and had guided them to his car. Picking his way north over little-used roads until near Oak Grove, he had hidden the Chinese in the brush while he went on at a speed calculated to draw from cover any officers who might be on watch. With no sign of pursuit on his dash with the empty car, he had returned to gather in the Chinese and was making for Los Angeles when Nukols and Montgomery stepped into the road ahead. He is now serving his third term for violation of the immigration law.

Though the immigration officers who patrol the back-country trails dress in everyday clothing calculated to attract as little attention as possible, the service has found it necessary within the past few weeks to provide uniforms for the men who are stationed along the paved highways. With the smuggling of Europeans to combat, it has been found essential to stop every automobile traveling away from the base of the fan. But a small proportion of the border running is attempted through regular boundary stations at Tia Juana, Tecate and Mexicali; most of the smugglers take their contraband across the wilderness or around by sea for the first few miles of their journeying and work out onto the roads at

(Continued on Page 141)

Here's a Treat for You

STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS
for HOME USE
STONE'S SANITARY STRAWS
for HOME USE
Manufactured by STONE STRAW COMPANY WASHINGTON BALTIMORE U S A
Protect your clothing
Safeguard your health

Get a 10¢ package today

Get a handy Home Package of Stone's Straws today at your druggist's. Then, every time you serve a cool drink, let a Stone's Straw or two protrude above the crinkling ice. Dainty, golden-tinted Stone's Straws add the finishing touch to any cold drink. Used in the best homes everywhere.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Also use them at the Soda Fountain.

The Home Package of Stone's Straws—several weeks' supply—represents real value at 10c a package. Over 18,000 of the leading retail druggists of the country have Stone's Straws in the Sanitary Home Package. Look for the display on your druggist's Soda Fountain or Counter. Get a package today! If your druggist cannot supply you, send us 10c with his name and address. We will send you a Home Package and see that he is supplied.

THE STONE STRAW CO.
Exclusive Manufacturers
General Offices—Washington, D. C. *Factories*—Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md.

Clean
Easy
Sanitary
Appetizing
Fashionable

Look for the Home Package on your Druggist's Soda Fountain or Counter—Several Weeks' Supply for 10c.

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Your first glimpse of the 1926 Chandler

New Distinctive Beauty

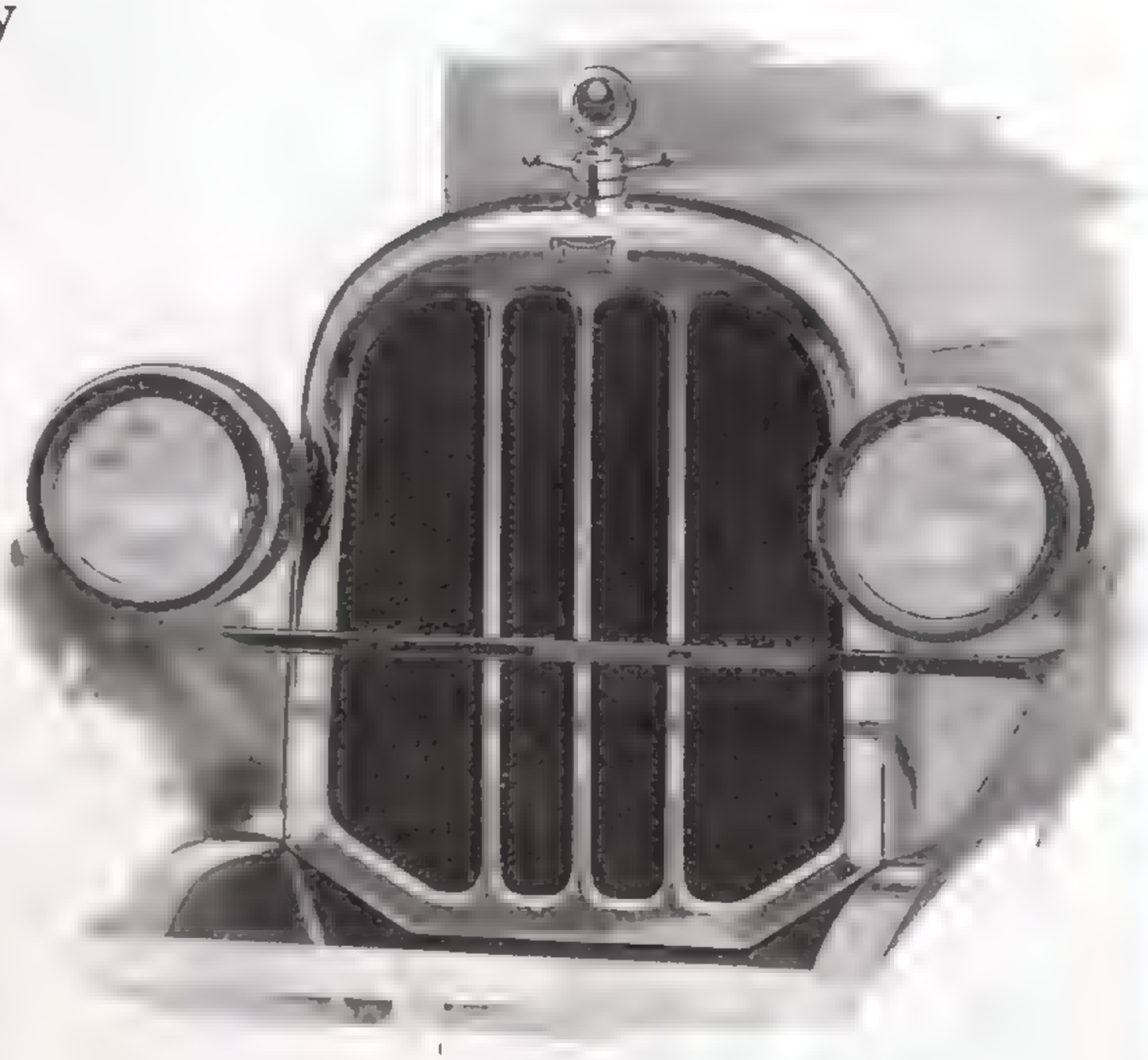
THE 1926 Chandler, just announced, is bound to attract attention the country over.

Such a distinctive and beautiful car has an assured welcome.

Every detail—body lines, appointments, equipment—has been developed to appeal to all who appreciate the smartness that is also artistic.

The New Chandler is a car for the critical.

Even the radiator, usually only an exposed mechanical utility in American cars, is given an artistic touch suggested by latest foreign practice.



A Great Automobile Now Made Greater

This new beauty, dominating though it be, is only the partial expression of 1926 superiority.

Mechanically an already great car has been made still better.

Every important mechanical unit has been proved by thousands of users the country over,—a Chandler purchaser takes no chance on what his car will do.

It has the mastery of performance that makes a hill a thrill, that takes every advantage in congested traffic, that robs the long tour of its fatigue.

It is clearly the greatest of all the great Chandlers.

New Coach Imperial

$1595

The 1926 Chandler is especially attractive in the low priced Coach.

The highly aristocratic Metropolitan Sedan, Chummy Sedan and Comrade Roadster, are, for their types, equally impressive values.

All Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

THE CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY • CLEVELAND
Export Dept., 1819 Broadway, New York City

CHANDLER

(Continued from Page 138

a considerable distance north, so it is likewise desirable that this motor-car inspection be made at a point some miles from the border.

In its efforts to halt every one of the thousands of automobiles which each day travel the roads leading north from the Mexican line, the service found uniforms essential to the safety of the patrol. For this the innocent tourist is to be blamed. The sight of two men with ammunition belts and pistols stepping into the road ahead with the signal for a halt was more than the nerves of many drivers could stand, even with a large sign in plain sight, carrying the assurance that the two were United States officers. Especially was this true at night, although sign and men were flooded by a brilliant light.

Otherwise decently inclined motorists lost their heads; officers were knocked down and injured; signs and spotlights were demolished. And the patrolmen hesitated to shoot at presumably innocent and badly frightened tourists. So rather regretfully—for it does interfere with their chances of surprising real smugglers—the patrolmen on the main highways have donned distinctive attire.

Highway-Record Convictions

Nowadays the motorist on a Southern California road would do well to stop if he sees ahead of him two men clad in khaki uniforms set off with dark-green facings, putties and caps of army-barracks style, particularly if in the middle of the road there has been set up a sign which reads "Stop: U. S. Officers." If the motorist does not stop of his own free will a few pistol shots through vulnerable portions of his car may halt it for him, and the immigration officers who do the shooting will be justified.

The innocent driver who comes to a halt will be accorded the most courteous treatment and allowed to proceed after one of the patrolmen has jotted down in a notebook the number and make of his car, the number of persons in it and the exact time at which it was inspected, and after a partner has examined the car and occupants with a speed born of long practice.

One of the many things that this highway inspection can mean to the criminal was exemplified recently in rather striking fashion. Five aliens and their American guide had been surprised in hiding in the brush a few miles north of the border. They had been run down by what the old frontiersman calls trail cutting—that is, two immigration officers following a hunch had ridden across the desert on a course paralleling the border just to see, as one of them put it, what might be doing. They had cut a trail made by six persons and, as an immigration officer must be a little of everything from a Kit Carson to a Sherlock Holmes, had followed it out, "for luck," to the brush where the sextet was hiding.

After a time an automobile drew up in the road which wound near by across the mesa. The driver settled down as if to wait for someone, so the immigration men arrested him on suspicion. The man stoutly denied any knowledge of any smuggling deal and swore that he was returning from an all-night carouse at Tia Juana, that he was too sleepy to drive in safety over the crowded highways, and so had pulled into the byroad where he intended to get a nap before starting on the long trip to his home in Los Angeles. He gave also a rather convincing account of his whereabouts for several days preceding his arrest. All of this story would have done very well and probably would have freed the driver upon arraignment in court if it had not been for the records kept by the highway-inspection patrols.

The number of the man's automobile license was sent out to all highway patrols and was checked against their entries. Within the hour one telephoned to the San Diego office that the car in question had passed him early that morning, and a patrolman working farther inland sent word that the car also had been through his station. This broke down the prisoner's alibi. Later the officers traced his automobile to a country filling station where he and the guide found with the aliens had been seen together. Whereupon both smugglers decided to plead guilty.

Immigration Patrolman A. G. Bernard was killed while working in the highway patrol. He stepped into the road to halt a touring car; the driver deliberately ran him down. Trailers in the immigration service identified the make of tires on the death car from tracks in the road and set out to locate every car in California which carried that make of cords. In a Los Angeles garage they located an automobile mounted with the tires they sought and which, by a check against the records of the highway patrol, was proved to have been on the roads near San Diego just prior to the time that Bernard was killed. On the under parts of the car there were splotches of blood and bits of clothing caught in bolt ends. The owner of the car, it was learned, had been convicted of smuggling on a previous occasion, and under the mass of circumstantial evidence piled up against him pleaded guilty to manslaughter.

About the most dangerous duty for the immigration patrolman comes when a shortage of men forces him to work alone. Patrolman Millard Chaffin, while playing a lone hand in the desert north of Mountain Springs, one night stopped a flivver carrying two passengers. The pair climbed down submissively enough in response to the officer's request, but as he started to inspect the rear compartment of their car one of the two shot him through the side. As Chaffin wheeled and drew his own pistol another bullet shattered his right forearm. He shifted his gun to his left hand and dodged back of the machine. Followed a running fight around the automobile, which Chaffin brought to a finish when he stopped short, turned to face his adversaries as they came around a corner and with the last shell in his automatic shot the leader through the abdomen. With nothing to back his bluff but an empty gun the officer forced the second man to drive him to the nearest ranch house. Chaffin's captives had not been smuggling aliens, but in their car they had 160 tins of opium.

One Patrolman's Plucky Partner

On another occasion Chaffin received word that a notorious smuggler was starting north from Mexico with an automobile load of aliens. Time was short, and as there was no chance to get another officer, Chaffin's wife volunteered to help him. To this the patrolman agreed, provided Mrs. Chaffin would promise to stay hidden in the roadside brush until the smuggler's hands were in the air at the point of her husband's pistol. Then she was to emerge from hiding and place handcuffs on the smuggler.

Chaffin succeeded in intercepting his man as he had planned and the smuggler obeyed his order to climb out of his car with his hands above his head. As the officer stepped forward to disarm his prisoner, the smuggler, believing that he was alone, closed with him. Chaffin hesitated to shoot because of his wife's presence, and clubbed his pistol. The rough-and-tumble fight which followed ended when both men went down simultaneously, each temporarily unconscious. Chaffin recovered to find his wife bending over him with a water bottle and to hear the smuggler cursing fluently as he struggled against handcuffs.

"This country's in a hell of a state," the smuggler grumbled as the officer bent over him. "They got women in the immigration patrol."

From her hiding place Mrs. Chaffin had watched her husband fight for his life and had been powerless to help him. But when the men went down she was true enough wife of an immigration officer to snap shackles on the smuggler before giving attention to her husband.

Another result of the road-patrol strategy is that alien smugglers are by no means safe from pursuit and capture with the border miles behind. All manner of precautions must be taken if they are to thread even the more northern roads in safety, and quite often some untoward happening will lead to their undoing.

Recently the officers shifted operations to a line stretching cross country fully 100 miles from Mexico. In the broad sunlight of a pleasant afternoon a limousine driven by a chauffeur in livery rolled north along the paved highway leading into Los Angeles. In the rear compartment sat an elderly man and three women, the latter attired for protection against dust and sun in loosely fitting silk coats, smart turban hats and finely meshed veils. When the officers halted the car and explained their purpose the chauffeur grinned broadly, his employer addressed some jesting words to the ladies and all made way for government inspection by stepping to the road. One of the women lifted her veil, dabbed at her lips with a dainty kerchief and spoke pleasantly to the officer who jotted details in his book while his companion looked over the car. As the officers stepped back and informed the car owner that he might proceed, two of the women moved to enter the limousine, while the third paused to lift her veil again and to rearrange her attire with typically feminine gestures.

The Hardships of the Smuggled

In stepping to the running board one of the women tripped on the hem of her gown. She lifted her skirt and displayed a shank and shoe entirely out of keeping with her costume. An officer seized the "lady's" arm. She tried to pull away. The car owner shouldered between the two and ordered his chauffeur to get going. That individual was covered by a gun in the hands of the second officer and powerless to obey.

Lifting the veils on two of the "women" was sufficient. They were aliens who had been smuggled in from Mexico and were on their way to Los Angeles. The third person in feminine apparel was a woman, well enough, a partner in the smuggling operation. Down in the border country she had supervised the costuming of the contraband; her gestures and bits of conversation constituted a part of the intricate plan to allay possible suspicion while on the road. Her business was to make it very evident that she was a woman, and but for the awkwardness of one alien she might have collected some reward other than a prison sentence.

Not all schemes evolved for alien smuggling call for automobiles, and the illicit immigrant often braves in ignorance and the blindness of desire dangers and hardships before which the most callous heart might quail. Immigration inspectors have run down instances in which Chinese have been taken aboard small vessels at Ensenada—a Mexican port sixty miles south of Tia Juana—headed up in barrels and thrown over the side when the boat was well up the California coast. Confederates waiting at prearranged points were to gather in the barrels and land them on deserted beaches; their failure to spot certain containers resulted in exposure of their schemes after stray barrels had been washed ashore and the bodies of Chinese who had succumbed to starvation had been found in them by beach combers.

Government vessels have chased the speed boat of a certain smuggler on various occasions, and in a few instances have cornered him, at times when the agents were certain that he was engaged in nefarious enterprise. But never have the officers caught him with an alien in his boat, even when through advance information they were certain that but a few hours previously he had left foreign soil with a number aboard the craft. The reason for their repeated disappointments the officers learned eventually from another smuggler, and the story which this man told won for the smuggler the sobriquet by which the service knows him.

Your hair
quickly trained

IF your hair won't lie trim and smooth—try Stacomb.

Just a touch of this wonderful cream makes the most unmanageable hair stay in place.

Stacomb gives your hair just the evenness and the faint gloss that you want. And it helps prevent dandruff. Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store. Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes or the new liquid form.

Stacomb

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. A-63, 113 W. 18th St., N Y C
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

Here's Money For You!

Do you want a steady income every week—extra money for ball games and camping, right now, when you need it most? You don't have to ask Dad any more! You can get

Prizes, too *without cost!*

It's an easy matter to sell *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to folks in your neighborhood (in U. S. A.). Besides, we'll show you how to go about it. Start your own business by mailing the coupon—TODAY!

Cut Here for Extra Money

The Curtis Publishing Company, *Sales Division*
726 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sure I can use money and prizes of my own. Help me get started!

Name

Street Address

City *State*

Fenestra Casement Windows

They're Easily Washed from the Inside!

YOUR windows can be easily washed. You can do it without sitting out on the sill—you can do it quickly and conveniently all the year 'round,—

—If you merely ask your architect and builder to use Fenestra Casements in your new home. For these modern steel casements are constructed with wide extension hinges so that you can swing them open and wash the outside as easily as the inside. And besides, they cannot warp nor stick! You'll never have to struggle with sticking wood windows.

But "easy washing" is only one of the advantages you'll gain. You'll have brighter, cheerier, cozier rooms throughout your new home. You'll have better ventilation, always under control. You can let the pleasant weather in and keep the bad weather out. Your screens will last longer, too, because they will be on the inside where they will protect your draperies and keep them clean.

When you find that you can enjoy all of these advantages *without increasing the cost of your home*, you'll hardly be satisfied with anything less. And you won't stop with steel casements, you'll want the brighter, airier kind of basement equipped with Fenestra Basement Windows and the more useful garage with its steel windows of the same well-known type.

Your builders can easily get Fenestra Steel Windows from the local lumber or building supply dealer.

Fenestra Products for Every Building

Residential Fenestra including Casement Windows for: Residences, Apartments, Dormitories, Sleeping Porches, Sun Parlors. Basement Windows for every type of Foundation Wall. Utility Windows for Private Garages.

Commercial Fenestra including many practical and decorative types for: Stores, Garages, Filling Stations, Creameries, Warehouses, Elevators.

Architectural Fenestra including Reversible Counterbalanced and Corridor Windows for: Schools, Libraries, Offices, Banks, Theatres, Club Houses, Art Galleries, Hospitals, Hotels.

Industrial Fenestra including Pivoted Sidewall and Continuous Sash and Operators for: Factories, Mills, Power Houses, Piers, Railroad Buildings of All Types, Repair Shops, Machine Shops, Foundries, Ice Plants, Pent Houses.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
C-2240 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.
Factories in Detroit, Mich., Oakland, Calif. and Toronto, Ont., Canada
For Canada: Canadian Metal Window & Steel Products, Ltd.
160 River St., Toronto, Ont.

Fenestra

for homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

According to his colleague, this man never attempts to smuggle except by boat. With his cargo of aliens aboard, he binds his passengers hand and foot and to each pair of ankles he ties a heavy bar of pig iron. If the run is without interruption, the smuggler unties the bonds just before delivering the contraband at the spot agreed upon, and as the aliens are still in ignorance of what might have happened they apparently give no further thought to the matter. At least such has been the case with the Chinese, although what less fatalistically minded European customers may do after a few friends have made unsuccessful voyages with this smuggler still remains to be seen. The reason why government officers never catch him with aliens in his boat is that when capture appears imminent, the smuggler eases his contraband over the side with the least possible amount of splashing. The pig iron takes care of the rest.

The Animated Bale of Hay

The European playing a lone hand at border running has shown a preference for the Chinese-tried methods which make use of steam. Aliens have been found concealed in the tool boxes of work trains, have been detected standing in tank cars with oil up to their chins, and packed in the ventilators of freight cars. An entire family of four Italians—father, mother and two children—was found recently in a carload of freight which had been shipped to Los Angeles from Mexico. Food and water had given out during the trip, one child had starved to death in the car, and the survivors were too weak to stand when freight handlers found them. So varied have been the numerous other methods devised to make use of the railway in alien smuggling that the immigration inspector reckons himself as immune to surprise.

At least one effort has been made to get a Chinese across the border in the guise of a bale of hay. The Oriental was placed in a wooden box slightly smaller than the standard bale of cured alfalfa that is shipped in large quantities from Mexican ranches to the livestock centers of the West. The box was placed in a hay press, where it was covered with enough dry grass to bring its bulk to normal, duly wired and tagged, then placed with a shipment bound north. Word of its dispatch was sent to the confederate named as consignee in order that he might claim the bale immediately upon its arrival at a way station some miles above the United States line.

Unfortunately for the Chinese, the men who handled him after he left the hay press became mixed in the matter of his position in the box and loaded him on the hay car, head down. To make matters worse the consignee did not call at the way station as promptly as he should have, and the baled-up alien was left for hours on a freight-house platform underneath the Southern California sun. Even Oriental stoicism has a limit, and the Chinese reached the bounds of his. The antics through which his struggles put the bale of alfalfa attracted the attention of a station agent, who released him into the arms of the law.

The professional alien smuggler making use of the railway likes to ship his contraband in carload lots. He makes request through customary channels for a car to be spotted on some siding near the border, ostensibly to receive ordinary freight. Under cover of darkness he loads his aliens into the car with all supplies and conveniences necessary to their comfort, packs legitimate freight around them in such manner as to defy detection by all but the most searching examination, then lets the next freight train through carry the immigrants on their way. Hooch and dope runners, as well as amateurs who have tried a hand at this game, have scored numerous failures through lack of provision for the welfare of their shipments. The professional bootlegger of humanity seldom overlooks a detail that will provide his box-car natives with all the comforts of home, so that they may ride to the end of their journey without attracting attention. Care in this respect may be more than justified by results, and cases are on record in which as many as thirty aliens to a car have been shipped from the border to inland cities without detection.

As additional support to their contention that life with them is scarcely conducive to ennui, the men of the immigration service cite the most recent addition to the alien smugglers' extensive repertoire of tricks. Word has gone out from the cities just north of the Mexican line that there has been established a more modern and a surer route for the benefit of the illegal immigrant who wishes to reach the United States by an underground route. The underground has been shifted to the air, a move which immigration officers have been expecting ever since prohibition agents caught a number of hooch runners bringing in their contraband by aeroplane. Agents for the alien smugglers are now employing aviators, who take their planes into Mexico and bring them back loaded with human contraband.

The general scheme of the new system is known; the problem lies in counteractive measures.

An aviator may take off from any one of ten thousand upland meadows in the California mountains, speed southward at 120 miles an hour and cross into Mexican atmosphere, usually at night, above some point where all is trackless waste and impenetrable wilderness. He picks up his return cargo and flies north to land his aliens at some lonely spot from which there is every chance of slipping, unobserved, into the purlieus of a near-by city. Box-car Chinese are following the air route in considerable numbers, and as word of their success becomes generally known the Europeans undoubtedly will work it overtime.

The Underground Air Route

Nearly two years ago the immigration officers endeavored to impress Washington with their belief that an air patrol of the Southwest frontier was essential. They succeeded to the point of obtaining a promise that a certain number of immigration patrolmen would be instructed in the art of flying at army and navy aviation schools.

If the field workers of the immigration service who have gained their experience along the Mexican border could tell the next Congress a few things about the enforcement of alien-restriction regulations they might start off with the assertion that most men who are accomplishing anything in the way of holding down the alien influx are doing it for sheer love of the job. Almost any immigration officer could earn in less hazardous but far less thrilling pursuits considerably more than the $1740 a year which is his government wage. He sticks to his task, with small chance of promotion, through sheer love of adventure, and of that he gets his fill.

One suggestion that the veteran immigration men might offer would be that their service should be made more attractive from a financial point of view to the better types of courageous and husky young Americans.

As matters are, the desirable recruit may come, but he very quickly goes—into something with a future. He can't be held on the border long enough to become imbued with a love of the game. The old-timers would ask opportunity to recruit for the immigration patrol among young men just out of school, to base ratings on tests for native intelligence, to give experience in the field under tutelage by veterans at the smuggler-catching game, and then to offer reasonable inducements that might persuade recruits to stay in the work and to progress as their capabilities deserved.

"We've locked the front door," the Secretary of Labor declared in commenting upon illicit immigration, "but we've left the back door wide open."

(Continued on Page 145)

You can have CHASE VELMO Upholstery in Your Closed Car if you Insist

Chase VELMO is created for those people of discrimination who insist upon elegance without ostentation, luxury without extravagance and durability without coarseness.

Chase VELMO upholstery increases the resale value. It usually outlasts the car itself. Send for Booklet, "A Glimpse Inside," a valuable guide in selecting upholstery.

CHASE

Velmo

Perfected Mohair Velvet for Closed Car Upholstery

Made by SANFORD MILLS, SANFORD, MAINE

Selling Agents: L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON — New York — Detroit — San Francisco — Chicago

It is unlawful to use this label except with GENUINE CHASE Velmo MADE BY SANFORD MILLS SANFORD, MAINE *The Luxurious Mohair Velvet Upholstery*

The VELMO *label, sewed into the welt of the cushions, identifies genuine* CHASE VELMO

The grandest scenes from the greatest train

For more than six hundred miles, the transcontinental route of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul threads the mountain panorama of the West. Striding along the peaks, the shining trail brings into view one glory on another, until majestic Mt. Rainier completes the grand crescendo. Across this wondrous reach, the incomparable "Olympian" train is drawn by *electric* power—silent, irresistible, smokeless. You ride through unforgettable scenes in open-air observation cars. You are served famous "Milwaukee" meals. At your command is the courteous service of "Milwaukee" employes, and the enjoyment of most modern train equipment—luxurious sleeping cars, observation-club car, ladies' lounge, through dining car—all "Milwaukee" owned and operated.

Round-trip Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma now only $86.00

You will want to see:

Rainier National Park: Free side trip from Seattle-Tacoma and return via the fine, fast National Park Limited to Ashford, the rail station for the Park, with every round-trip ticket from Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma; ask for it when you buy your ticket.

Magic Lake Crescent on Olympic peninsula: Reduced fare of only $3.00 for the round-trip from Seattle-Tacoma with every round-trip ticket from St. Paul, Minnesota, and points East, to Seattle-Tacoma.

The only line operating transcontinental trains by electric power

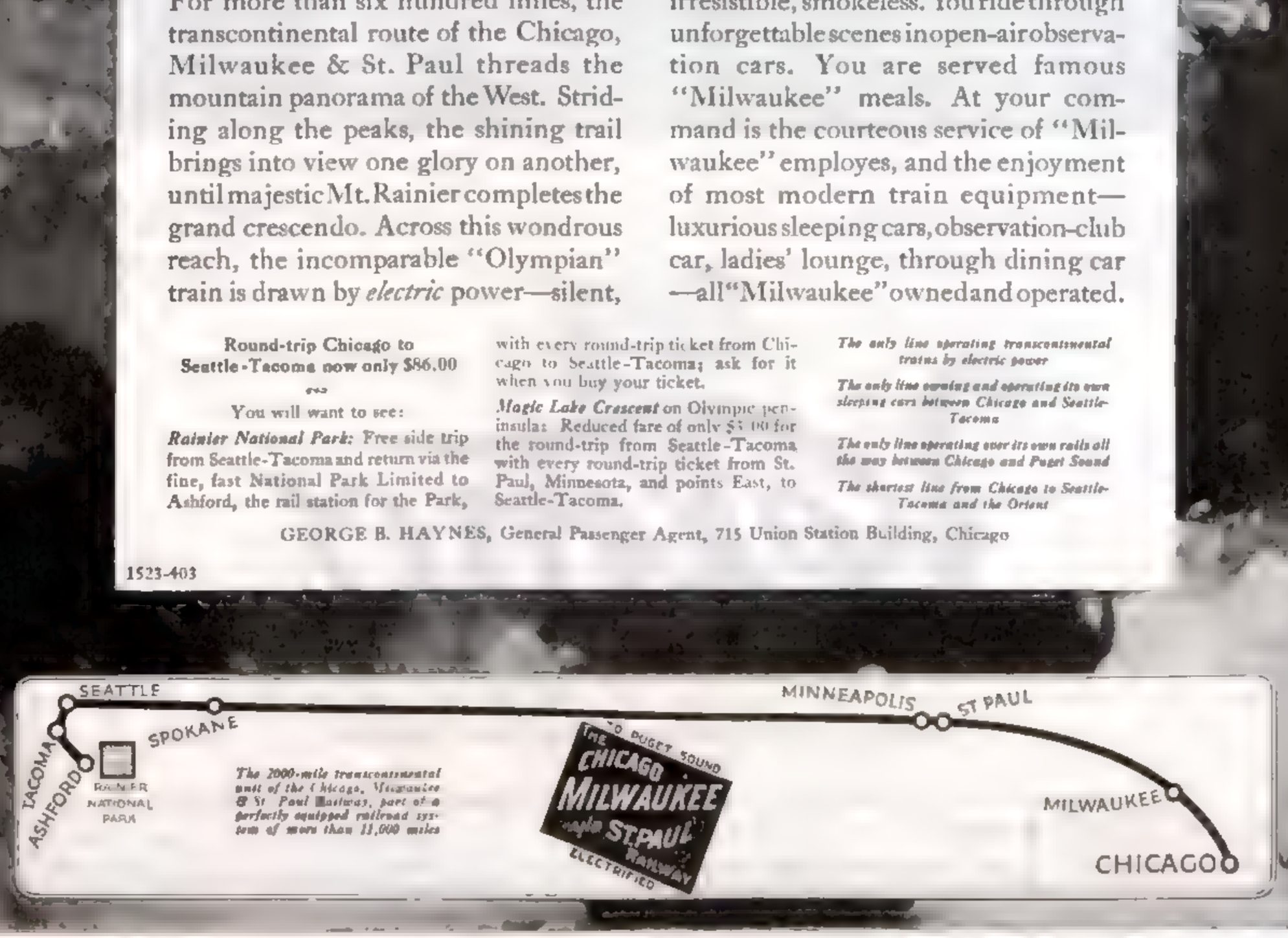
The only line owning and operating its own sleeping cars between Chicago and Seattle-Tacoma

The only line operating over its own rails all the way between Chicago and Puget Sound

The shortest line from Chicago to Seattle-Tacoma and the Orient

GEORGE B. HAYNES, General Passenger Agent, 715 Union Station Building, Chicago

1523-403



(Continued from Page 142)

"Right!" his subordinates in the field agree in chorus, "and to lock the back one you must give us men and money, with emphasis on the men." But if the experienced immigration inspector knows when Congress asks for his opinions that he can have of Congress any one thing he desires, just one and no more, there is small doubt of what he'll say.

"If you knew about this country's frontiers as we know about them," the immigration man will say with more than a trace of pardonable exasperation, "you'd know that the combined forces of our Army and Navy could not make them absolutely smuggler-tight. And if you knew intimately the work which has been done by the immigration service during the past thirty years, you'd know also that in holding our Chinese population to a fairly decent figure, our main reliance has been the requirement that every Chinese legally a resident of the United States must carry a certificate of identification.

"We can't stop all the smuggling expeditions, nor fool all the smugglers all of the time, but whenever we see a Chinese who looks and acts 'new' we can ask him to show his chock-gee. If he has one, well and good, and no harm done. If he hasn't, back he goes to China."

Chock-Gees for Aliens

"In the case of European immigrants, the law should have the same effect. Every alien admitted legally should receive a certificate by which he might always be identified. This would carry his photograph, give an intimate description of his physical make-up and bear the signature of the officer who let him land. Any alien who could not produce such a certificate upon call should be subject to deportation unless he could prove previous possession and loss of his document. Misuse of this provision should be prevented as in the case of Chinese; chock-gees are made out in exact duplicate, even to a serial number, and one copy of every such document issued is on file right here in Washington.

"To anticipate the objection that such a system would be too unwieldy to handle, may I remind you of the success with which our draft registration was effected during the last war?

"Of course some Chinese have been able to beat the chock-gee regulations; a certain number of Europeans would be sure to do so; but, knowing that every alien in this country was compelled to carry a certificate and knowing that no counterfeit would stand a check against the duplicate file in Washington, your illicit immigrant might not be so ready to pay for getting smuggled in. Once he's landed in this country now, we don't stand a ghost of a show to get him out. With the chock-gee system in operation we'd hold the whip hand always, and your crafty piece of human contraband would be among the first to recognize that fact. Then he'd be inclined to play safe by waiting for admission under the quota."

At about this point one congressman, more daring than his colleagues, may voice an objection which all along has been uppermost in his thoughts.

"But," he may inquire with a deprecatory sort of smile, as though the question had small bearing on the subject as he saw it, "what will our foreign-born say of this suggested bit of rather autocratic legislation?"

"Call in some of your foreign vote and ask it," the immigration inspector may suggest, knowing from repeated experiences exactly what he is doing. "Better still, call in a few aliens who have recently been admitted to the United States under the legal quotas.

"Why, the very first thing that each and every one asks for as he steps off the boat is something to prove that he has been admitted to this country in strictly legal manner

"And he's no end surprised and disappointed when we reply that we have no authority to issue such a credential."

A Law That Needs Teeth

"If you gentlemen would listen to the true voice of our foreign-born citizens, rather than to the propaganda often sent up by those who either have entered this country by illegal methods or are getting richer than the whisky bootleggers by smuggling aliens across the border, it might dawn upon you that the alien has a keener appreciation of what's wrong with our immigration service than you have. And you might realize that the honest, well-meaning immigrant who wants to become a good American realizes with some resentment that the heaviest handicap under which he labors is that he owns nothing which he may produce in emergency that will at once establish his right to be here and so distinguish him from fellow countrymen of the criminal class."

"But," a congressman may reply evasively, "your request is most unusual. It has no—no—well, no precedent, as we might put it."

"What's the matter with the Chinese Exclusion Act for precedent? That's been working for thirty years"

"Quite so. But, you must understand, the cases are most dissimilar."

"How so?"

"Well, we're dealing now with a different class of people—with potential citizens."

"Do you mean that in five years the class you're dealing with now will have the right to vote, and you're not just sure how many may settle in your district?"

As the immigration inspector steps out of the picture he may be justified in stating:

"During each day that you let pass without taking any action, close to one thousand unwanted and unchecked aliens will enter the United States by the smugglers' route. And once they're in, they'll stay, until you take a notion to act. There's a law on the books that you know and I know needs some teeth put in it. I've offered a full set of molars, upper and lower, that can make mincemeat of the whole problem in short order. I've furnished some teeth that will bite. You're paid by the country to make 'em fit."

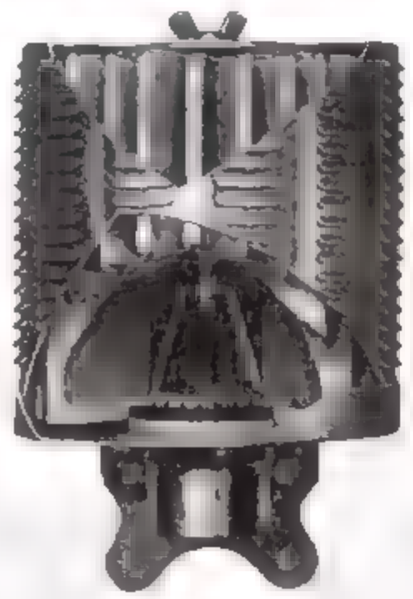
PHOTO FROM A. MORSON

Washburn Lake, Yosemite National Park, California

99 9/10 EFFICIENT PROTECTOMOTOR REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Perfect Positive Protection 99 9/10 EFFICIENT

It Filters the Air

Clean white filtering medium before being placed in service on machine



It Filters the Air

After service, showing dust, sand, grit and dirt kept out of the motor

Health of Men and Motors Depends on Filtered Air

Nature *filters* the air that you draw into your lungs with every breath; by the *same method* Protectomotor *filters* the 9,000 gallons of air drawn into your motor with every gallon of gas.

Dust, sand and grit in unfiltered air wear cylinder walls, pistons, piston rings, gears and all moving parts.

Protectomotor filters the air and reduces wear and tear on your motor from 75% to 85%, as shown by many tests including U. S. Govt. tests.

Dust, sand and grit in unfiltered air cause most of the carbon that makes most of the motor troubles.

Protectomotor filters the air and reduces carbon deposits from 60% to 75%, as shown by careful tests and actual operation on thousands of machines.

Protectomotor stops the hissing, whistling carburetor noises so annoying to motorists.

Protectomotor controls air temperatures, makes for greater efficiency in use of gas and eliminates frequent carburetor adjustments.

Specify Protectomotor When You Buy a Car

Equipped with a Protectomotor the motor in your car will give quiet efficient service three to five times as long before it is necessary to remove carbon, grind valves or overhaul the motor

When you buy a new car, insure better returns on your investment, longer life for the motor, freedom from motor troubles by having it equipped with a Protectomotor.

Give the motor of your present car a longer lease on life and save yourself expense and trouble by having it equipped with a Protectomotor

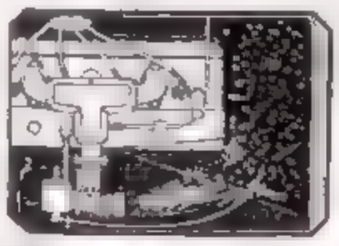
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, giving make and model of car and make and model of carburetor. Be sure you get the Protectomotor because it alone gives a 99-9/10% result in cleaning the air that enters your motor.

Standard Equipment on Many Machines

Quick to recognize the motor life-saving qualities and moved by a desire to have their machines give best possible service, these manufacturers have already made Protectomotor standard equipment:—

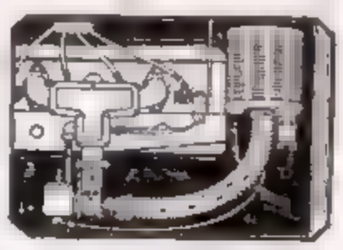
Andre Citroen (France),
Bean Spray Pump Co.,
Buffalo Springfield Roller Co.,
Bucyrus Co.,
J. I. Case T. M. Co.,
Clark Tructractor Co.,
Elgin Street Sweeper Co.,
Fageol Motors Co.,
Fiat (Italy),
Field Force Pump Co.,
General Motors Truck Co.,
Holt Manufacturing Co.,
Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.,
International Harvester Co.,
LeRoi Engine Co.,
Mack Truck Co.,
Turner & Moore Engine Co.,
Willys Overland for Willys-Knight cars,
Yellow Coach Mfg. Co. (Makers of Fifth Avenue Buses),
and many others.

Attractive Proposition for Distributors, Dealers and High-Grade Salesmen



To the left. Dirty, dust-laden air that causes wear. To the right: Clean air delivered by Protectomotor. No dust or grit to cause wear

Write for free information on how to Triple the Life of Your Motor.



STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Motor Without a Protectomotor is Like a Watch Without a Case!

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Florsheim patent low shoes are part of being well dressed. Their good looks make the right impression; their skeleton lined coolness keeps you comfortable. In Florsheim quality there is true value.

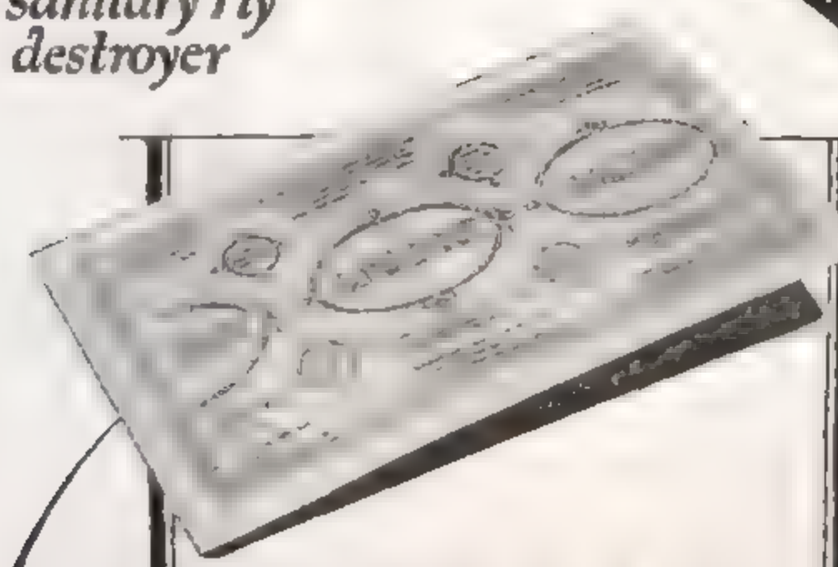
Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

THE VISTA
Style S-87

TANGLEFOOT
FLY PAPER

The sanitary fly destroyer



TANGLEFOOT Fly Paper is the most sanitary, inexpensive and widely used fly destroyer manufactured.

There is scarcely a place in the civilized world where it cannot readily be obtained when you need it.

THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

AT GROCERY AND DRUG STORES

DOWN THE STRETCH

(Continued from Page 36)

alone knows how much he cleaned up on that race and has never advertised it; but the turf world realized it must have been plenty, perhaps hundreds of thousands. And the chances are he tossed a great deal of it back to the place it had come from when Morvich failed later in the season to live up to the form he had shown as a two-year-old and in his first start as a three-year-old. There were many horsemen who were predicting the collapse of Morvich. They simply wouldn't let themselves believe he was the great horse his record made him. When he was beaten by the Whitney horse Whiskaway and others as a three-year-old, they said "I told you so." And yet nobody can deny that this son of Runnymede, starting as a selling-plater, was a mighty fine race horse when he was good.

It is not a new story to the turf world for an owner to throw back a fortune he has made on a fast horse. Do you remember Dave Johnson, the plunger, and Roseben, the great sprinting son of Ben Strome? Roseben was the most famous horse of his day, back fifteen years or more, a sprinter and weight carrier who had no equal then and has not been surpassed in the years that have intervened. I knew Dave Johnson well. He bet thousands on his favorite Thoroughbred, even after the handicapper had begun to place burdens on his back which sometimes would run well over 140 pounds. It was only the other day that somebody asked me how much Johnson used to bet on Roseben, and I answered, "Whatever he had." If it was $1000 he'd bet it; if it was $30,000 he'd bet that; whatever he could rake and scrape. And when Roseben finally began to lose, so did Johnson. The fortune he'd piled up with the king of sprinters withered away when age and weight took their toll on the high speed of Roseben, the Big Train, as he was known.

But it is of Zev that I started to tell, the brown horse that rose to greater fame than all others that have cantered through the glories of the turf; the best-advertised horse the world has ever known, because he won the most celebrated of international matches and because there has been the radio to help broadcast his accomplishments. And it is of Zev's two most noted races I will speak, passing over the fine record he made as a two-year-old, when he finished first in five races out of twelve starts and won nearly $25,000 in purse money, including second place in the Futurity.

Racing for Uncle Sam

It will be enough to say of his earlier career as a three-year-old that he was all-powerful, that he proved his right to carry the hopes of America in the International by his splendid victories in the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Withers and other stake races. In the Preakness that year, 1923, he lost a few of his friends when he finished unplaced; but a thing which the public didn't appreciate and which I knew, was that he had been kicked at the post a few minutes before the start. So when Earl Sande, a week later, brought him down front of the strong Derby field, with odds of nearly 20 to 1 against him, it was a surprise to many horsemen, but not to those who had noticed what had happened in the Preakness.

When Major Belmont and his associates arranged for Papyrus to come over here to meet the best American three-year-old, there was never any question in my mind that Zev would be the selection of the committee. I told Mr. Sinclair that all we had to do was to go along easily with Zev and keep him fit and sound. On his record he had shown himself far superior to anything in this country and in any kind of going. If he was sound at the time of the race I could not see how any other horse could be chosen over him. There was talk of Admiral Grayson's horse My Own, but it didn't worry us. Zev was the Kentucky Derby winner, and the horse coming here to race was the English Derby winner. That in itself was almost enough to make his selection certain. But our horse had done more than this; he had come out of the Derby without a mark on him and had shown his heels to some of the best of his age in the Belmont and to the older horses in other stakes. Sickness was the only thing, sickness or an injury.

About two weeks before the race we discovered that Zev had a sore throat and was coughing. The report flew around that he was in a bad way and that some other horse would have to take his place in the International. We nursed him along with the greatest care, and he responded. Then when he had all but recovered from the coughing he broke out with hives; but it was not a serious attack, and five days before the race they had disappeared. I knew Zev was ready again to put up a sparkling performance. There was no doubt in my mind that he was the best-qualified horse in the country to represent Uncle Sam in a match that meant so much to the entire nation. And though he was primed in every way for the task ahead of him, I even felt that he would not have to give of his best speed to beat this horse from England. Papyrus was taking all the worst of that race, first with the long trip across the ocean and then getting accustomed to our climate. Zev looked like a 1 to 100 shot; certainly he would have been that much better than Papyrus if it had not been for the coughing.

Reassuring the Jockey Club

The talk about My Own became more insistent as the reports of Zev's illness were exaggerated. The Jockey Club was taking no chance on such an important horse race and the committee came down to the track to have a look at our horse and a chat with me. Mr. Belmont was the chairman and the others were Robert L. Gerry, Joseph E. Widener, William Woodward and W. S. Vosburgh. They asked me many questions about Zev's condition. I was positive in my mind about the whole thing and my answers were just as positive.

"I don't see how there can be any thought of another horse," I told Mr. Belmont. "Did you ever see a Kentucky Derby winner return East and do the things Zev has done? Did you ever see a horse come back as slick and sound as he did? Why, you'd never know Zev had even been in a race! And here he has done everything we've asked him to do since then."

"That's perfectly true," Mr. Belmont replied. "I've seen many horses return to New York after the Derby and I've never seen one come back in better shape."

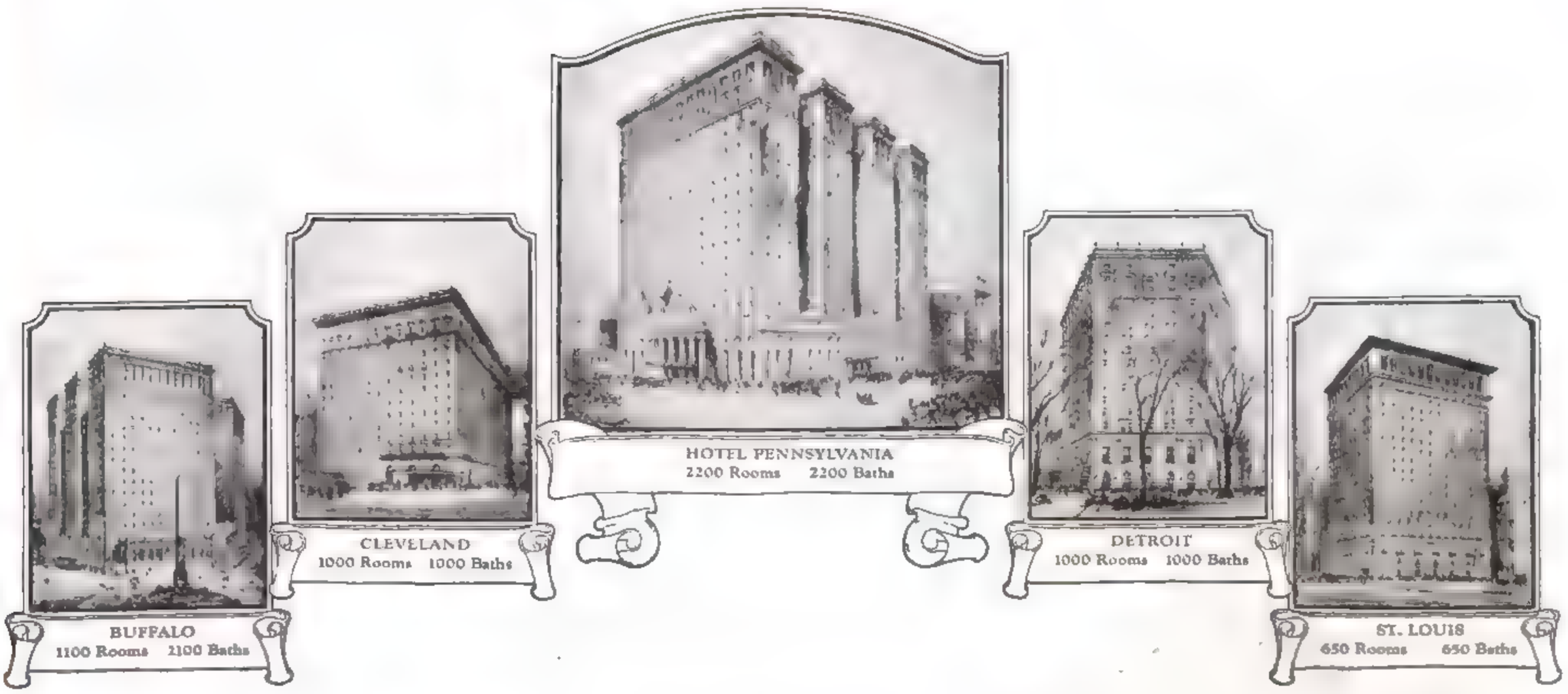
Somebody suggested that it might be well to have a test between Zev and My Own to see which was the better horse.

"No, I'm not going to enter Zev in any test race. The agreement was that he could qualify if he won the Realization. He won the Realization, and I'm going to stand on that. And I want to tell you something, gentlemen, you never knew before. In the Realization Zev tore a frog off one of his feet, but he won in spite of it."

I simply couldn't get it through my head why there should be any question as to the selection of Zev. I'm not criticizing My Own when I say that his record as a three-year-old had been nothing compared with that of our horse. I turned to Major Belmont a little irritably and said:

"Just bear in mind that there never would have been an international race this year if it hadn't been for Zev. Mr. Irish didn't send Papyrus over here to race My Own or any other American horse except Zev. It's the two Derby winners against each other. That's what the public of both countries want to see."

Continued on Page 149



Hotels that *improve* every year

THEY have to—for everybody admits that the business which doesn't improve is going backwards.

So every year we're bettering our service, and also the extent and degree of supervision given to maintenance and improvement of both our properties and our personnel.

The truth is that these hotels are, virtually, new hotels—for every one of our properties is *kept* new. The organization that serves you in a Statler, though, is *not* new; it is well trained, well seasoned, capable—and when service *does* fall short, in some detail, of the Statler standard, you'll find us willing, anxious and able to satisfy you by any means in our power.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit, and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that *every* room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room, for one or for two people. You know exactly what the room is costing you—and that you're paying no more than anybody else would pay. We believe in the policy of one price, plain figures and the square deal.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler, Niagara Square, Buffalo, has 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists who make Buffalo their headquarters when visiting NIAGARA FALLS, but 23 miles away.

The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

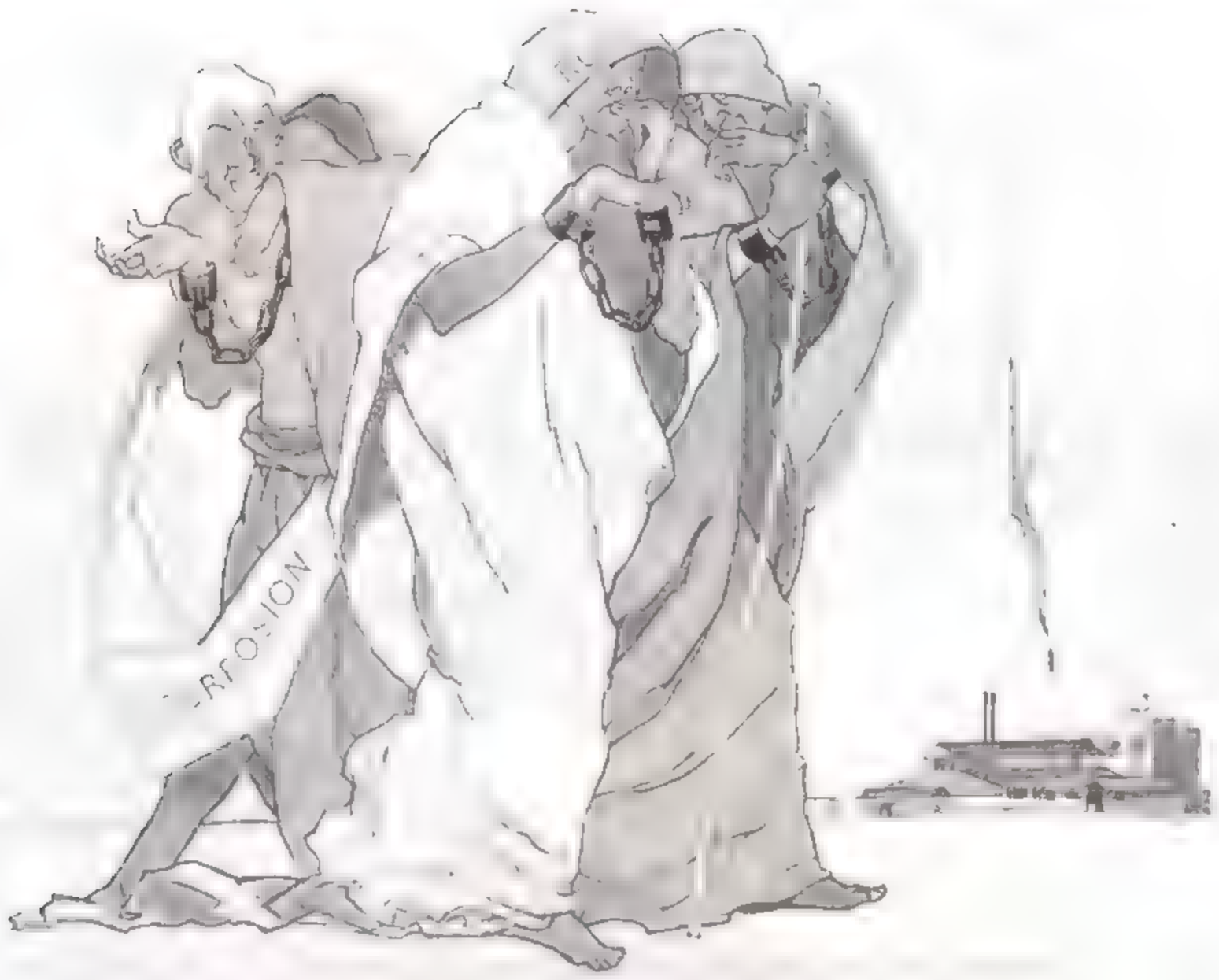
STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St.Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York



Defeating the ENEMIES *of* STEEL *and* IRON

IT was not Chance that set at 10% our annual depreciation charge-off on buildings and equipment—

It was Corrosion, Acids, Alkalies, Oxidation, Wear and Tear—the enemies of steel and iron—which, willy nilly, collect an appalling annual toll from American Industry.

In many cases, the cost of "protection" is greater, in the span of 10 years, than the original cost of the article "protected"—in other cases, industry has had to make shift with certain non-ferrous alloys (notwithstanding their limited physical properties), merely because of their ability to resist corrosion—in still other cases, heavy, cumbersome, uneconomical construction has had to be resorted to in order to attain proper strength, or longer life under high heats and pressures, or resistance to crystallization and oxidation.

STAINLESS Steels and Irons *will alter all these conditions*—because

STAINLESS indefinitely resists atmospheric corrosion.

STAINLESS is not affected by many of the acids and alkalies that readily attack iron, steel, copper, and non-ferrous alloys.

STAINLESS resists oxidation at temperatures up to 1500 degrees F. to 2000 degrees F.

STAINLESS is 50% to 400% stronger than ordinary steel.

STAINLESS can be rolled, drawn, stamped, forged, pressed, machined, cast, spun, punched, brazed, soldered, welded, ground, and polished.

STAINLESS is furnished in plates, shapes, sheets, bars, rods, flats, strips, tubing, wire, forging blanks, billets, ingots, castings, shot, etc.; hot rolled, pickled, and box annealed in blue, silver grey, or polished surfaces—in hard tempered, soft, and dead soft grades.

For tremendous strength, or ability to resist corrosion, high temperatures, and erosion and abrasion, or for highly polished surfaces, use STAINLESS Steel or Iron—write us about your problems.

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY

Commonwealth Building

PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS STEEL & IRON

TRADE MARK

Some of the Endless Possibilities of

STAINLESS

Abattoir Equipment
Acid Resisting Products
Agricultural Implements
Airplanes
Automobile Parts
Alkali Resisting Products
Bakery Equipment
Bank Fixtures
Barber Equipment
Bicycles and Parts
Bolts
Bottling Apparatus
Building Supplies and Hardware
Butcher Equipment
Cafeteria Equipment
Calculating Machines
Carburetors
Cash Registers
Castings
Chemical Apparatus
Clock Parts
Cold Storage Equipment
Computing Machines
Cooking Utensils
Crucible Tongs
Cutlery and Edge Goods
Dairy Apparatus
Dental Instruments
Dies
Drawing Instruments
Dryers
Dyeing, Bleaching and Finishing Machy
Electrical Appliances
Electrical Equipment
Electrical Machinery
Elevators
Engines
Evaporators
Filling Station Equipment
Filters
Fire Apparatus
Fishing Tackle
Fixtures
Forgings
Foundry Equipment
Furniture
Golf Club Heads
Hardware
Heaters
Hinges
Hospital Equipment
Hotel Equipment
Household Equipment
Kitchen Equipment
Knives
Laboratory Equipment
Laundry Equipment
Lighting Fixtures
Locomotives
Machine Parts
Marine Supplies
Measuring Instruments
Meters
Mill Equipment
Mining Equipment
Motion Picture Equipment
Motorcycles and Parts
Musical Instruments
Needles
Office Equipment
Optical Equipment
Paper and Pulp Machinery
Pencils and Pens, and Points
Percolators
Phonograph Parts
Piano Parts
Pipe and Fittings
Plumbing Equipment
Pressing Machines
Printers' Equipment
Pumps
Radiator Shells
Radio
Railroad Equipment
Ranges
Razors
Reflectors
Refinery Equipment
Refrigeration Equipment
Restaurant Equipment
[illegible]
Roller Bearings
Roller Skates
Saddlery Hardware
Saws
Scales and Balances
Scientific Instruments
Scissors
Screws
Separators
Sewing Machine Parts
Shovels
Shower Baths
Skates
Soap Manufacturing Machinery
Soda Fountain Equipment
Spatulas
Speedometers
Sporting and Athletic Goods
Steamship Fittings
Stoves and Furnaces
Street Lamps
Stills
Submarines
Surgical Instruments
Tanks
Telephone Equipment
Textile Equipment
Toasters
Tools
Toys and Games
Turbines
Typewriters and Equipment
Valves and Fittings
Varnish Kettles
Vats
Ventilating Systems
Washers
Washing Machines and Parts
Water Meters
Weighing Machine Parts
X ray Apparatus

(Continued from Page 146)

Mind you, there was no antagonism toward Zev on the part of the committee. It was myself who was on the aggressive. The whole situation seemed so ridiculous. I brought Zev out of his box stall for the committee to inspect.

"There, take a look at him for yourselves. You're all horsemen, and if you can see anything wrong with Zev I'd like mighty well to know it."

It was Mr. Belmont who brought the inspection to an end.

"Mr. Hildreth," he said, "am I to understand from what you say that Zev is now in good condition and that if he's chosen he will go to the post sound and fit?"

"You have my assurance," I replied.

"And you are giving us your word that if anything develops between now and the day of the race that makes you think he could not win, you will let me know?"

"You have my word."

And then occurred one of the most pleasing things that have happened to me in all my years of racing.

Mr. Belmont turned to the other members of the committee and spoke to them in a serious tone: "I've known Mr. Hildreth for a great many years and I've had him with me as the trainer of my horses. If he gives me his word he will send Zev to the post in fit condition, it's plenty good enough for me."

So Zev became the final selection of the committee, though the public wasn't certain until the last minute which horse would face the barrier with Papyrus. The fact that My Own was rushed to New York a few hours before the race made many believe that the Grayson horse would receive the honor after all.

The Belmont Park track was deep in mud the day of the race. Some people have said this was greatly to Zev's advantage, as he had always run so well in soft going. But I believe Papyrus was benefited by it just as much as Zev was. Some friends of mine who had seen the English horse run on a soft track in his own country had told me that he was at his best in that kind of going.

Superstitions of the Race Track

I'll confess to you that I have all the superstitions of the race track; some fellows say I have more than my share. When there's important business in hand I don't want to get near a two-dollar bill and I'll run away from a cross-eyed man, and I like to stand in a winning spot. Out under the trees in the Belmont paddock was a particular spot where I always went to see my horses saddled. I've sent many a winner on his way from that place, more than 100 in all, I reckon, and I've come to associate it with good luck. So on International day, as always, I directed that the saddling be done under these trees. I had just told the stablemen to take Zev there when Jimmy McLaughlin, now a track official, came along and said that a special inclosure had been built to saddle Zev and Papyrus in.

"You see, this is a rare occasion and there's a great crowd at the track; and the association thought it would be better to have the horses in a place where they wouldn't be bothered," said McLaughlin.

"You bet your life this is a rare occasion, Jimmy, and I'm not going to take any chances by changing my luck at the last minute. It's the same old saddling spot for me; there's too much at stake on this race."

I was truly afraid that if I went to the fenced-in inclosure something would happen to Zev and he would get the loser's share of $20,000 instead of the winning stake of $80,000 and the cup the club had offered. But after I'd taken Zev to the regular saddling place, I was almost sorry I hadn't gone to the inclosure, the crowd was so great.

You could feel the suspense of the crowd while the two horses were parading to the post. Here was the most brilliant event the turf world had ever known, here or abroad. The best three-year-old of England against the best of America. The premier English jockey, Steve Donoghue, against the premier American rider, Earl Sande. Country against country on the race track. It was something to make you hold your breath and send the blood tingling through your veins. You knew that millions of people the world over were waiting to hear the result of this race flashed, and here you were yourself, actually waiting to see the horses on their way. My own heart was pounding a little faster than usual, although I was an old, old hand at this game and had been through many a battle.

In the paddock I had given Earl Sande the last word of riding instructions.

"Run right along with Zev if he goes to the front easily," I had said; "but don't press him too hard if the Englishman wants to run his head off in the early stages."

Zev's Win Over Papyrus

I was standing in our clubhouse box with a party of friends when the horses were sent away from the post. All around us the crowd was packed in such a dense mass that you could hardly move. As the two contenders galloped down the back stretch I lowered my field glasses for a moment and noticed a familiar face in the crowd outside my box. It was Basil Jarvis, the trainer of Papyrus and a fine sportsman. He was pushing his way through the yelling throng, trying to get some place where he would have a good view. What a tragedy, I thought, for a fellow to come all the way across the Atlantic, spend days getting his horse in good condition and then to be unable to have a good view of the actual running of the race. I called to him.

"Mr. Jarvis! Hey there, Mr. Jarvis! Come over and get in our box!" I yelled, but my voice was almost drowned by the squawking of the spectators.

He looked up, saw me and by a supreme effort shouldered his way through the pack. I reached out my hand and gave him a pull forward when he got near enough, and he stood directly outside the box while the race was being run.

Zev jumped into the lead at the start, and through my glasses I could see that Sande was letting him run in his own way. He was in one of his best moods and just cantering. With each bound he increased his advantage over the Englishman. His action was smooth and frictionless, and he reminded you of a bird sailing along on the wind, so easy was his stride. Coming into the stretch, he pulled a little farther away from Papyrus. There was no mistaking this move. It was victory. I knew it and so did every other horseman at the track. Basil Jarvis was quick to recognize it. I felt somebody tugging at my arm and lowered the glasses, to see the English trainer extending his hand.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Hildreth," he said with a good, wholesome smile. "It's your race; my horse is beaten."

We shook hands. There was a firmness in Jarvis' grip that told of his sincerity.

"And I congratulate you, too, Mr. Jarvis. I congratulate you and Mr. Irish, and I want to say that you were all good sports to bring your horse over here and race him against such odds. Papyrus is a good one, but you never had a chance with the short time you allowed for him to get used to our climate." And we shook hands the second or third time.

When you think of it, it seems strange for these congratulations to have passed back and forth even before the race was over. They still had five-sixteenths to go when this took place and you can never tell what might happen to a running horse. Suppose Zev had stepped into a hole or had crossed his legs or had bowed a tendon at the last moment. It's happened before and will happen again. But it didn't happen that day. Zev breezed over the line a full five lengths in front of Papyrus, with Sande looking back to see where the English horse was.

A great load was lifted from my mind. I had naturally wanted to win the honor that went with the victory, as well as the

Here's the big yellow Locktite cabinet jobbers give dealers to tell you you're in the right place.

Locktite Luke says:

Some folks is funny. The way they goes ridin without no Locktite in the kit youd think nails was made of rubber and glass had a soft and friendly disposishun.

They get along purty well on just plane luck until one day when theyre off a long ways from a garage bang goes one tire and four more bangs spoils the hole vacashun. Lumpin in on a flat costs a young fortune and repairin a tire the old way aint no fun.

25 spares in a Locktite can

But say boy, now you only gotta slap on some Locktite fabric back patch which dont stretch and yure good as new in a minute.

This is the patch youve heard about what is just as good for patchin casins as tubes and it dont need no vulcanizin. Its the new way garages repair casins and tubes cause it dont take hardly no time at all and it lasts as long as the tire bein as its a better repair.

My proposition still goes: If you can send me the name of a dealer what dont sell Locktite, he bein a curiosity, I'll send you a dollar can providin you remit a dollar to pay for it.

Dont let no automobile interfere. You can get the auto any time and besides you can use Locktite for patchin the garden hose or the hot water bottle or anythin else.

Locktite like

LOCKTITE
COMBINATION
CASING & TUBE PATCH

His One Regret
No. M101 Majestic
No. M10 Majestic
Majestic Open
WHEN his home was built, an ordinary sash was used as a coal window. And now he has an eye-sore that lowers his property value and pride. Now he wishes he had put in a Majestic Coal Window in the first place. Profit by his lesson when you build. Specify the Majestic. It's break-proof—rust-resisting, too. And it protects your house when coal is put into your basement. The little extra a Majestic costs at first, forever prevents depreciation and repair bills
Other Majestic Building Products needed in every home—Underground Garbage Receivers, Fireplace Dampers
Write for Catalog and Dealer's Name
BREAK-PROOF
Majestic
RUST-RESISTING
COAL WINDOW
THE MAJESTIC COMPANY, HUNTINGTON, IND.

A Man Is Known

By the Garters he keeps

Also by the Garters he throws away.

Your present pair may have looked all right to you this morning but—How would they seem in a living room full of friends if you were called upon to imitate a Scotch bagpiper?

A new pair occasionally will do as much for your pride as an apple a day will do for your health.

The dealer that Sells you Bostons knows quality

George Frost Company, Makers, Boston
Manufactured in Canada by Glasford Bros., Limited, Montreal

RUNNING WATER

for your health's sake

RUNNING water is the secret of a more healthful and livable home. It adds more to living comfort than any other convenience—for you can have water under pressure in bathroom, kitchen, laundry, barn, water trough—*any place* at the turn of a faucet. It brings more sunshine into the lives of the entire family—puts the roses of health into the chubby cheeks of the children.

And the low cost—only a few cents a day—buys not just running water but better health, more happiness and greater comfort—*the only things in life worth while.*

All this is made easily available by the Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant. There is a plant for drawing water from any source—lake, spring, stream, shallow well, deep well, cistern. These plants are furnished to operate on electric, kerosene or gasoline power. The electric plants operate automatically. See the local Fairbanks-Morse dealer or write us.

PRICES

120 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 8-gallon galvanized tank, complete $84.75

200 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 35 gallon galvanized tank, complete $123.00

Above prices, cash f. o. b. factory

Also larger sizes for use on farms or estates at correspondingly low prices

Send for FREE 32-page Book

There are seven chapters in the book which contain valuable information and answer all questions concerning running water. Send the coupon.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago, U. S. A.

Fairbanks-Morse Products — "Every Line a Leader"

Branches and Service Stations covering every state in the Union

"It's Automatic" — 200 gal. per hour plant

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
HOME WATER PLANTS

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., Dept. L-7, 900 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me your FREE 32 page Water Service Book. My source of water supply is
[ ] Lake [ ] Deep Well [ ] Spring [ ] Shallow Well [ ] Stream [ ] Cistern

Name

Address R F D

Town *State*

$80,000 and the cup, but I was thinking even more about my promise to Major Belmont and his committee. What if something had happened to Zev in the running of the race, something that would have been the fault of nobody and yet would have lost the race?

Everybody would have blamed me for sending a badly conditioned horse to the post, and I would have been damned from one end of the country to the other. Only a few of us would ever have known the criticism was unjust.

And here I want to say that I prefer not to carry the load of a nation when I race Thoroughbreds. It's bad enough to have your horse lose when he's a strong favorite and to know that his defeat has disappointed so many people, but it's not like feeling that the eyes of all your countrymen are turned on you and that they are demanding you make good. I wouldn't have minded it so much if the question of whether Zev or My Own should run had never come up, but there I was on record as practically saying that my horse was going to win. No, it's much simpler just to race in your own interest and to know that nobody but yourself is going to get hurt if you lose.

Toward the close of that season Zev had become a hard horse to train. His speed was so great that it would have killed any one horse to work along with him, so I tried using two, one to make the pace and the second to pick Zev up at the half mark and finish out the distance with him. But Zev was getting cunning. He understood perfectly what we were trying to do, and he wouldn't have any part of it. He stood for the new scheme two or three times, but after that when the first horse would pull up, so would this strong-headed son of The Finn. He was just the opposite of Hourless, who was one of the nicest work horses I ever handled.

A Challenge Accepted

In the Latonia Championship at a mile and three-quarters both Zev and My Own were beaten off by Carl Wiedemann's In Memoriam, a horse that had finished back in the ruck when Zev won the Kentucky Derby. You will recall that the championship was a clean-cut race, but it didn't convince me for a moment that In Memoriam was a better horse than Zev. I figured it just as a poor race for him. But some of the Kentucky horsemen backed up Wiedemann when he issued a statement that his horse had it on the conqueror of Papyrus. I learned of their claims when Mrs. Hildreth and I were sitting at breakfast in Baltimore one morning with E. R. Bradley, the Kentucky horseman. He showed me a newspaper article about his stock farm, where he breeds his own Thoroughbreds; and after glancing at it I handed the paper to Mrs. Hildreth. Suddenly Bradley and I heard her utter a cry of surprise.

"Well, of all the nerve!" she exclaimed. "This beats anything I ever saw! Look what it says here. It says Carl Wiedemann is challenging us to a match between In Memoriam and Zev for any amount we want to put up. And it says we're not particularly anxious for another try at his horse." Mrs. Hildreth was indignant.

After breakfast I made for a telegraph office and sent a wire to Col. Matt J. Winn, the Kentucky racing official. I told him I was willing to race In Memoriam for any sum from $25,000 to $100,000 a side, or higher if Wiedemann wished it, distance to be one mile or more. Mr. Sinclair was some place in the West and I didn't wait to consult him about the match, but I was pretty certain that he would be in favor of another race. Under our revised arrangement I was to have full management of the horses. Everything I'd done up to that time he'd agreed to, and I didn't see any reason why he should make an exception of this match.

Colonel Winn sent word back to me that he was interested in my proposition and would get in touch with Wiedemann. A few days later he telegraphed that the owner of In Memoriam had agreed to $10,000 a side and that the association would offer another $10,000, the distance to be a mile and a quarter. I put up my own money for our side. If Mr. Sinclair wanted to take it off my hands when he learned of what I'd done, it would be satisfactory to me, but I was willing to assume the entire amount if necessary. All this time I was trying to locate him, but my telegrams remained unanswered. It was not until a few days before the date of the race that he called me on the long-distance from St. Louis and said he had read of the match in the newspapers.

"I've covered Wiedemann's $10,000 with my own money and I'm willing to let it stand if you don't want it," I told him.

"Not at all," he replied. "You're the boss of the horses and that's just part of the arrangement." He thanked me for posting the money and said he was glad to take it off my hands.

Zev Shows His Cunning

When Mr. Sinclair arrived in Louisville on the day of the race something happened that would have made my confidence wabble badly if I had known of it at the time. In the Sinclair party were Hugo Stinnes, Jr., the German banker, and several other friends. Mr. Sinclair sent a man out to engage automobiles to take his party to the track. The man searched the garages high and low for conveyances, but found that everything on wheels had previously been engaged. Finally he went to an undertaking establishment and hired four or five autos and had them sent around to the hotel. And it was in these automobiles belonging to an undertaker that Mr. Sinclair and his friends made the trip to the track. His man told him nothing about where he had engaged them, but I don't think it would have worried Mr. Sinclair if he had. He is not superstitious and he laughs at the things that worry me. Thirteen is his lucky number. He's welcome to it.

Zev started a strong favorite for the race. The crowd generally was playing In Memoriam on the strength of his previous easy victory over our horse, but both Mr. Sinclair and I sent in heavy commissions on Zev, and it was these that offset the other play in the mutuals. We were confident; as I saw it, the only thing that could beat us was for Zev to show some of the cunning he had learned while training for the International. Up to that time he had always been a front runner; but not knowing how fast Papyrus was, I had taught him to lay in behind the pacemaker and to make his run in the stretch. And it is surprising how a habit will stick to a race horse. I had trained Zev so often that way he was getting so he wouldn't do his best unless some other horse was in the lead.

"Lay behind with him until you hit the stretch and then let him go," I told Earl Sande in the paddock; and that is just the way the race was run.

In Memoriam led all the way around until they reached the quarter pole in the stretch. Then Earl let out a wrap and Zev bounded after his rival with a great burst of speed. At the quarter pole he had been two lengths back of In Memoriam; at the eighth pole he was two lengths in front. But the race wasn't won yet. With the finish line only an eighth of a mile away, and Sande urging him along, Zev suddenly began to ease off in a manner that was alarming to all of us. He was back at his old trick of waiting for another horse to make the pace. I realized then that the run had been made just a trifle too soon.

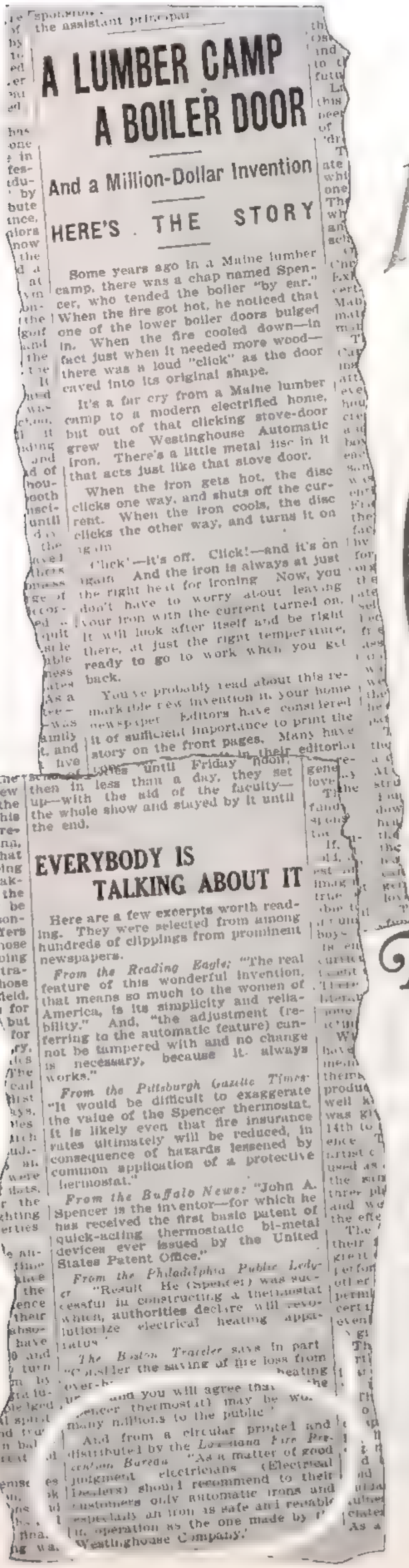
Sande went to riding with every ounce of skill he possessed. He had seen the danger at the same time we noticed it and realized that he had his work cut out to keep his mount going for the few more strides that stood between him and success. In Memoriam kept creeping up steadily. A few

(Continued on Page 153)

To the victor belong–

THESE TWO DRINKS

After eighteen holes, nine innings, three sets—after whatever your favorite outdoor sport may be—two good friends await you. Here's Regular Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, the bubbling, full-flavored, enthusiastic drink. It will meet you with a vigor that tames the wildest thirst. Here's Clicquot Club Pale Dry, a mild and delicate drink. It will greet you with a shy and subtle exhilaration that is pure delight. ¶ Here's perfect refreshment—no matter what taste you have in ginger ale. In Clicquot Club Ginger Ale you get all the soul-satisfying refreshment that anyone can put into bottles, and one thing more. That is the Clicquot Club taste. It is sealed into every Clicquot Club full pint bottle—whether Regular or Pale Dry—with forty years of knowing how to make ginger ale right! The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts, U. S. A.



the assistant principal

A LUMBER CAMP A BOILER DOOR

And a Million-Dollar Invention

HERE'S THE STORY

Some years ago in a Maine lumber camp, there was a chap named Spencer, who tended the boiler "by ear." When the fire got hot, he noticed that one of the lower boiler doors bulged in. When the fire cooled down—in fact just when it needed more wood—there was a loud "click" as the door caved into its original shape.

It's a far cry from a Maine lumber camp to a modern electrified home, but out of that clicking stove-door grew the Westinghouse Automatic Iron. There's a little metal disc in it that acts just like that stove door.

When the iron gets hot, the disc clicks one way, and shuts off the current. When the iron cools, the disc clicks the other way, and turns it on again.

'Click'—it's off. Click!—and it's on again. And the iron is always at just the right heat for ironing. Now, you don't have to worry about leaving your iron with the current turned on. It will look after itself and be right there, at just the right temperature, ready to go to work when you get back.

You've probably read about this remarkable new invention in your home newspaper. Editors have considered it of sufficient importance to print the story on the front pages. Many have ... in their editorial ... until Friday noon, then in less than a day, they set up—with the aid of the faculty—the whole show and stayed by it until the end.

EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT IT

Here are a few excerpts worth reading. They were selected from among hundreds of clippings from prominent newspapers.

From the Reading Eagle: "The real feature of this wonderful invention, that means so much to the women of America, is its simplicity and reliability." And, "the adjustment (referring to the automatic feature) cannot be tampered with and no change is necessary, because it always works."

From the Pittsburgh Gazette Times: "It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the Spencer thermostat. It is likely even that fire insurance rates ultimately will be reduced, in consequence of hazards lessened by common application of a protective thermostat."

From the Buffalo News: "John A. Spencer is the inventor—for which he has received the first basic patent of quick-acting thermostatic bi-metal devices ever issued by the United States Patent Office."

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger: "Result: He (Spencer) was successful in constructing a thermostat which, authorities declare will revolutionize electrical heating appliances."

The Boston Traveler says in part ... consider the saving of fire loss from ... heating ... over-h... the ... and you will agree that ... Spencer thermostat) may be worth many millions to the public."

And from a circular printed and distributed by the *Louisiana Fire Prevention Bureau:* "As a matter of good judgment electricians (Electrical Dealers) should recommend to their customers only automatic irons and especially an iron as safe and reliable in operation as the one made by the Westinghouse Company."

It Clicks!

© 1925 W. E. & M. Co.

The Westinghouse Automatic Iron

So ingenious is this new iron, it's no wonder that women, and men, too, enthuse about it. Women like to *use* it—men, to realize it's *being* used in their homes.

Women have long wanted just the things this marvelous new invention provides. Men want its *safety* for heat protection means home protection. An iron that minds its own temperature cannot get into mischief. You'll want one.

The Westinghouse Automatic Iron has all of the distinguishing characteristics of the nationally famous Westinghouse *Streamline* Iron. Big, evenly-heated base; cool, comfortable handle; the bevelled edge—so helpful in the ironing of ruffles and pleats. these are to be found in the iron now offered you, *in addition to the automatic heat-control!*

Surely it's an iron worth obtaining now!

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in All Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere
Tune in with KDKA—KYW—WBZ—KFKX

(Continued from Page 150)

jumps from home their noses were bobbing up and down together and it was impossible to tell which might win. But Sande made a supreme last effort and it was the tip of Zev's nose that caught the judges' eyes as the two horses flashed past the post. It was a close call, and most of the spectators thought In Memoriam should have won the race. Nobody at the track except our own little circle knew that it was Zev's cunning and not lack of courage that had almost cost him the race.

And with that race this handsome brown son of The Finn rounded out a campaign that found him the winner of more money in a single season than almost any four or five great stake horses together win in the course of a lifetime. The good-luck charm was always working for him, just as it had always worked against Purchase. He found himself in a year when the turf offered its richest prizes and he had the speed and courage to win them. A great horse and a lucky one in his ability to stand up under the hard task we set for him. Maybe it was the presence of Buster, the little Maltese dog that came to us when we mated Skiddles to Kitta, that brought the good luck to our colors.

You remember Skiddles, the fuzzy little fellow I bought in Nice, France. When we got back to America, Billy Pinkerton gave us Kitta, and to Kitta and Skiddles two pups were born. It was when Buster was about seven months old we decided to take a trip away from home. I looked around at the pack of dogs in our place; they seemed to be everywhere. We would have to give some of them away or abandon any thought of traveling, that was certain. So I gave Buster to Billy Pinkerton. And then I was sorry. All the time we were traveling I thought about his intelligent little face and his playful ways. Eight months later, on our return home, I went straight to Billy Pinkerton and asked him to let me have Buster back.

"Sure, you can have him back, but he won't know you," Billy replied.

Our Race-Track Mascot

But he had reckoned without Buster. There was no mistaking the way Buster scooted around the room, jumping all over me, when I saw him again. It was such an affection as I'd never found in a dog since the time many years before when Coke had appointed himself the watchman of my stable. Buster's future was settled from that moment. I took him everywhere with me, even down to the track, where dogs are not welcome visitors. The clubhouse crowd got to know him well and would come over to our box to pat him on the head for luck. It was a favorite trick with John A. Drake to do this; nearly every day he would stop for a little chat with Buster and stroke his head.

"Buster," he would say, "you're the best luck there is around this race track. Here, let me touch you; I need some good luck today."

And Buster got to know racing so well that he would never move until the sixth race had been run. You couldn't believe your own eyes when you saw him sit there all afternoon as still as a mouse until the field had come dashing down the stretch in the last event on the program. It was like the five-o'clock whistle blowing for him to knock off work for the day. Down he'd jump from the chair and scamper around the box until I had joined the party and we started for home.

A Double Tragedy

A year ago last winter Buster was with us at Rancocas. Every morning when I'd go out to the training track he'd perch himself upon a table standing near a large window, and there he'd sit through the hours, ruining one silk table scarf after another with his dusty little feet, but welcome to stay there and always peering along the driveway and waiting for me to return. It was the same thing day in and day out, and you couldn't drive him away from the spot where he kept his vigil. And as soon as he'd see my car headed toward the old farmhouse we occupy, off he'd shoot on one of those wild harum-scarum dashes around the first floor, with his little legs flying as he ran close to the ground and so happy you couldn't help laughing to see him. And my two police dogs, Chief and Betty, would stand looking at him with their ears cocked and their brows wrinkled, as much as to say, "What's wrong, anyway, with that crazy midget of a dog?"

One night Chief and Betty were playing out on the lawn, and it was very dark. Buster ran through the open door to search for them in the blackness that comes with a moonless night in the country. I heard a sharp growl and a feeble yelp, and then Chief came into the house holding the lifeless body of Buster in his teeth, the faithful little friend he'd killed by mistake in the darkness. Chief laid the small, still bundle at my feet and stood looking at me while I picked up the tiny form from which life had fled so suddenly; dear old Buster, who had loved me so much and whose place on the table near the window would now be empty.

Chief understood how terrible was the thing he had done. He slunk away to the cellar, where he stayed for days, refusing to eat or to be consoled. In six months he had withered away to a skeleton, and then he went where Buster had gone, dying from a broken heart.

Through all the years I've been in racing there's seldom been a moment when we've not had at least one dog in our home to gladden it with the spirit of love and friendliness that pours from the soul of a faithful pet. Coke and Rags and Buster, all of them, are as deeply engraved in my memories as though they had been of my own kin; and as they pass in review before me

Sunset on One of the Lakes in Algonquin Park, Ontario

EVERY FAUCET NEEDS A NEVER-DRIP—JUST ONCE!

That ugly brown spot in your porcelain sink—*caused by a dripping faucet*

Identify this washer by its black stripe.

SOAP or powder—scour and scrub—but that ugly brown spot won't come off. Nothing but a NEVER-DRIP Faucet Washer could have avoided the damage, for the beautiful coating of your porcelain sink has been worn *and ruined* by the drip, drip, drip of a faucet.

Now come NEVER-DRIP Faucet Washers to end forever this costly and unsightly evil. Have your plumber equip every faucet *just once* with NEVER-DRIP Washers, for as long as your faucets last, you'll never need new washers. *Sold by Master Plumbers only.*

Made by WOODWARD-WANGER CO.
1106-1114 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia
Quality Plumbing Specialties Since 1906

. . . . and to stop that leaking closet tank trouble, get a

MUSHROOM Parabal

through Master Plumbers only—
$1.25

Guaranteed 3 Years

NEVER-DRIP

THE WASHER TESTED TO A MILLION FAUCET TURNS

O W Hendee
$175 a month

What is Your Age?

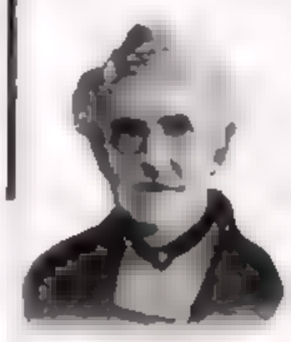
Miss Ronda L. Sheppard
$3 00 in half a day

—But we do not at all want to know. We ask the question because, *no matter what your age*, you have an opportunity to make money as a representative of this Company—*extra money*, which you can easily earn even though you have never had previous experience.

Cash for Part Time or Full Time

If you want a spare-time position, our proposition offers you a chance to earn up to $1.50 an hour. If you want a regular full-time job, we have one waiting with fifty or sixty dollars a week as the reward to the right person.

These next few months several hundred thousand orders for our three publications will be placed. You can share in this business—and in the profits! The folks in this ad, and hundreds like them, are making good with us. Whatever *your* age or position, if you want more money, let us tell you about our plan for making it. ***Just clip and mail the coupon below.***



Mrs. Inez S. Phinney
$8 00 in one day

The Curtis Publishing Company
709 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

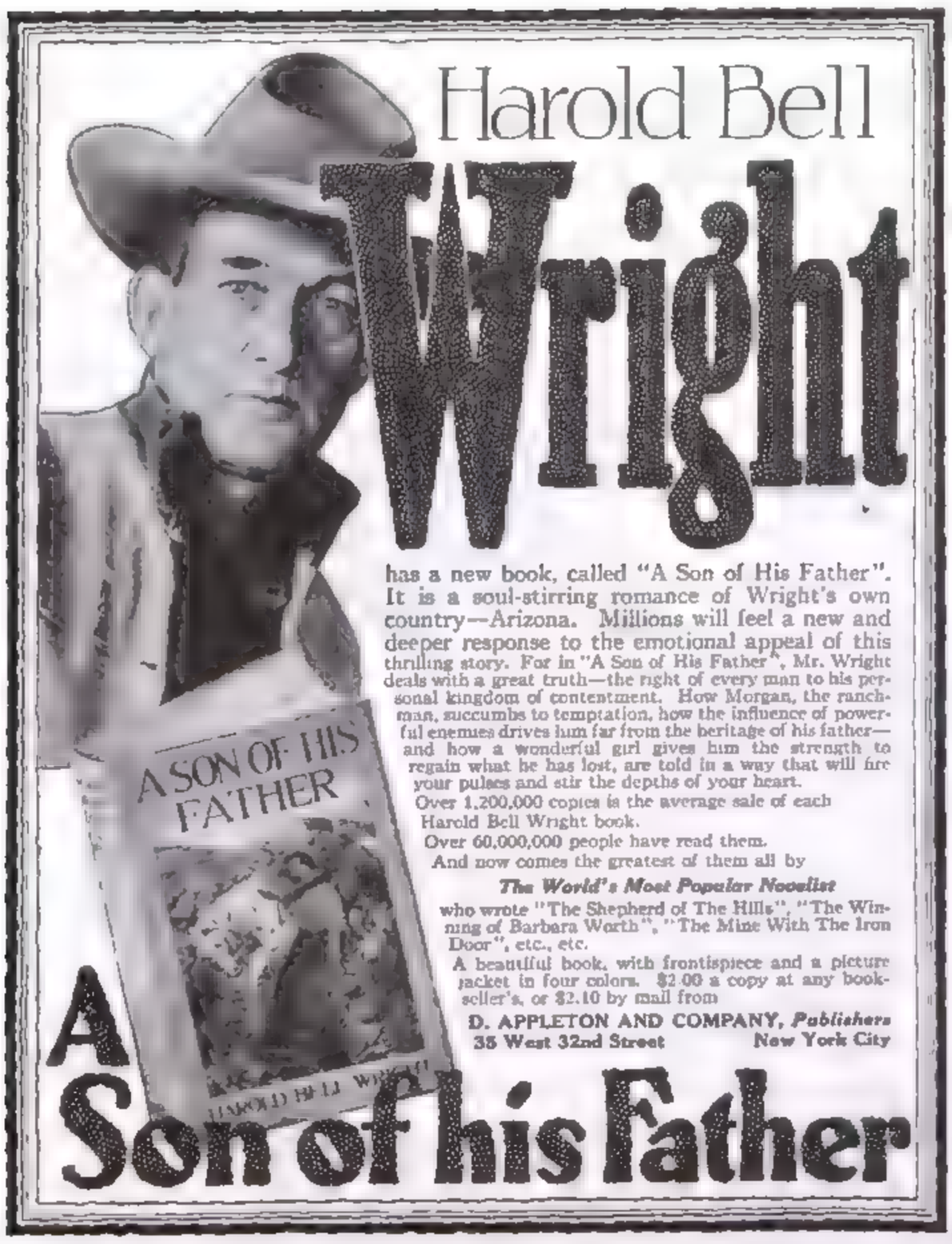
Here's the coupon. Now tell me how the extra dollars can be mine.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*

John H. Porterfield
$4 00 in one day


Harold Bell
Wright
has a new book, called "A Son of His Father". It is a soul-stirring romance of Wright's own country—Arizona. Millions will feel a new and deeper response to the emotional appeal of this thrilling story. For in "A Son of His Father", Mr. Wright deals with a great truth—the right of every man to his personal kingdom of contentment. How Morgan, the ranchman, succumbs to temptation, how the influence of powerful enemies drives him far from the heritage of his father—and how a wonderful girl gives him the strength to regain what he has lost, are told in a way that will fire your pulses and stir the depths of your heart.
Over 1,200,000 copies is the average sale of each Harold Bell Wright book.
Over 60,000,000 people have read them.
And now comes the greatest of them all by
The World's Most Popular Novelist
who wrote "The Shepherd of The Hills", "The Winning of Barbara Worth", "The Mine With The Iron Door", etc., etc.
A beautiful book, with frontispiece and a picture jacket in four colors. $2.00 a copy at any bookseller's, or $2.10 by mail from
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Publishers
35 West 32nd Street New York City
A Son of his Father

Any Hours You Have to Sell Earn Good Money Here

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
727 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

*Name*_____

Street _____

City *State*

Albert Campbell
of Missouri
has made as much as $4.00 for about two hours of easy work.

HERE is a plan for either men or women—whether 16 or 60—which rewards real effort with real pay, which will produce a regular, dependable income proportionate to the time and brains put into it.

Experience not Needed

If you have a day or a week to sell, or only a little time every once in a while, it will pay you at least to learn how our representatives make money by forwarding renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Now is the time to take the first step. What handier way than by using the coupon above?

now, staunch and steady in their affection, I can think of them only as I can think of the humans who have held out a helping hand when I was in need. And today there remains only Betty, who came to me as so many of my dogs did—from Billy Pinkerton, my friend of so many years; and when I see Betty I think of the man who gave her to me, and she is a constant reminder of the bigness of Billy's soul and the breadth of a character that was good to know and the magnitude of a spirit that placed loyalty to friends above all else. Is it any wonder that Betty is something more to me than just a dog about my house? And now that the time has come when I can sit back and think these things over, analyzing them for what they really are, would it not seem that these living gifts came to our home from Billy Pinkerton to remind us ever of his friendship for us? I think Billy had that in mind.

There is little that remains to tell. The great year of the Rancocas Stable was in 1923, which will always be known in the turf world as Zev's year—the year in which a single Thoroughbred directed world-wide attention to America. In 1924 this glorious fellow won nearly $17,000, but he was not the Zev we had known just twelve months before, and he came in for none of the fame that fell to those who faced the Frenchman, Epinard. And it was not because he was out of it that I say the horse he beat for international honors was a better horse than the one that came from France last year. As popular as Epinard was, and as good the sportsmanship of Pierre Wertheimer in bringing him to this country, I cannot rank him with some of the famous Thoroughbreds that have blazed their way to glory on our tracks in the past. Three times he ran for international supremacy and three times he was fairly beaten at various distances—at six-furlongs by Wise Counsellor, at a mile by Ladkin and at a mile and a quarter by Sarazen. Nor am I one of those who believe that Epinard was a victim of poor horsemanship from his jockey. During the Christmas holidays I met Everett Haynes, his rider, at a New York hotel.

"Haynes, I want to say to you that I think you rode the best race of anybody in those international contests," I said to him.

It was good to see his eyes sparkle at this word of encouragement; I reckon the poor fellow had heard so much criticism that he had almost begun to believe that he had ridden badly in those races.

"You don't know how I appreciate that, Mr. Hildreth," he said, and he shook my hand so vigorously I knew he meant it.

And I meant what I said, too, even though it was the Christmas holidays and I was thinking, when I met Haynes, how my father, Vincent Hildreth, always got so much real happiness out of giving encouragement to the boys who worked around the rusty old barn that housed Red Morocco and the other quarter horses. Fifty years ago that was, and in all this long journey down the stretch of time I've never forgotten that the thing uppermost in Vincent Hildreth was his love for horses and a gentleness of character that lay behind an unpolished exterior.

"Sam," he used to say when I was getting big enough to understand—"Sam, if you can't say a kind word now and then to the people around you, you might just as well shrivel up and die. As for me, I believe in what the Bible says, that a good word maketh the heart glad; that's me all over."

And the making of hearts glad was Vincent Hildreth all over.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Hildreth and Mr. Crowell.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

July 25, 1925

Cover Design by Elbert McGran Jackson

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
A Battle Piece: New Style—*F. Britten Austin*	8
That Law of Lesser Concessions—*Victor Shawe*	10
Impromptu Con Brio—*Frederick Irving Anderson*	16
The Tripper Trap—*Francis Dana*	18

ARTICLES

What Price Sunshine?—*Floyd W. Parsons*	6
Chock-Gee, No Got—*Stuart N. Lake*	12
Notes on New York—*By a New Yorker*	14
The Mysterious Island—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	15
One Man's Life—*Herbert Quick*	20
Jackson and His Beloved Rachel—*John Trotwood Moore*	25
Down the Stretch—*Samuel C. Hildreth and James R. Crowell*	34

SERIALS

Taxi! Taxi! (In three parts)—*George Weston*	3
Esquire (Conclusion)—*Beatrix Demarest Lloyd*	22
Spanish Acres (Conclusion)—*Hal G. Evarts*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Ansco Speedex Film—the film that has simplified picture-taking

Ansco Speedex Film ... it is ... and comes, in the red box with the yellow band

You think one roll of film looks pretty much like any other roll, don't you? *But that's on the outside, only.*

On the *inside*, Ansco improvements, Ansco differentness, and Ansco inventiveness work for you to get good pictures easily.

It's hard to explain why Ansco Film is different and better, without being technical. But it's this: in hot weather, film has a way of "going bad," so we had to prevent this; then, everyone is not a good judge of light, so we had to put a "special compensation" in Ansco Film that widens the range of light exposure. In other words, you will get good pictures when the sun is not really bright enough and also when it is too bright.

This took years to perfect, and we are proud to offer it to you.

Buy Ansco Speedex Film—*today*—to get good pictures easily.

(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs)

Some other *new* cameras that make you get good pictures

The Ready-Set Juniorette—no focusing or time adjustments to worry you with this camera. A very popular model. Price $10.50.

The 1A Ready-Set—takes the worry out of picture-taking; as easy to use as a box camera; equipped with the famous Ansco automatic finder. Price $13.50.

The Vest-Pocket Ready-Set—a new platform camera. Price $8.50.

The Vest-Pocket Ansco—the only self-opening camera made. A fixed-focus model. Price $12.50.

The No. 1 Ansco Junior de Luxe—covered with rich blue leather and trimmed in lacquered brass. This beautiful new camera is already a great favorite. Price $16.

And the Dollar Ansco—the little marvel of the camera world.

The new Semi-Automatic *winds its own film*

Funny, the pictures you always hope to get—circuses, scenes, stunts, and kids—always seem to come just *after* you've clicked the camera. And by the time you wind the film, of course it's too late to catch them.

That's with *ordinary* cameras. But not with the Semi-Automatic. With this new camera you just press a lever and zip—the film winds into place *automatically* and you're ready to take another. Your eye never leaves the finder.

The ... Camera ... and ... picture-taking at the ... automobiles. Price $30.00. Takes pictures ...

This new film-winding camera costs only $30.00. And it's the most astounding camera at any price. Ask your dealer to show you how the Semi-Automatic works.

Illustrated catalog describing the Semi-Automatic and other Ansco cameras sent free on request.

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

Emergency Coupon — If your dealer cannot supply you

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, Inc.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Please send me the items checked. I enclose $
☐ Four rolls (or proportionate number if size is ... 4¼ or larger) of Ansco Speedex Film. Price $1.00.
☐ One Semi-Automatic camera. Price $30.00.

Name
Address
Size of film ... No. ... Cam. Model ... S. E. P. 1-25

For Dealers

Pin your card or letterhead to this coupon for immediate information about the new Ansco Sales Plan. Mail to Ansco Photoproducts, Inc., Binghamton, N. Y., or for Canada to 136 Fraser Crescent, West Toronto, Ont.

No. 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7 and Diomatic shutter

Pictures 2½ x 4¼
Price $26

This picture, 2½ x 4¼ inches, was made with 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II

A glance at your watch tells the time

A glance at the Diomatic shutter dial tells the timing

You can count on this camera for good pictures

Easily worked. The 1A, Series II, works easily with the minimum of attention from you. A mere turn of the lens mount sets the focus, and one motion opens the camera and snaps the front into position.

Splendidly equipped. Before this camera came you would have looked in vain for such equipment at the price. The Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.7.7 gives you sharp pictures clear to the edge; the accuracy of the Diomatic shutter and the assistance rendered by its dial, which picks out the right speed and stop to use, give you pictures that are properly exposed. Sharp negatives, correctly exposed, *must* yield good pictures—pictures that are, photographically, just as good as they can be.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

The Duncans entertain tonight

ALONG the moonlit driveway the motor cars come crooningly to a halt. Under the trees and across the lawn there are gay laughter and the bright film of summer frocks. Ice clinks cheerfully against cool silver pitchers. Salads and sandwiches and cakes are served . . . oh, so effectively!

A famous host and hostess, these Duncans. They "do it well" because they have the things to do it with. An attractive house, attractively furnished, and a sufficiency of silver for all occasions. Which may explain why Alice Duncan enjoys her guests so serenely and why James Duncan smiles so becomingly from the background.

ENOUGH SILVERWARE MAKES ENTERTAINING EASIER

And 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate enables you to provide that "enough" by reasonable, sensible purchases. You will find every piece demanded by fastidious table service. Here are iced tea spoons, salad forks, cereal spoons, ice cream forks and serving pieces like the berry spoon or cold meat fork. Any of these you may purchase in quantities as small as you desire.

Every piece of "1847 Rogers Bros.," whether coffee spoon or coffee urn, tea spoon or complete tea service, is designed by masters of the art. And every piece possesses that unquestioned durability that has made "1847 Rogers Bros." famous for three-quarters of a century. Leading dealers everywhere carry "1847 Rogers Bros."

Send for booklet G-90, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense.* It is full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It is free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

Ancestral
Cucumber Server
(Reduced Size)

Ancestral Sandwich Tray
and Whipped Cream Bowl

To match the knives, forks and spoons in the various 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns there are many such practical and decorative pieces.

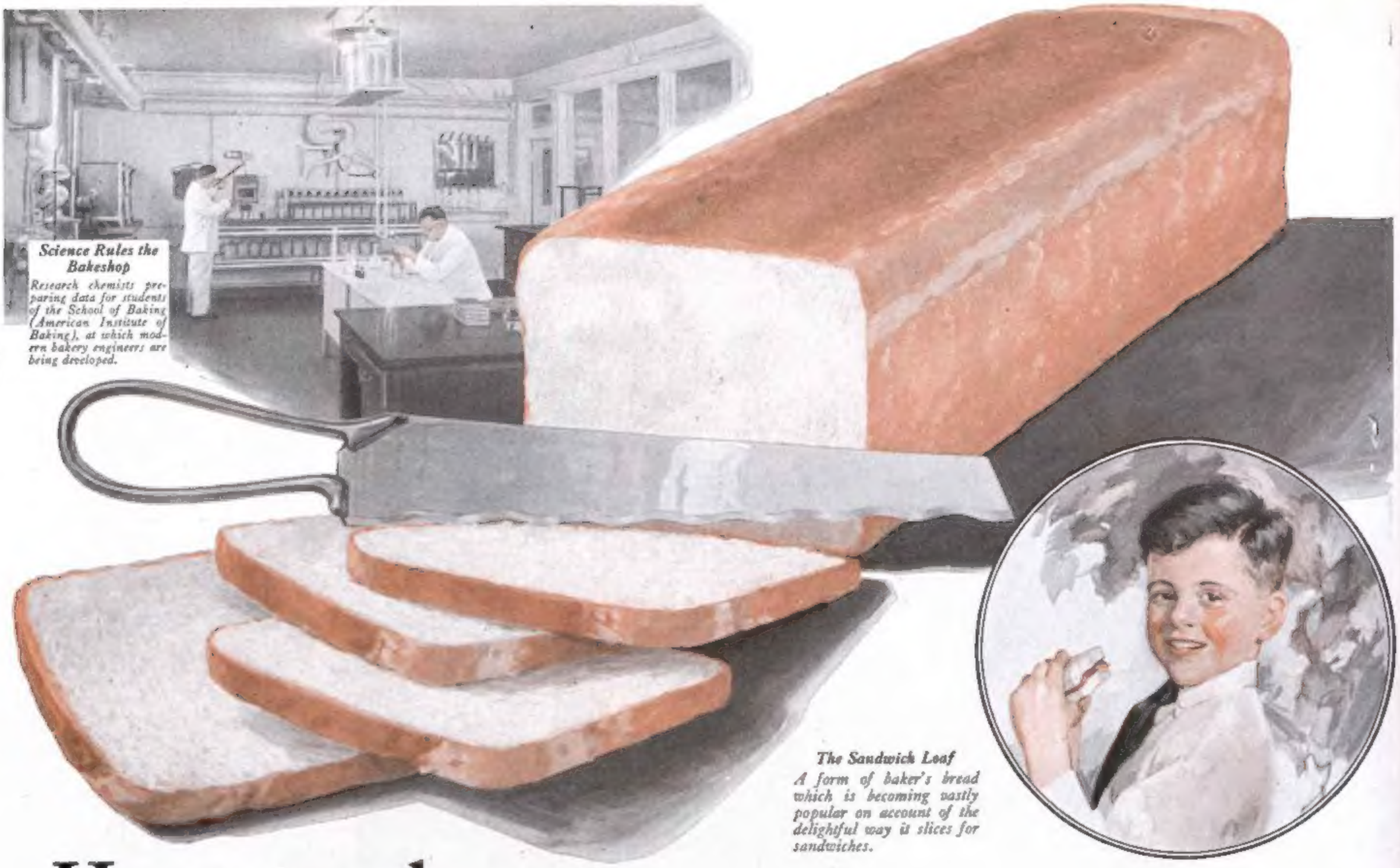
1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA:
INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Science Rules the Bakeshop

Research chemists preparing data for students of the School of Baking (American Institute of Baking), at which modern bakery engineers are being developed.

The Sandwich Loaf

A form of baker's bread which is becoming vastly popular on account of the delightful way it slices for sandwiches.

How good is Baker's Bread—*today?*

The astonishing progress of bakers—the real reason why women are now buying more than 30 million loaves of bread a day

ONE of the most interesting romances of American business is the growth of the commercial baker—the tremendous increase in the amount of bread he bakes and sells to the women of America.

Some years ago far-seeing minds grasped the possibilities of the bakeshop. They saw that the only limit to the size of a bakery was the *quality* of the bread turned out.

Why Not Now?

For no woman really wants to make bread herself. It is a laborious task. All she wants is pure, wholesome, good-tasting bread.

That is why bakers today are producing—day in and day out—this pure, wholesome bread women demand.

Scientific care and cleanliness

Their bakeries are as spotlessly clean as the kitchen in your own home.

And they have joined forces with the scientific world—with the men and women who are devoting their lives to the study of your needs in food.

They have thrown out guesswork from their recipes—from dough-mixing—"rising" time—temperature—and from the actual baking.

The modern bakery is a marvel of accuracy and cleanliness!

Ingredients you yourself would choose

And bakers are as careful about their ingredients as any housewife.

The ingredients that go into baker's bread are *the very same pure ingredients* you would choose for your own baking.

Nothing more. Nothing less.

These are the reasons why baker's bread today is purer and finer flavored bread—more nourishing bread—than the world has ever known before.

The fine flour of 15,000 bakers

More than 15,000 bakers use *Gold Medal Flour.* Because it *acts* uniformly. In all their baking.

At least 50% of baking success depends upon the way a flour *acts* in the oven. But the average flour may not always act the same. Because—although the same chemically—it may often differ in baking results.

The one way a miller can tell how his flour will act, *is to bake with it himself.* That is why we bake loaves from samples of each run of Gold Medal. In our own Commercial Bakeshop. And each must produce the same delicious and nourishing bread.

Thus bakers who use *Gold Medal Flour* are sure of serving you the *same high quality* loaf each day. You cannot eat too much of such good wholesome bread. © W. C. Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR—*Oven-tested*

MILLED BY WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. ALSO CREATORS OF GOLD MEDAL OVEN-TESTED CAKE FLOUR, WHEATIES, PURIFIED BRAN AND WASHBURN'S PANCAKE FLOUR

Tune in on Gold Medal Radio Station (WCCO—416.4 meters) St. Paul-Minneapolis. Interesting programs daily. Also cooking talks for women, 10:45 each morning. By Miss Crocker, Home Service Department.

"Service to the Northwest"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

July 25, 1925—No. 4

Allen A Company (Hose).....69
American Chain (Weed).....102
American Express Co.....115
American Laundry Machinery Co.....48
American Leather Products.....136
American Pulley Co.....126
American Safety Razor Co.
(Ever-Ready).....133
American Stainless Steel Co.....148
Ansco Photoproducts.....155
Appleton & Co., D.
(A Son of His Father).....154
A. R. G. Auxiliary Co. (Fender Brace).131
Associated First National Pictures.....61
Atlas Portland Cement Co.....109

Bankers Trust Co.....138
Barber Asphalt Co. (Genasco).....45
Barton Mfg. Co. (Dyanshine).....105
Bassick Mfg. Co. (Alemite).....85
Benjamin Franklin Hotel.....134
Black & Decker Mfg. Co.
(Screw Drivers).....127
Burroughs Adding Machine Co.....97

Cadillac Motor Car Co.....29
Campbell Soup Co. (Pork & Beans)....27
Champion Spark Plug.....59
Chandler Motor Car Co. (Coach).....140
Chase Co., L. C. (Velmo).....143
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R..144
Clark, Frank C.....133
Clicquot Club Co.....151
Colonial Chemical Corp. (Flyosan)....137
Congoleum-Nairn, Inc. (Art-Rugs) 37
Cook, H. C. (Gem Nail Clipper).....133
Cream of Wheat Co.....II Cover
Curtis Pub. Co.....141
Curtis Pub. Co.....153
Curtis Pub. Co.....154
Curtis Pub. Co. (C. G.).....96
Curtis Pub. Co. (S. E. P.).....137

Dalton Adding Machine Sales Co....70-71
Detroit Steel Products (Fenestra).....142
Dodge Bros. (Commercial).....57
Du Pont De Nemours, E. I., & Co., Inc.
(Duco).....40
Duro Company (Spark Plug).....131

Eastman Kodak Co.
(1a Pocket, Series II).....156
Electric Auto-Lite Co.....54
Elliott-Fisher (Accounting Machine)..129
Erickson Co., E. H.....133
Evans, Victor J.....131

Fairbanks-Morse Co. (Water Plants)..150
Firestone Tire & Rubber (Balloons)..86-87
Fisk Tire Co. (Federal).....101
Fisk Tire Co., Inc.....94
Florsheim Shoe Co.....146
Foerderer, Inc., Robert H. (Vici).....104
French Battery Co.....90-91
Frost Co., George (Garter).....150

General Cigar Co. (Rob't Burns).....77
General Motor
(Dayton Engineering Co.).....53
General Motors (Oakland Six).....35
Goodrich, B. F. (Brunswick).....98
Goodyear Tire & Rubber (Belts).....72
Graham Bros. (Trucks).....66-67
Grosset & Dunlap.....106

Hanover Shoe.....58
Hart Schaffner & Marx.....2
Heinz Co., H. J. (Baked Beans).....114
Holeproof Hosiery (Ex Toe).....1
Hollingshead Co., R. M. (Whiz) 130
Hood Rubber Products Co.....118-119
Horton Mfg. Co.....128
Hotel Lincoln (R. L. Meyer).....125
Hussman, Harry L.....99

International Silver Co.....III Cover

Jordan Motor Car Co.....80

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
(Heavy Duty).....64
Koken Companies.....131
Kraft Cheese Co.....50

Locktite Patch Co.....149

Majestic Co. (Coal Window).....149
Mansfield Tire Co. (Balloon).....75
Maxwell Motor Car Corp.
(Chrysler Four).....31
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.....132
Milwaukee Motor Products (Timer)....92

National Carbon Co. (Eveready).....63
National Tank & Pipe Co.....125
New Haven Clock Co. (Tom-Tom)....74
North Bros. Mfg. Co. (Yankee Drills)..60

Packard Motor Car Co. (Eight).....55
Parker Pen Co. (Duofold Oblique).....93
Pepsodent Co. (Toothpaste).....100
Phillips-Jones (Van Heusen).....120
Pioneer Suspender Co. (Garter).....52
Piper, Ralph M. (Bathing Cap).....133
Postum Cereal Co. (Beverage).....39
Process Engraving Co.....137

Quenzer, Inc., Chas.....125

Sanford (Ink).....133
Simmons Co.....43
Simonds Saw & Steel Co. (Saws).....95
Simplex Electric Heating Co. (Iron)...123
Snider Preserve Co., T. A. (Catsup)...124
Standard Laboratories (Stacomb).....141
Statler Hotels.....147
Staynew Filter Corp.....145
Stone Straw Co.....139
Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
(Shock Absorber).....103
Studebaker Motor Car Co.....83
Sun Oil Co. (Sunoco).....117
Swift & Company.....33

Tanglefoot Co.....146
Tao Tea Company.....56
Texas Company (Texaco).....46-47
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp. (Veedol Oil) .88
Truscon Steel Co. (Casements).....82

Universal Pictures.....42

Vacuum Oil Co. (Mobiloil).....78-79

Walworth Mfg. Co.....113
Wanamaker, John.....125
Warner-Patterson.....73
Washburn Crosby Co.
(Gold Medal).....IV Cover
Western Electric Co. (Telephone).....135
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.
(Iron).....152
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.....107
Whittemore Bros.....122
Woodward-Wanger (Washers).....153
Wrigley (Juicy Fruit).....62

Yale Electric Corp. (Flashlight)...110-111

34ZZC